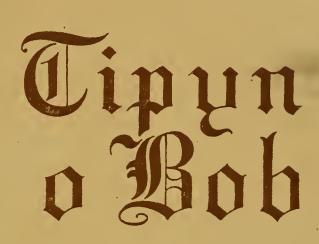


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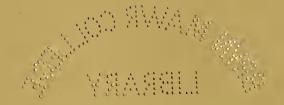


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A DECISION

"My dear Robert," I began; and then I bit the end of my pen and looked out, through the open window, across the lawn to the river. It was not an easy note that I had to write. I put my pen down at last, and stared out at the water, a streak of blue between the green banks, wondering vaguely how to express what I wanted to say, and dimly conscious of the hum of the locusts and the odour of the honeysuckle.

If only I were sure that Robert would come over this afternoon—then I could tell him all this; it would be so much more satisfactory than writing. I must make him understand how pleased I was at his good fortune; that I appreciated what a terrible load had been lifted by the winning of this lawsuit of years' standing; that I was happy for all the possibilities which the future now held for him. And there I stopped. It was my favourite nephew's future that was troubling me. Robert had the stuff in him that makes great men under certain conditions; but I had not arrived at forty without realizing the terrible influence that circumstance wields over twenty-four. When my brother had ridden

over early that morning to tell me the decision of the courts, I saw that, for him, things were all clear enough, but that for his son, the roads had forked suddenly. "What will Robert do now?" I had asked him. "Will he give up all idea of the law?" And my brother had answered blankly, "There's no necessity for that now." I knew that Robert's future rested quite in his own hands.

As I stared out of the window, thinking of all this, a canoe glided into sight from behind the bend, and made straight for the old willow-tree on the bank which my window overlooked. I thought that I recognized it for Robert's, and as it came nearer I saw that I had not been mistaken.

I watched him run in beneath the overhanging branches, step out on the strip of beach and lift the canoe easily to the bank above. Then he glanced up at my window and saw me looking down at him. He waved his hand in response to my nod, and came toward the house. I sat listening for the sound of his steps in the hall below. After a minute, the door slammed; and then I heard him coming up the stairs to my room.

I turned as he entered, pausing in the doorway, his hands resting against the uprights. The light from my window fell on his face. I thought what a noble-looking man he was, and smiled for pure pleasure of watching him.

"Good afternoon, Aunt Eleaun," he said.

"Come in, Robin," I answered. "I'm glad to see you. I've just been writing to you; I was afraid you wouldn't get over to-day."

He came across the room and stood by my table, looking down at me for a minute before he spoke.

"I rode over to the Lees' this morning—Frances has just come home—and Mrs. Lee asked me to stay for luncheon." I picked up the note that I had been writing to him and tore it slowly to pieces.

"Yes; so your father said when he came to tell me about the case," I answered. "Robin, I'm so glad for you," and I stood up beside him and rested my hands on his shoulders.

"It's a glad occasion, isn't it, Aunt Eleaun?" he said, with a happy laugh.

"What are you going to do now, Robin?" I asked. I had settled back comfortably into a low, deep chair; and I watched his face as he stood opposite me, his hands behind him, his shoulder leaning against the corner of the fire-place.

"I'm going to ask Frances Lee to marry me, Aunt Eleanor."

I had expected to have to worm it out of him: I was therefore rather disconcerted by the frank admission.

"How old are you, Robin?" I asked. I wanted time to collect my thoughts.

"Twenty-four."

"That's not very old to take an irrevocable step. You see"—I leaned forward and smiled at him, for the boy was very dear to me—"you see, after all, you've been out in the world so little. Under those circumstances, twenty-four is very young."

Robert slipped his hands into his coat pockets and drew back his shoulders. His face was very serious and very determined. I went on:

"You have never had to go out among other men and let life test the metal you are made of—you've never won your spurs. The news we heard this morning takes away any necessity of your ever doing so."

"What do you want me to do, Aunt Eleanor?"

"I want you to prove yourself a man. Go out and win experience for yourself, and then come back and offer the woman you ask to marry you, something which has been tried."

I paused, waiting for him to speak, but he only stared past me in silence.

"There is that offer of your cousin. You could study law with him." Here my love for the lad got the better of me. "I want you to make a name for yourself, Robin. It would be so easy now, for you just to go along leading the life here that your father and your grandfather led before you. There's nothing wrong in it—it's a good life, and the love of it is bred in you. But—the world owes you more than that."

"I see what you mean, Aunt Eleanor; I'll think over what you've been saying." He went over to my writing-table and began disarranging things absent-mindedly. "I wish I had taken the 'irrevocable step' before I came over to see you," he added half-seriously.

I knew that I had said enough.

"Robert," I scolded, "please don't disturb all my papers. If you will leave them alone and find Mary, we can have tea—she was making you some cookies with caraway seeds in them this morning."

II.

Ten years had gone by since that day when my brother had ridden over to tell me of the successful ending of his long law-case, and his son Robert had been brought to the point in his life where he must make a serious decision. In the last few days Robert had successfully pled a great criminal case; he had established a reputation. It was Christmas eve, and I sat alone before the fire, waiting for the sound of wheels on the gravel outside. Robert was coming out from town to spend that night with me. To-morrow, early, we were both going over to his father's. It was a custom which we had begun when Robert was a little lad, the year after his mother had died, and we still kept it—he, a man of thirty-four, I, a woman nearly fifty.

I had sat there since after dinner, and now the clock in the corner was striking ten. When the sound ceased, the silence was more lonely than ever, and I began to be anxious at Robert's delay. Could it be that he was not coming after all? He would allow none but the most important business to keep him, I knew. My thoughts went to that afternoon when, in this very room, the choice between two courses of action had suddenly been presented to him, and on his acceptance or refusal of one of them had depended his career. Did Robert ever regret, I wondered, that he had followed my counsel? Five years ago Frances Lee had married a cousin of Robert's; they lived not two miles away. If—

"Were you still expecting me, Aunt Eleaun?"

I looked up to see my nephew standing in the doorway, laughing down at me and pulling off his gloves.

"Robin! I was so afraid that something had kept you and you weren't coming."

"I missed my train and drove out from town. B-r-r-r, it was cold; it must be 'way below freezing." He threw his ulster over a chair and came across to the fire, rubbing his hands together hard. "It's good to see you again, Aunt Eleanor," he said, as he stooped and kissed my cheek.

Robin always put me in a good humour. I forgot my long hours of waiting, and remembered that it was Christmas eve.

"O, I'm so glad that you came to-night in spite of everything," I said. "Do you know what night it is? I feel as if we ought to be hanging up our stockings."

He laughed and fell in with my whim:

"Very well; I want a horse in mine, and a peppermint-stick, and—and—and a castle in Spain."

"A castle in Spain"—his words chilled my momentary enthusiasm.

"Robin, Robin," I said, "we're no longer young."
"No;" he answered me, "and air castles melt away so easily."

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

IN THE SPRING

A COMEDY

Scene I.

Time—May; morning.

Scene—A greensward, with a brook in the background, cherry-trees in the foreground. A youth is lying on the grass, playing with a mongrel dog.

PETER, the youth, singing:

May is here and buds are springing, Autumn's past and winter too. Don't you hear the thrushes singing? May is here and skies are blue. Ho, ho, ho, Jupiter, hast heard the news? Hast heard that Geoffrey is head over shoes In love with one whose name I may not know? A lovely woman, Jupiter, ho, ho. (Laughs heartily.) With eyes like very stars, as I suppose, With cherry lips and cheeks like yonder rose; A neck of alabaster to hold all. And feet scarce fit to help, they are so small. Canst not cease wagging that poor tail of thine, And share this friendly interest of mine? (Pulls his tail.) Hurts, does it? then be still and list to me, And I will straightway stop tormenting thee. Hast had enough of jesting, stupid one? Be patient, beast, for I'm not half-way done. This morning Geoff was up before 'twas light And fumed for breakfast loud with all his might. "Come, Peter, tell me," once, twice, thrice he said, "Does this green plume become me, or the red? Shall I put on the cloak turned up with blue, Or yet the one of deep magenta hue?" Ho, ho, I nearly died of laughing, till

He swore so loud I thought I'd best be still.

So, Jupiter, she comes to-night to sup,
And Geoffrey thinks that I will not stay up.
But, lad, we're going to spy upon your tea
And have a look at your most lovely she.
I may be but a scare-crow stuffed wi' bran,
Without the heart or reason of a man;
But it would take more than a woman's face
To make me ever fall to Geoffrey's place.
I tell thee that—and now thou tellest me
What think'st thou of a swim 'neath yonder tree?
Two appetites we'll find in this cool breeze
Before we eat our lunch of bread and cheese.

(Goes out singing "May is here," etc., followed by Jupiter.)

Scene II.

Time—Afternoon.

Scene—A room in the lodgings of Peter and Geoffrey. Peter is sitting dejectedly in a chair. Jupiter is sitting dejectedly on the floor. Peter:

Lord, puppy; saw you her? Ah, she was fair.

(Sighs.) Oh, was she not most beautiful? her hair—
So black—made darkness turn quite pale; her eyes—
I, simpleton, was taken by surprise,
And felt a something strange come over me,
As if I'd seen a vision suddenly.
Didst see her hand that oped the casement wide,
When us two passing idiots she spied?
Didst hear the voice that bade me take this note
To Geoffrey? Lucky Geoffrey—I, the goat!

(Enter Geoffrey, reading a note.)

GEOFFREY:

Alack-a-day, she cannot come to-night,
But—"you may come to me"—oh, happy plight!
Oh, Peter, she's so lovely—good and bad
Worship alike—but what's the matter, lad?
Peter (aside):

Oh, must I tell him now? I dare not speak.

Well, Geoffrey, you have talked of her a week, And I am well nigh sick of woman's name (May God forgive the lie and spare the shame), But if it eases thee (sighs) rehearse her charms, The curve of her fair neck—of her white arms. The very tint and colour of her eyes, The shadows in her hair, and e'en the size—

GEOFFREY:

There are none, Peter—'tis like living gold; Its splendour makes the rays of sun go cold. Her eyes, the tint as deep as she is true; The colour—blue, oh, most extremely blue.

PETER (aside):

He's mad, or else he's making game of me. Thou speakest nonsense, Geoffrey; I tell thee Her hair is black—as black as any crow's Or raven's wing; her eyes as dark as sloes.

GEOFFREY:

Good Peter—stay—art speaking of my love? Her hair is shining—

PETER:

Ebony—above—

GEOFFREY:

The boy has lost his wits—what meanest thou?

Peter (gazing up in rapture):

I speak of dusky curls above a brow Of purest snow, her tilted nose—

Geoffrey (in a rage):

Hold there!

Her nose is straight as is her golden hair. (Haughtily) And pray, where didst thou this fair vision see?

PETER:

Thou hast the billet which she sent by me.

GEOFFREY:

Good Lord, 'tis true; hath reason passed me by?

Peter (going off again):

Her hair is black, her eyes are brown-and I

(Loudly) Am mad with love for her—(aside) now hear him scold.

GEOFFREY (furiously):

Her eyes are violet blue—her hair pure gold.

And she is mine, I am in love with her.

Peace, boy—(calming himself. Contemptuously) Poor Peter, go play with thy cur.

(Stops short, then bursts out laughing.)

Ho, ho! ha, ha! oh, Peter, I shall die.

I see it all: thou art in love—oh my!

PETER:

I'm glad my love so much amuses thee.

I've seen the time when even thine pleased me.

GEOFFREY:

But, Peter, what dost think? thou'st lost thy heart To-

Peter (in ecstasy):

Thou who of the whole world fairest art, With raven curls and lovely hazel eyes.

GEOFFREY:

Forgive me, lad, and I'll forgive thy lies.

Her locks are black, her eyes are truly brown,

But yet my love still wears a golden crown;

Her eyes are still a violet blue—for see—

I love the noble lady Emily,

While thou, oh Peter, Peter, thou hast laid

Thy heart before sweet Emily's new maid!

(Jupiter goes out, followed by Peter, leaving Geoffrey doubled with laughter.)

Anna M. Hill, '05.

THE REGENERATION OF MELANCHOLIA.

The sun had not yet sunk behind the pine-trees, though the chill mist of an early August evening was rising like fine smoke from the valley. From the woods above the clearing floated down on the still air the tinkle of a distant cow-bell. On the great, flat stone that formed

the doorstep of a low, roughly built log cabin, the sole form of dwelling in this wild Adirondack region, sat the huddled form of an old woman, her near-sighted eyes bent low over a heap of coarse wool stockings in her lap. As she labouriously pushed her long needle in and out she hummed a little song in a quavering monotone. Suddenly she raised her head and called out in a thin, piping voice to an old man, whose faded blue shirt was bobbing about in a row of shaggy sunflowers against the log wall, "D'ye see Koly yet, grandad?"

"Sumun's comin' a ways off," he grunted in return, peering anxiously down the winding path. Then, shouldering his hoe, he shambled over and sat down beside her, taking off his tattered hat and baring his forehead to the fresh mountain breeze.

"I wish that child would quit her moonin' ways," began his wife. "She's allus wanderin' off somewheres. Jest as heedless and shif'less as you make 'em, is Koly." Her voice was querulous, but there was a certain affectionate tone in it, as she lingered over the name of her only granddaughter.

"Miss Morse an' her school-teachin' ought to take all that out of her," said the old man, meditatively filling his corn-cob pipe from a grimy tobacco-pouch. "'Twas a fine thing for Peter's Peak when she took the school. She's plenty o' book-larnin', and don't make herself out as better'n most an' make ye feel like potato-parin's, for all her readin' an' schoolin'."

"Never seen no one better meanin'," said his wife, "but she's got a spice of pepper in her temper. She gave Dave Wagner's Pete twenty cuts wi' the ruler clear in the middle of the session for sassin' her."

"Serves him right, too, the squint-eyed monkey-face," responded the old man. "She knows how to make children respec'ful."

"Yes, but she ain't got much hold on Koly yet," rejoined his wife, dubiously.

The old man gave a deep guttural chuckle. "That child's got sperrit I tell ye, ain't afeard o' nothin' or nobody."

"Seems like 'twas time she was tamed down a bit," sighed his wife. "She's run wild long enough."

"Well, there's Cousin Hetty," hesitated the old man.

"There ain't no question 'bout that," was the decided answer. "This here cabin's good enough for Koly while I'm alive."

"I'm wi' ye there, wife. I was only jes' thinkin' as how Hetty's writ agin so urgent—" He broke off abruptly and peered into the gathering twilight of the pine woods.

The tall spare figure of a woman had just appeared on the edge of the clearing. She approached rapidly with erect and dignified bearing, and before the old woman could gather up her stockings to rise and greet

her unexpected guest, she had shaken her cordially by the hand.

"Won't ye come in, Miss Morse?" said the old man, who had already hastened within to wipe off a chair and bring it forward for the visitor. After the usual exchange of polite civilities there was a slight pause, which the teacher broke in a rather constrained voice. "The truth is, Mrs. Wikamer, I have come again about Melancholia; the child is—I regret to say it—absolutely unmanageable."

There was a painful silence of several minutes, while the old woman nervously creaked her rocker and the old man whistled softly to hide the distress in his face. Finally, he said, with a clumsy attempt at gallantry, "Well, Miss Morse, if you can't manage her, I don't know

who can."

But the teacher calmly continued her complaint. "I have tried faithfully to do my duty by her, and to win her confidence. But she has repulsed all my advances and to-day publicly defied my authority." A dangerous glint in Miss Morse's eyes and the dull flush which reddened her sallow cheeks were the only signs of repressed anger; her tone remained conventionally cold and even. "If Melancholia remains in the school I shall lose the respect of all the other pupils who see my commands thus defied with impunity." She went on more boldly, "The trouble is, you good people have quite spoiled your grandchild. For there is nothing innately bad about Melancholia. Her turbulent spirit is merely the result of the free, untrammeled existence she has always led."

"Jest what I said," murmured Mrs. Wikamer. But Miss Morse went relentlessly on, "She needs a stronger authority than mine to control her. Oh! if she could but have an environment furnishing more restraint, closer supervision, stricter rules of conduct, much less freedom."

Then she noticed the grandmother was trembling, and she stopped rather perturbed, wondering how her words could have so agitated her. But the old woman leaned over towards her husband. "The letter, grandad," she whispered hoarsely, "show Miss Morse the letter."

"Shall I?" he said, hesitatingly, and, in obedience to her nod, took

from the earthenware crock on the shelf a crumpled letter, which he handed to the teacher. The eyes of the old couple stole furtive and anxious glances at her while she read, and their faces fell when she looked up with a pleased smile.

"What a splendid chance for the child! The invitation could not have come at a more opportune time. Of course you will accept it?" she exclaimed.

"O, Miss Morse," began the grandfather, with a catch in his voice. "We can't let Koly go yet. We ain't no one but her now, and we think a sight of that child." His voice broke off in a tremulous murmur.

But his wife continued, "Him and I ain't got much more time here, Miss Morse. We're old folks now, and Koly's all we got to live for anyhow."

The old man had somewhat recovered himself by now, and eagerly began again, "We've told Hetty time and time again we couldn't part with that child, schoolin' or no schoolin'. Little Koly ain't the kind to larn city ways. Might as well set out a wild blackb'ry vine in a garden."

Miss Morse looked from one to the other aghast. It never would have occurred to her that they could have a doubt in the matter. Here was a plan that would both rid her of a troublesome and refractory pupil, and also doubtless prove exceedingly advantageous for that same pupil's well-being, about to be frustrated by the sentimental whims of a crotchety old couple. Well! she would do her best to make their duty clear to them, and if she failed, so much the worse for all concerned. She proceeded then to set forth enthusiastically all the advantages to be gained by Melancholia from the proposed change. Then, unconsciously playing on their profound belief in her superior wisdom and excellent judgment, she ruled down their every objection, the distance, their loneliness, Koly's wild, unrestrained nature, and never once abandoned the position which both inclination and duty led her to assume.

II.

While her future lot was being thus decided, the child was far from the scene of its discussion. Melancholia, whose name had been given her by her father, who had boasted an ear for melodious sounds and an aptitude for picking up words of whose meaning he was completely ignorant, was a wild mountain child of eleven years. Absolutely devoid

of fear, she had even now found her way to the one spot on the mountains to which her grandparents, in their wildest dreams of her recklessness, would never have thought her capable of venturing. About a mile from their cabin, hidden in the pines, stood the little log school-house. Just beyond it, the slope of the mountain was broken abruptly by a deep chasm, known as the Giant's Jaws; yawning between almost perpendicular gray cliffs it separated Peter's Peak from Cary's Hill. Precipitous walls of rock, their dull expanse broken only by the green of a few scraggly hemlocks, hanging out from the crevices, almost enclosed the wild ravine. But fifty feet below a mountain brook had forced its way between the cliffs and dashed brawling over the boulders. The place, owing to the dangers of the descent, was considered inaccessible from any side, and remained one of the most deserted spots in the neighborhood. But Melancholia, as utterly ignorant of fear as any bird that flew from ledge to ledge over the jagged rocks far below, had long ago discovered a perilous but possible entrance into the ravine; and, safe from discovery in its unsought depths, the child had spent there many long afternoons in care-free play, heedless of the deep solitude that brooded over the Giant's Jaws. The turbid stream dashing over the smooth brown stones in which she could paddle to her heart's content; the patch of warm green among the bleak boulders, where, lying on her back, she could see far above between sharp gray cliffs, the clouds chasing over the changing sky; the hemlocks hanging out from the crevices, swaying their feathery branches in every gust of wind; all these were hers by the rights of discovery and undisputed possession.

Koly belonged to the wilderness as the wilderness belonged to her. A very gnome of the woods she seemed, her slim lithe form clad in plain brown gingham, her pale sunburnt hair flying in tangled strands over her shoulders, her eyes the colour of rippling water in the sunlight, now brown, now gray, peering out from her small tanned face. There was a certain wild sprightly elfishness about the child in the free roving glance of her great eyes, in the light quick movements of her hands and feet, in the toss of her head when she flung her hair back from her face. Her whole appearance was in direct contradiction to her name, which troubled her as little as any other incomprehensible thing in the world she knew. She was a child of the moment, always taking life as it came, with little thought of future pleasure or past pain. The sweetest hours of her careless life were spent in the Giant's Jaws, the bitterest ones in the little

school-house not far off, under the jurisdiction of the conscientious Miss Morse.

Leaning back now in her "arm-chair," a comfortable hollow in one of the scattered boulders, her head pillowed on a mass of balsam boughs, Melancholia lay looking up at the sky, as the slant rays of the disappearing sun grew fainter and fainter in the ravine. She had been there the whole long afternoon, so engrossed in building a miniature lumber-camp by the brookside with bits of stone and sticks, that she had quite neglected to go home for her early supper, an omission which she knew well enough would be overlooked by her indulgent grandparents. Not that she went hungry, however, for there were wild blackberry bushes among the rocks and patches of checkerberries near the stream, where Melancholia often satisfied her bird-like appetite. Now resting among the rocks in absolute peace and security, with no feeling of loneliness, no thought of fear, she felt nothing but weary contentment in her mind. But a pale yellow glow spreading over the sky warned her that the sun had already set, and the short twilight would soon gather in the woods. Mindful of the one restriction imposed on her wanderings, that they should always end before darkness fell, Melancholia sprang hastily up and began her perilous ascent. Now pulling herself up by a pliant hemlock bough, now gaining a foothold in a tiny crevice, now crawling over a narrow ledge, she fearlessly climbed up the face of the cliff, familiarity having rendered the dangers all too light.

Half an hour later, when it was nearly dark, breathlessly hastening up the path to the clearing, she almost collided with a dark form hurrying downward. Then she heard the hated tones of her teacher's cold even voice: "Hurry home, Melancholia! Your grandparents are getting anxious about you; it is quite too late for you to be running around the mountain alone. Hasten, my dear," the teacher said, awkwardly patting Koly's head. The child jerked away from the caress. She was as heedless of the assumed kindliness of her teacher's words as she was unconscious of the new note of triumph that rang in them.

III.

There was a stormy scene in the school-house next morning between Miss Morse and Melancholia, and it was a dejected but still defiant little rebel who swung open the door of the log cabin just as the old people were finishing their slim mid-day meal.

"Why, Koly, y'r back early, child," said Mr. Wikamer's cheery voice. "Didn't granny give ye enough lunch in y'r dinner-pail?"

"Ye ain't been in the brambles with Miss Morse, have ye?" demanded the old woman, more quick than her husband to draw conclusions from Koly's defiant tear-stained face.

In answer, the child untwisted a note from the corner of her apron and flung it into her grandmother's lap. "You c'n see it," she cried, "I'm not afeard of what she says. But I never told her no lie, for all she'd make me say I did."

The grandmother, holding the note close to her eyes, worked out its meaning by the help of her trembling forefinger. "But there's nothin' here about y'r lyin', child," she said, soothingly, "she jest says you sassed her, and you know, Koly, a fine book-larned lady like her ain't one to stand no foolery from childern; you mustn't go for to act that way."

Melancholia's eyes shone with proud unshed tears; she tossed her head defiantly. "I won't go back there, nohow," she cried, vehemently, "she's shamed me 'fore the whole school. I'll never, never go schoolin' to her again."

As the old woman looked at her intently over her spectacles, a pained look crossed her face, and she shook her head sadly. "Well, Koly," she finally said, "I guess you ain't no need to go back there no more. Has she, grandad?" glancing significantly at the old man, who with bent head was studying the unpainted boards at his feet. "You see it's all workin' out agin us. Miss Morse knew best," she added. "Come, Koly, child, run out and play and mind ye're in early. We'll talk over this here later."

Melancholia's face had brightened up wonderfully. "No more school, granny! honest? Oh! I'll be that good now. Grandad, d'yer hear—no more school! beant you glad?"

"No more schoolin' with Miss Morse, anyhow," replied the grand-father, meaningly. "Yes, I'm glad for ye, if ye like it so. Give y'r old grandad a kiss, Koly, and run along and play while ye can."

"And take y'r sunbonnet, Koly," called her grandmother, sharply, after her. "Y'r hair's gettin' that bleached there ain't hardly a scrap of nat'ral colour left to it."

Surprised at this unexpected command, Koly ran back, grabbed her sunbonnet from a nail, and was off again. Where to go? She cared little now. Not to the Giant's Jaws, for the path thither led too near the

school-house, and there would be time enough for that later. But her heart swelled with joy unutterable as she thought of the long mornings to be spent there. After a short run in the woods, then she threw herself down breathless on the pine-needles in absolute content, where before long she fell asleep and dreamed of happy wanderings in enchanted forests, where there was no unkind presence to check her roamings.

"Koly! Koly!" her name called repeatedly in a shrill cracked voice, muffled by the distance, roused her suddenly from her happy visions. Replying to the call by a long shrill whistle, she set off for home at a run.

When she entered the log house, she found the one room in a state of unusual confusion. In the midst of it her grandmother was bending over a small hair-cloth trunk, that she had seen brought out but once before, on the memorable occasion of her grandfather's trip to Utica, long ago. On one chair lay her Sunday alpaca; by the hearth were her "meeting shoes"; over the table was thrown her best pink muffler. She stopped short in utter amazement. "Why, granny, where be you sendin' my clo'es to?" she cried, more in surprise than concern.

Her grandmother turned a half-guilty face towards her, and replied with an effort, "To your Cousin Hetty's, child, down to Utica. Y'r goin' to leave these parts, Melancholia" (she seldom used her whole name) "and go down there to get eddicated; your Cousin Hetty, she's allus wanted you; she's offered you the chance, and it ain't for such as we to sniff at it."

She waited to see the effect of her words, but Koly was speechless. Her great eyes, dark with unspoken horror, were fixed on her grandmother's face. There was in them the look of a wild animal about to be caught. The old woman misinterpreted her silence and began again with awkward assurance. "I'm pleased ye'r takin' it sensible-like, child," she said, cheerfully, "your grandad said as how you'd raise no end of a rumpus. Now ye know it ain't that we want to part with ye, Koly, but it's the best thing for ye. Ye'll git eddication in the city and lose y'r wild ways. Hetty won't spoil ye like we old folks, though we meant it well," she added, with a sigh. "And Miss Morse knows best. She's showed us how we wuz to take it."

This last remark was addressed more to herself than to Koly, but at mention of her enemy's name, the child's pent-up feelings burst forth. "So she's done it," she cried, "she wants to send me away from you and grandad and Peter's Peak. Oh, granny, ye can't mean it! 'Twouldn't

feel like me in no other place; ye won't make me go and leave"—she choked—"leave all these here parts that I know." Inarticulate with childish fear of the unknown, she motioned out of the window, where the distant mountains were turning a misty purple in the afterglow.

"Leave all what, child?" asked the grandmother, querulously. "There be far finer things in Utica over yonder; things as you know naught on, Koly, brick houses and paved streets—no unsightly brushwood."

But the child was heedless to the account of these wonders. "Don't, granny, don't send me away," she cried, and she threw her arms about the old woman in a wild transport of despair.

But the grandmother's face was set in lines of unaccustomed firmness. The struggle had been hard, but sentiment being once conquered by convictions of duty, her resolve was firmly taken. The trunk was down; the scanty but carefully mended wardrobe half packed; Koly should go, and afterward it would be easier for all of them.

Koly looked into her grandmother's eyes and saw no hope. Her grandfather was standing by the little window with his back to the room.

"Grandad," cried the child, pleadingly, "say you won't let me go. I'll allus be good—that good," and she added, tremulously, as if making a great concession, "I'll go back to school, grandad, and never, never sass Miss Morse no more."

He turned slowly. "It's all settled, child. It won't be for long, though, and ye'll thank we-all in a few years for sendin' ye. There! don't take on so. It ain't no good." His own voice quavered a little, but his face was firm.

Then Koly, seeing no signs of relenting in either grandparent, shook off her grandmother's arm and with the cry of a hunted animal sprang out into the twilight.

The old man, stealing a furtive glance at his wife, wiped away a tear on his fraved coat-sleeve.

Next morning, before there was a sign of life about the cabin, a little figure, shoes in hand, stole softly down the rickety ladder leading from the attic, and gently lifting the latch of the great door, slipped out into the waning starlight.

(To be concluded.)

THEODORA BATES, '05. ELIZABETH P. HENRY, '05.

THE CYCLAMEN

O, fair Gethsemane,
O, rare Gethsemane!
In that far land a pure white flower
Sprung up where Christ had knelt and prayed
In agony, in that dread hour
Of mortal pain and deathly shade.
He sweat, as 'twere, great drops of blood,
Which fell and gave a crimson crown
Unto that chosen flower of God.
And on its heart-shaped leaf dropped down
His tears, and stained the sheen so fair.
And lo! a Cyclamen was there.

HELEN PRESTON HAUGHWOUT, '06.

SONG OF AN EXILE.

The Eastern sun hangs blazing in the sky, Parching the thirsty meadows with its heat: The dust lies heavy on the village street: Far overhead the screeching parrots fly, Searing the air with harsh discordant cry. With mocking jeers the passer-by they greet, Who plods along with heavy weary feet, Bow'd by the weight of scorching misery.

At home the fresh salt wind is landward blowing. The laughing waves play with the grey old rocks; The purple heather on the moor is growing;

And merry shepherds tend the grazing flocks, Telling strange tales, prone on the fragrant earth— "What part has India's exiles in their mirth?"

ELEANOR MASON, '05.

REACTION

"What Muriel van Bergen can find attractive in a man like Richard Warren puzzles me," remarked the hostess to the two other girls seated near the tea-table.

The remark was by no means an original one. It had been made by many a matron, girl, and even man, during the few weeks that had elapsed since the engagement was announced.

"He is simply impossible," said Marion Irwin, putting her cup down on the table almost roughly, "and I am sure I don't know what to do. I don't want to drop Muriel, but I won't receive that man."

"He is not a gentleman; no one can receive him," said Doris Hart, the hostess, with an air of finality.

The third girl, who had been silently drinking her tea during this conversation, now spoke in a gentle, pleading tone.

"He may have some sterling qualities at heart," she said.

"So may your chore-man, for that matter," retorted Marion Irwin, quickly, "but you don't have to receive him socially. But, really, I have not heard any of the men say nice things about him, either. Oh, Muriel must be crazy. It was almost a farce when Alice Dalton wished her joy and tried to tell her how happy she—"

Marion stopped suddenly, for at this moment the butler entered, and holding aside the curtains, announced, "Miss van Bergen."

As Muriel van Bergen entered the room, there was a moment of absolute silence, which the hostess, who was the first to regain her self-possession, hastened to break.

"You are just in time for the new brew, Muriel; the kettle has begun to boil," she said, as she rose and greeted the newcomer with a kiss. "Loosen your things and make yourself comfortable," and, tossing her friend's muff on the sofa, she went back to preside over the tea-making.

The others made room for Muriel near the table. They were grateful for the moment's respite Doris had given them, and in a burst of conversation they tried to drown the memory of that disagreeable pause.

Seen in the faint afternoon light, with the rays from the fire sparkling in her dark brown hair, no one would have hesitated to say that Muriel van Bergen was an exceedingly handsome girl. Her features were regular and clear cut, her brown eyes large and brilliant. It was a refined face, but not a gentle one; it did not light up as she talked and her expression gave not the slightest clue to her feelings.

When they had discussed the newest play, the latest magazines, this girl's coming-out dance and that one's graduation from college, one man's failure in business and another's successes at the horse show, the conversation drifted to more personal affairs and doings.

"By the way," said Doris Hart, suddenly, "I am going to have a very informal little card party next Tuesday night and I want you three to come; and Marion, I wrote and asked your brother this afternoon, so you won't need to trouble about going out of town afterwards, alone."

"Love to," and "Delighted," came from two of the three at once, but Muriel van Bergen shook her head.

"I should like to, but I have promised the evening to Dick," she said, quietly.

"Gracious! it's dreadfully late. I'll miss my train if I don't go at once," Marion Irwin broke in, excitedly.

Doris Hart turned to Muriel.

"We shall be very sorry not to have you," she said, earnestly, but even the sincere disappointment in her tone could not make the fact that she had not included Dick in her invitation, less pointed.

"You are right, it is late, Marion, and I must be going, too," said Muriel, glancing at her watch; "my carriage is here and I will drive you to the elevated. Good-bye." She bowed to the guest who remained, and held out her hand to her hostess. "You have the most delicious tea, Doris, of any one I know. Thank you for my share. Good-bye."

There was no change in her voice or expression, but her head was held a trifle higher than usual as she went out of the room.

II.

Mr. van Bergen felt that his argument with Muriel had been entirely without effect, and the remnants of his patience and good temper were exhausted. He was unable to meet her proud resistance with firm gentleness; his own domineering pride only rose the higher to meet hers. Father and daughter were too much alike in temperament for a peaceful settlement of the question.

"The plainest facts don't seem to make the slightest impression on you. Are all of my appeals also to go for nothing?"

Mr. van Bergen, seated at the library table, was leaning across towards his daughter, who stood pale and silent, her slight form braced against the bookcase behind her. There was none of the softness or tenderness which might have been expected in her father's last words; his voice was low and angry, and his face wore an expression of complete exasperation.

Muriel answered nothing to his question, and there was silence between them for almost a minute. Then Mr. van Bergen rose deliberately, as if to conclude the interview. His knuckles were pressed hard on the table in front of him.

"Very well," he said, at last, "if you insist in refusing to break with him, I, at least, refuse to receive him in my house."

"You have control over your own house, I suppose," she said, "but not over my actions. I shall find a way of seeing Dick elsewhere."

Outside in the hall she met the butler with the mail.

"Any letters for me, Denis?" she asked.

"No, miss, but Mr. Warren called a little while ago, miss-"

"Well?"

"Your aunt told me to say, miss, that you were engaged and could see no one, miss."

Muriel's Aunt Katherine, the fourth inmate of the van Bergen household, had, as far as Muriel was concerned, always been a disagreeable element in the home life. Now her opposition to Muriel's engagement was even stronger than that of the girl's parents.

"Did he wait?" asked Muriel. She had grown very pale.

"No, miss."

"Thank you, Denis." She turned quietly and went upstairs, nor did her calm give way before she had reached her own room and locked

herself in. Then she burst into a storm of hot angry tears, and sitting down at her desk wrote a long passionate letter to the one person who would neither thwart pity nor repel her—Dick Warren himself.

III.

So two weeks passed. No mention of Dick was made at home, and very little in the world outside, yet Muriel felt the silent opposition all the more strongly. It seemed as if every one were against her and Dick, and their isolation bound her ever more firmly to him.

She did not refrain from speaking of him—she saw him regularly, though not in her own home—and she accepted no evening invitations from which he was excluded. She told herself that she did not care anything for the opinion of society; she tried to convince herself that her girl friends were quite unnecessary to her happiness. To all outward appearances she was as well and lively as ever.

But one afternoon she came home from a round of shopping and calls, looking pale and dragged, and her mother asked her anxiously if she were ill.

"A headache," she answered, laconically, and in a voice that forbade further questioning. But later that evening, when she was saying goodnight, she answered the unspoken question she read in her mother's eyes.

"I am a little over-tired, and I'm thinking strongly of spending a few weeks out in Clarkesville with Emma Lindsey to get thoroughly rested."

Mrs. van Bergen nodded her approval, and-

"Well, I'm glad you are going to get away from that man, at last," snapped Aunt Katherine, with her usual lack of tact.

Muriel left the room quickly, unwilling to trust herself in company any longer. She felt that her endurance was giving way under the long strain of the past weeks, and it had received a harder blow than usual that afternoon. She had learned that one of her closest friends, who was about to be married, had chosen her bridesmaids and Muriel van Bergen was not of the number.

IV.

Clarkesville was a small Western town made up of farmers and tradesmen, in whose social life Emma Lindsey, once Muriel's companion nurse, now married to a prosperous farmer, played a prominent part.

At first Muriel was delighted with her new life. She liked the free and, what appeared to her, almost childish ways of the people. Their homely language and manners interested and amused her, and it pleased her to tell herself how little externals mattered after all. She did not realize how strong in her was her family pride and training.

She was not in Clarkesville very long before Dick Warren himself appeared on the scene, and the townspeople took as kindly to Muriel's fiancé as they did to Muriel herself. Anything Eastern was always attractive to the people of Clarkesville, and a young New Yorker who had graduated from Harvard they deemed an especial prize. The town rang with his praises and frank, if often crude, expressions of their admiration were constantly in Muriel's ears.

Now that all opposition was removed, Dick did not seem quite as necessary to her as before, and when she heard his praises sung by people whom she neither admired nor respected, she felt a strange desire to take the other side.

She could not help noticing, with a feeling of annoyance, how pleased Dick was at this easily-won and meaningless popularity. He seemed to expand under the warm rays of public approval like a flower in the sun, and in his ensuing good spirits Muriel was forced to recognize, much against her will, not only a lack of dignity but even a faint trace of vulgarity. Finally, once or twice, when Dick was greatly pleased at something that did not appeal to her in the least, there flashed across her mind a great doubt as to their future agreement and happiness.

After they had been in Clarkesville a month, Dick was suddenly called back to the East on business. He had been pressing Muriel for some time past to set a date for the wedding, and finally, more to put him off than for any other reason, she promised to have an answer for him when she returned. Then, as an afterthought and almost involuntarily, she demanded that he should not see her again until she had written him her decision.

Curiously enough, Muriel felt a distinct sense of relief when he had gone. She told herself that she was tired and nervous, and was glad of the complete rest; but the more she thought about it, the more she felt that she did not miss Dick as she should, though it angered her to admit it.

As the time of her departure drew near, she was haunted by the remembrance of her promise. The more she tried to settle on the day of the wedding the more she disliked her task, and she kept deferring it

from day to day. The thought that after all the whole thing was not absolutely necessary came to her quite suddenly, and she grasped it eagerly. It was quite possible; there would be no breach of honor; Dick would understand, and in her freedom there would at last be peace. In this mood she started for home.

V.

Meanwhile Dick's sudden appearance in the East without Muriel gave rise to much talk. The rumor that the engagement was broken, that Dick had received his dismissal, spread abroad, and as people are only too anxious to believe that which pleases them, it found favor with many. From much repetition this report came to be regarded as an actual fact, and Muriel's friends were delighted. Even her parents, though they had heard nothing of it from her, could not help hoping and persuading themselves that it was true, and they took no opportunity of contradicting it. As for Aunt Katherine, she insisted that she had known how it would turn out all along.

Muriel arrived in the city in the afternoon, and on reaching home found quite a group of friends waiting to receive her. They were exceedingly glad to see her, and even the presence of Aunt Katherine could not lessen Muriel's happy surprise at such a warm welcome.

When the first greetings were over and everyone was settled in the drawing-room, Muriel rose to ring the bell for tea. It was then that Aunt Katherine was heard saying in her metallic voice:

"We are very glad that you have come to see things our way, Muriel; I thought it was about time for you to come to your right mind."

A gasp of amazement at the baldness of this speech came from the assembled company. Then Doris Hart, seeing Muriel's startled face, went and put her arm around her waist, saying very softly, as if in palliation of those rude words:

"Don't think we can't understand, Muriel dearest."

For a moment Muriel stood dumb, not comprehending; then their meaning burst suddenly upon her.

Feeling again all the former opposition renewed, in a swift wave of emotion her new thoughts were swept away and her old feelings rose passionately to meet the unchanged circumstances. A vision of Dick deserted and disliked came before her, and a torrent of loving pity for him and of proud resistance to these people, who had thought to take her intimate affairs in their hands, filled her heart.

For a second she stood silent, controlling herself; one raised hand was gripping the portière above her head, the other hung clenched at her side and her chin was tilted defiantly upward.

"You are wrong, wrong!" she said, at last. "It is not true that my engagement is broken. I am to be married the eighteenth of next month."

THERESA HELBURN, '08.

"DULCI FISTULA"

LOVE AND JANUS

Love came to the temple of Janus one day, A temple both large and fair, And thus he accosted the famous old god Whose two-headed statue was there:

"We two are alike, ancient father," said Love,
And his voice was sweet and clear.
"But how can that be, for thy youth's like the spring,
While my age like the winter is sere."

"Thy two heads," said Love, "look behind and before, As I do also," said he,

"For true love doth always look forward in hope, And backward in memory!"

CAROLINE ALEXANDER McCook, '08.

I didn't like my tea to-night,
The cocoa wasn't sweet enough;
The biscuits were not very light,
The quince preserves were dreadful stuff.
But I did not complain for fear

The Faculty or Dean would hear.

ELEANOR MASON, '05.





I have a dress of lovely pink,

That mamma bought me when I

came;

But now it's spotted o'er with ink—My yellow dress is just the same. I wish my ma had bought my gown Of rusty black or sober brown.

ELEANOR MASON, '05.

LINES TO YOU

After a season spent apart,
Once again we are side by side.
Once again, oh Heart of my Heart,
We look at each other, eager-eyed.

What are the changes time has wrought? We are not quite as we were of yore, Never again shall be quite the same, How do you love me, less or more?

Eager question that comes to me!

Does it come to you? I hear you say,
"How do you like me," anxiously—
"Like me now with my hair this way?"

True enough, you are not the same; Something is lacking you had before. Something gone from about your brow; Where, oh where, is your pompadour?

Let me look at your flowerlike face.

Is it as flowerlike as before?

Has it lost a bit of the grace

Lent by the billowy pompadour?

Smooth brown locks on a shapely head, Eyes demure under parted hair, Brow serene and unshadowèd; Do I find you now a bit less fair?

Part or pompadour, what do I care?

Let me speak out, oh Heart of my Heart,
I'd give not a whit how you part your hair,
So you and I might never part.

MARY ANTOINETTE CANNON, '07.

EDITORIAL

It is perhaps in the first days of college, when the hurried day-by-day existence that is really college life still lies a little remotely before us, that we think of Bryn Mawr most of all in terms of general aspects and general notions. The traditions of the college, which we who have lived here a term of years believe to be of solid influence among the students, are then things much in mind. And it would seem very well that at this time, along with our scholarship tradition, and our self-government tradition with which freshmen are being plied, there should be called to mind a Quaker tradition also, which might be peculiarly ours from the Quaker foundation of the college.

It is only with diffidence, naturally, that the majority of us here, who have not been born into the community of Friends, can speak of what may seem to us, from our scanty knowledge, to be the peculiar turn of the Quaker mind. But our necessary remoteness of outlook, and our necessary something of perspective, may yet show us, perhaps, the Quaker disposition in simplest aspects, most capable of influencing us. We remember that the early Quakers denied themselves most sensuous indulgence: they set their faces against many hide-bound conventions of society: and they distrusted the material things of the world even when symbols of the immaterial, inasmuch as they made their devotions without ritual or outward sign. So theirs were ideals of simplicity of living and sobriety of intellect. They showed forth in their ideals a rare chastity of mind.

From all this to-day, we are strikingly far removed, in the world in general, and in Bryn Mawr, perhaps, in particular. We are all of us far on another road,—commonly towards a sort of exalted sensuousness and symbolism. The beauty of Bryn Mawr has itself become one of Bryn Mawr's traditions, and luxuriousness and care for appearances, in living, in clothing, in manners, mean very much to us all. One would not think of turning back. But in the midst of the chastened perception of beauty which is quite possible to us, one would wish to remember a little, a code and ideals very different from our own; to learn, perhaps, from a remembrance of Quakerism, to hold our own more cosmopolitan ideals a little loosely. For at Bryn Mawr, with a Quaker tradition at all binding upon us, we might take peculiarly to ourselves, words of

counsel to the general college youth written in *The Nation* last summer at the time of Baccalaureate sermons;—of counsel "to maintain ideals of restraint in expenditure, and simplicity of living; to stand as a bulwark against a new irruption of barbarians; to spread the wholesome doctrine that college is the most unfitting place in the world for indulgence in the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life."

POINTS OF VIEW

TO 1908

President Eliot, of Harvard, when asked "What man gets the most out of college?" replied; "The man who puts the most into it." One can not help remarking how doubly applicable his statement is to Bryn Mawr, where the government, the atmosphere and the whole moral tone are entirely in the hands of the student body. Here, no one more than another can assume responsibility for the college and give it her interest and service, because it belongs *ipso facto* to every one entering the courses. And whether or not a girl lives up to this responsibility, determines whether or not she does her best for the college and herself—puts the most into it, in other words.

Sometimes for Freshmen a difficulty lies in disentangling the realities from the distractions of college life. Not that any one would lessen the gaiety, good fellowship and excitement of Freshman year. It is unprofitable only if it keeps a girl from her share in the real life of the college; if she is off on a walk at the time of the Self-government meeting, if she rushes to her room to study a minute while other people are at Undergraduate meeting, if she skylarks about at night too late to make it easy to go to chapel the next morning, if she lets a tea or a fudge party keep her from her share in the religious life of the college on Sunday. How can a class expect to live up to the duties of Junior and Senior years, if it does not take an earnest interest in the real things at the beginning?

Again, Freshmen are often kept from an interest in college affairs because of their complete ignorance of them. But there is not an upper classman or an alumna worthy of the name who would not be glad to discuss and explain all the institutions and traditions of the place. In the

case of self-government, not a single officer—from the president to a temporary proctor—would ever be bothered or bored to tell or talk about it. Here, perhaps, most of all, a Freshman can enter immediately into her share of the responsibility.

At a recent commencement a Senior said, "I have not thought of any-body or anything except what I could get *out* of college, since I have been here. And now I have lost my chance of doing anything for the college and showing the least bit of gratitude. It does not make any difference to any one whether I go or stay, and the worst of it is that nothing is any better for my having been here."

Could there be a sadder commentary on President Eliot's words? And yet, the only true way is to lose sight of what we are getting for ourselves and remember only the strength, the earnestness and the enthusiasm which are ours to put into the real life of the college.

Louise P. Atherton, '03.

To the Editor of the TIPYN o BOB:

May I trespass upon enough space in behalf of the *Lantern*, and in the quality of the new alumna to whom counsels of perfection are very easy, to explain a little, thus early, certain intentions of the various editors, which perhaps have not been always or generally understood? Of course I can only say that they have been sincere intentions; I am far from implying that they are all that ought to be.

For I was much struck last year with the no less sincere criticism from one of your editors to the effect that in the *Lantern* the only merit ever even approximately reached was a certain finish of manner,—quite plainly put, care about grammar and the choice of words. Obviously enough, such limitation, if real, is as unfortunate as possible. As a matter of fact, spontaneity, even liveliness of subject-matter, is as little taboo to the editors of the *Lantern* as sentences standing squarely on their feet, I am confident, to yourself and those who work with you on the monthly magazine.

We have, indeed, equally to face the same difficulty. "A public school or university," it has been said in a recent biography, "may war

against many a town or village provinciality, only to impress on its subjects a provinciality of its own."

It seems, unluckily, almost impossible to call attention to this danger without a touch of the academic provinciality, precisely which one deplores. Nevertheless I am sure that the *Lantern*, in as far as it has erred on the side of pedantry, has been the victim of a sincere desire to make it, in form at least, as little provincial as might be. We have tried to fortify it to stand the ordinary external tests of grammar and style. And I am hardly less sure that, if your monthly has seemed sometimes a little capricious or extravagant in form, you, too, have been aiming to fortify yourselves against external tests, in the direction of freshness and interest.

Neither magazine, however, can hope to save itself by an exclusive aim. The Monthly would not suffer in readableness for being somewhat better written, and it seems possible that the care spent on the English of the Lantern would be more impressive were the substance less remote or dull. Simplicity, good taste and decent evidence of regard to other standards than our own internal standards are, of course, after talent, the things which both magazines most need. Pedantry and license equally we are all quick to see and deplore. But, of course, the editors can do little unaided; the work, but not the responsibility, is theirs. And they can hardly hope to give even the relative satisfaction they always so much hope for, unless their intentions are understood and partially shared by the students generally.

Yours very sincerely,

MAUD ELIZABETH TEMPLE, '04.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

'93. Evangeline Walker Andrews has returned from abroad.
Helen Thomas Flexner has a son, born on October fifth.
Susan Walker Fitzgerald and her daughter, Anne, are visiting Mrs.
Andrews on their way to California, where they will live on a ranch.

'94. Ethel Walker has the position of Recording Secretary at Bryn Mawr College.

'95. Mary Denver James is teaching in Grace Latimer Jones' school in Columbus. She and her sister Rosalie are doing graduate work at the Ohio State University.

'96. Abigail Camp Dimon is teaching at Balliol School, Utica.

Mary Helen Ritchie and Helen Hoyt, '97, are living at their farm, "Golden Days," near the Red Rose Inn. They mean to raise pheasants, grow mushrooms and violets, and do tutoring.

'99. Katharine Houghton Hepburn has returned from abroad and will

spend the winter in Baltimore.

'oo. Helen Hodge and Sarah Stites, '99, have a school at Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania.

'or. Elizabeth Daly and Katherine Lord are Readers in English at Bryn Mawr College.

Evelyn Walker is Secretary of Bryn Mawr College.

Mary Southgate was married to William Brewster on October first. She will live in Cuba.

'02. Elizabeth T. Lyon was married to Robert Ernest Belknap on September fourteenth. She will live in Chicago.

Martha B. Jenkins was married to H. W. Foot on June twenty-second. Mr. Foot is Associate Professor of Chemistry at Yale.

Anne Todd is studying in Germany.

Sylvia Scudder is to be married to Ingersoll Bowditch on the eighteenth of October.

Julia Tevis married Elmer P. Lane, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, in June. She is living in London.

Helen Nichols is visiting Martha Thomas at Bryn Mawr.

Lois Wright is teaching at St. Gabriel's school, Peekskill, New York.

Ellen Ropes is studying abroad.

Ruth Miles Witherspoon has a daughter Ruth, born July eighth. Elizabeth Chandlee Forman has a son.

'03. Evelyn Morris Cope has returned from abroad and is living in Germantown.

Elsie Sergeant is at present in Vevay, Switzerland. She will spend the winter in Paris.

Fannie Brown has returned from abroad and is living in North Carolina.

Ida Langdon is automobiling through the chateau country, France. Doris Earle is studying abroad.

Charlotte Holden is teaching at the Courtland School in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Louise Atherton and Ruth Strong have been back visiting at Bryn Mawr.

Virginia Stoddard is mistress of Radnor Hall.

Anne Maynard Kidder is engaged to Dr. E. B. Wilson, of Columbia College. Dr. Wilson was the first Professor of Biology at Bryn Mawr College.

'04. Leda White is teaching at Moorestown, New Jersey.

Clara Woodruff is teaching at Washington, Connecticut.

Katharine Scott is teaching at the Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore.

Eloise Tremain is teaching in Louisville, Kentucky, at the school recently founded by Miss Davison and Miss Dodge, who were at Bryn Mawr last year.

Minnie Ehlers is teaching in New York.

Michi Kawai is teaching in Miss Tsuda's School, Tokio, Japan.

Anne Selleck is teaching at Englewood, New Jersey.

Hilda Canan and Mary Vauclain have started for California, where they will spend the winter.

C. Cary Case has been visiting at Bryn Mawr.

Sarah Ellis is teaching in the Pittsburg High School.

Amy Clapp and Helen Criswell are teaching in Portland, Oregon. Bertha Norris is teaching Greek in Irving College, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.

Alice Waldo is doing private tutoring.

Maria Albee is teaching Latin and German in the New Haven High School.

Florence Robins is teaching in Kenwood Institute, Chicago.

Clara Louise Whipple Wade is Assistant in Latin at Bryn Mawr College.

Helen Howell is to travel abroad this winter. She has been at Bryn Mawr recently.

Gertrude Klein is permanent substitute at the Commercial High School, Philadelphia.

Dorothy Foster is an English Reader at Mt. Holyoke College.

Anna Jonas, Maud Temple, Edna Shearer, Margaret Scott, Gertrude Klein, Eleanor Bliss and Alice Boring are back at Bryn Mawr for graduate work.

Mary James is taking a course in medicine at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, and has entered the Sophomore Class there. She has visited at Bryn Mawr this fall.

Annette Kelley is studying at the University of Chicago. Helen Arny and Emma Thompson are back at college.

COLLEGE NOTES

College opened on Tuesday, October fourth, at nine o'clock.

The changes in the Faculty are as follows:

Dr. Mackenzie has been granted leave of absence for a year, and Dr. H. W. Springsteen has been appointed Associate in Physics.

Dr. Nettie M. Stevens will conduct the post-major and graduate courses in Biology.

Dr. Tenney Frank will assist Dr. Wheeler in the Department of Latin.

Dr. Karl D. Jessen will take the place of Dr. Haas as Professor of German.

Dr. A. G. Raggio will take the place of Miss Dodge as Instructor in Italian.

Dr. David H. Tennant has been appointed as Associate in Biology.

Dr. Leuba has been promoted to Associate in Psychology.

Dr. Andrews, who has been abroad for a year, has returned and resumed his work.

Miss E. T. Daly, Miss Katherine Lord and Dr. Orie L. Hatcher will take the places of Miss Cook, Miss Dodge and Miss Hadow as Readers in the Department of English.

Miss Sue A. Blake will assist Miss Lowater in the Physics Laboratory work.

Miss Garlock and Miss Bishop will take the Gymnasium work in the places of Dr. Smith and Miss Little. Dr. Smith has been granted leave of absence for a year, and Miss Little is studying medicine.

Miss Applebee, of England, is manager of outdoor sports.

Owing to the fact that only fifteen students registered to take Law this year, the courses in Law have been discontinued for the year 1904-05. President Thomas expressed the hope that more students would elect Law next year, and thus make it possible to resume the courses.

The Students' Building Committee has opened a shop in the basement of Rockefeller Hall, the proceeds of which will go to the Students' Building Fund. The shop, which is managed voluntarily by the students, consists of four parts: a grocery shop, a catering department, a greenhouse and a photographic department. In the grocery shop all kinds of groceries will be sold at standard prices, as well as homemade cake and candy. Regular orders will be taken for bread, milk and cream. The catering department, on twenty-four hours' notice, will take orders for receptions, teas, sandwiches and birthday cakes. China will be provided The greenhouse will take orders for plants, at very reasonable prices. Orders for cut flowers will be taken before the plays. the photographic department, films will be printed and developed, and booklets of college views will be sold, also song books, postal cards, 1902 calendars, and burnt wood plaques bearing college and class seals. The shop will open accounts with the students, but unless the bills are paid thirty days after presentation, a charge of 10 per cent will be added to the account.

An attractive lunch-room for the non-resident students has been opened in the basement of Rockefeller Hall, under the management of Miss Parris. A hot lunch may be procured here at a reasonable price.

There will be two seamstresses in the basement of Rockefeller Hall to do mending and plain sewing for the students. If necessary, a third woman will be procured to make nothing but shirtwaists. Two other rooms in the basement of Rockefeller are so arranged that students may come there at certain hours in the day for shampooing and manicuring.

The Christian Union held its annual reception to the Freshmen in the drawing-room of Rockefeller Hall on the evening of October seventh. President Thomas spoke on the various religious organizations and ser-

vices, past and present, in the college. Miss Griffith, the President of the Christian Union, spoke of the organization and purpose of the Christian Union.

Alice Matless, '05, was married to Lees Ballinger in September. She will live in Lansing, Michigan.

Alice Eleanor Mason, '05, was married on October eighth to Henry Emerson Butler. She will live, after February, in Plainfield, New Jersey.

Georgiana Mabry Parks, '05, has announced her engagement to Percy Remington.

The Freshmen officers pro tem are: Adelaide Case, Chairman; Jeanette Griffith, Secretary and Treasurer.

Martha Stapler, Janet Thornton and Anna Clarke, '05, have returned to college. Alice Day, Anne Green, Mabry Parks, Sara Barney and Louise Johnston did not return.

Ruth McNaughton, '06, has returned to college. Jessie Thomas will come back in February. Mary Richardson, Elizabeth Harrington, Ethel DeKoven, Catherine Anderson, Susan Delano, Kittie Stone, Elizabeth Townsend, Katherine Gano, Margaret Scribner, Irma Kingsbacher, Adaline Spencer, Josephine Bright and Anna Louise Strong did not return.

RUSH SONGS

1908

Tune: Dixie. Words by Caroline McCook

Oh, here we come, we're the Freshman class; Our loyalty you can't surpass.

We're the great and glorious class of 1908.

We are very new, but our hearts are true,
For like our colour, we're true blue.

Hurrah, hurrah! for the jolly Freshmen.

CHORUS

Here's to Bryn Mawr College. Hurrah, hurrah! And here's to all now gathered here, You are our elder sisters dear. :||Hurrah, hurrah! for 1908 and Bryn Mawr.||:

1907 to 1908

Tune: The Campbells are Coming. Words by M. Ayer

Look at that green little Freshman class,
An undifferentiate, verdant mass.

Innocent, credulous, easily stuffed;
Gullible, timid and sure to be bluffed.

In the troubles before you you've just to obey
Your worldly-wise Sophomores and do as they say.

Listen, my dears, to your Sophomores' safe word:
Children should always be seen and not heard;
[Early to bed, dears, and early to rise,
Will make you all healthy and wealthy and wise.
Speak when you're spoken to, do as you're told,
And never a Sophomore will be heard to scold.

1906 to 1908

Tune: The Cocoanut Tree. Words by L. Cruice

Come, Juniors, for the Freshman class
Cheer madly, cheer madly.
To Bryn Mawr halls we welcome you
Right gladly, right gladly.
As our Juniors loved us, we'll love you;
We'll stick by the class of the dear old blue.
The Sophs will meet with an awful fate;
Here's a cheer to you all, Naughty Eight.

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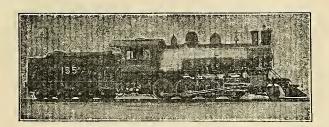
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November, 1904

Tipyn o' Bob

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Tipyn o' Bob

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KATHARINE

When I first saw the street, the idea of anything beautiful and good seemed alien to its hopeless vulgarity. As a side outlet from a great artery of traffic, the myriad tumults of crass prosperity pounded and roared at its gates. The thrum of an interminable procession of trolleys, whose clanging reached a high crescendo as they rocked by the street crossing; the hard hollow clatter of the heavy dray horses' hoofs upon the asphalt,—these seemed almost to wear through one's brain, so persistent was the maddening clamour as it steadily rose and fell. The very monotonous alternation of coming and going played upon a sore little nerve until one almost shrieked with the tension. With all this the visible quietness of the small street was strangely at variance. One the twin of the other, the old houses huddled together with no distinction but that which came from different degrees of cleanliness, significant of the moral and physical status of the in-dwellers. The rather generous proportion of doors and windows, together with the appearance of solidity under the general shabbiness, lent the pathos of a respectability belonging to another time and people.

Amidst the discouragement of the atmosphere, one house was remarkable for the white and glistening steps that loomed up against the dim line of fronts. The contrast with its less ambitious neighbours was so startling as to be almost uncomfortable to the eye. Some old woman, I thought, who, clinging to the remembrance of past well-being, finds its only outward expression in immaculate doorsteps that put her inferior sisters to shame. It always fascinated me—that one spot of whiteness and purity against the squalor and faint-heartedness of the neighbourhood. It must be the outward and visible sign of spiritual regeneration, I thought. Poor soul, in her bare city life, just tottering on the narrow brink of respectability, she has erected her Lares and Penates upon a spotless threshold. The traditional hearthstone, clean swept and shining, rich in spiritual significance, has an humble understudy amidst the irredeemable commonness of this little city street.

It was on a warm evening of early spring, when the air felt relaxed and caressing, and the asphalt blended into a thin grey haze of spring. that I met the priestess of the steps. Age was hardly the term to apply to her, except for the serious old look in her eyes, as she had just turned eleven springs. On the night I met her she was burdened under the cares of life in the shape of a baby, with lax figure and hairless head. Across the dusty asphalt and trolley tracks, she guided the slippery little body with eyes dark and misty blue in anxiety. I watched her leading her unstable ward past projecting edges of stone and other traps for the unwary. She stopped in front of the white doorsteps.

A man of rude strong frame stood on the step, defiling its purity with angrily shuffling feet, and endeavouring to quiet the wail of a small boy, as black-eyed and heavy-browed as himself.

The little girl, still holding the baby's round body firmly, turned a face lighted with mysteriously deep and beautiful eyes up to the man. The pale spring sunshine shifting through the mistiness touched and deepened the reddish bronze glints in the warm brownness of her hair. A prolonged torrent of abuse, interlarded with invectives of the most approved form, descended upon the spiritual beauty of the child's head. The warmly red lips quivered, she pushed back a few damp little locks from her forehead with a trembling hand. With an air almost startling in its superior dignity and reserve, she said, "Uncle Jim, I could not take Davie with me across the street. I must care for my own little sister first. If there is anything I cannot stand, it is cursing."

The small face glowed and paled with emotion and fine feeling. Her eyes grew dark and heavy with unshed tears. The man reddened, uttered a final expletive, and then disappeared indoors with the black-browed little cub under his arm.

After this, I stormed the citadel of her childish reserve by slow degrees. The secret of the doorsteps was revealed to me, after I had undergone some initiation ceremonies quite to her satisfaction.

"It is good to be clean," she said, raising the little flower face to me in a half questioning manner.

I was driven to the banal admission that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

"And it seems like other folks," she concluded, wistfully.

I looked around at the "others." Certainly unlike these.

I asked curiously who these "others" were.

"In books and pictures they are. You can see them live up there."
She pointed in the direction of an eminently respectable residence quarter. A slow pity rose in me for the patient idealism of the child.

"Do you like it here?" I asked, pointing rather indiscriminately to some ash-boxes and a shop displaying the gilded escutcheon of the three balls.

"My family is here," she compromised, slipping skillfully, little woman as she was, from the real issue of the question.

I enumerated mentally the charms of a family, chiefly remarkable for their flabby good nature, whose closest bond to Katharine was a continual demand for small services. (She had told me her name, while I waited resigned to having one more illusion dashed. When the stately, storied name came from her lips I was triumphant.)

"There is the kitten, too. I love her just like a relation."

I looked at the empty-headed little scrap of kittenhood that sat licking its fat sides on the steps. It must have flourished on the misfortunes of the family. I could account for its plumpness in no other way.

"And look at that," pointing to a tree of indefinite species, which looked as though existence had been mainly a struggle with smoke and smother. The top leaves did twinkle in the sun, a feeble imitation of their country cousins.

Having marshaled this formidable array of facts against me, she rubbed one foot against the other leg, and waited for an answer. I admitted that people had been anchored at home with less important things than a numerous family, a kitten, and a tree. The love of the tree opened a new little gateway into her heart for me.

"Do you like the country?" I inquired, hopefully.

"Yes, that is Virginia, isn't it?"

I explained there was some country nearer Philadelphia than Virginia.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, clasping her little fingers passionately, "I dream I should love it. Listen, the little leaves up there whisper about it to me in the night."

"To-morrow, you and I shall go find the country, even if we do not

go quite to Virginia."

That day Katharine's world must have moved to music and happiness as she told me of it all. The old sagging satchel of her grandfather was presented to her-with many admonitions concerning its general untrustworthiness. Katharine examined it; the proportions to her young eyes were lordly, but her instinct for cleanliness was horrified at the deposit grandfather's pilgrimages had collected. Under the hydrant in the soggy back yard she placed it, and turned on the water until the sides of the satchel were curved as prosperously as thirty years ago when grandfather carried it. Half swaying under the weight, she bore it uncertainly to the little plot which boasted of but a few dried spears, and let the water drain out an aperture at the bottom. She regarded the drying process with apprehension. The leather was old and took well to water. In vague fear she felt its sodden surface, and then accelerated the drying by pinning it carefully between two clothes-lines.

Early in the morning she awoke, and with fixed eyes looked up to the sky far above her little back window, where the slender spire of a neighbouring church was entangled in the pink and pearly rifts of the faint morning mists. A bird with wings delicate and distinct against the rosy light sank lightly upon the tower.

She liked it all without knowing why, the spire, the half dissolving lights, the bird wings and the fair prospect of the day. The little sister beside her stirred sleepily and murmured, "You are going away to-day." She sighed in the very exquisiteness of her happiness, the hopes for the day harmonized as they rarely did with the early morning loveliness far up in the sky. Poor child, she had been surprised enough to find one pretty thing; a blending of many delights intoxicated her. In a violent reaction she turned to the little sister beside her.

"But I do love you, too, Alice."

When the houses made a solid block of shadow along the sidewalk, I found her waiting on the steps in the bosom of an admiring family. The steps had been freshly scrubbed. Amidst beaming glances, and enthusiastic farewells, we departed. The satchel was still slightly moist. Amidst the well-ordered beauty and convention of the suburban line it created obvious curiosity.

It was a sweet satisfaction to see her face as we passed by dewy meadows, half veiled in the mist of an early August morning, through which pattered a wavering little brook, whose silver sparkles gleamed molten in the hazy sunshine. She uttered not a word; but I was content. Her face said enough.

We walked up the narrow boardwalk from the quiet suburban station, the wet dewy weeds brushing against us and bringing out fresh streaks of damp leather on the satchel. Every simple thing filled Katharine with interested delight. She popped the woody dewberries into her soft small mouth. She fell on her knees before a mushroom that the heavy August night mists had called up. It was a tiny buttony one, whose salmon-pink gills were just flushing to the sun. She hung over the rustic bridge, while I clung fearfully to an infinitesimal petticoat, and watched the skaterflies in the russet pools below, almost capsizing at the sight of a water-snake's wicked-looking head above the surface. After numberless interruptions of such nature, we contrived to reach the shingled brown house, through the field where Queen Anne's lace, brown-seeded weeds, and the first goldenrod ran luxuriant.

The afternoon that followed was a time made in heaven for the child. One could see it had been born in her to love God's own fair earth. She ran with the wind, danced in the sun and rested in the shadow, as if her feet had never trodden other and more toilsome paths. It was the inalienable right of childhood to walk in sunlit fields, in shaded woods and under blue skies. As a child of earth, she claimed it.

As the sun went its western way, and rested behind the bluish hills, the child grew quiet. I thought the sleepy sounds of twilight, the crickets' chirp and the drowsy twitter of birds sang their lullaby to her, charming her to sleep as the good earth chorus does even her older weary ones. I was tired myself. The child's joy had been so unbounded that I could hardly keep up with her feet, winged through delight. I

laid my head against the old cushioned rocker, and watched the long streaks of light pulse and pale in the west.

A small warm hand stole into mine.

"They are going to bed now, Alice and the baby. Alice can't go to sleep unless I hold her hand. She has nerves. Baby will cry for me to kiss her good-night. I guess they need me. I'd better go."

I drew her closer to me. Born old, and growing older. I scowled mentally at the destiny that made her beautiful child face sadly serious. But it was the call of her own, and I took her back with tall goldenrod clasped tightly to her breast.

Eleanor Loder, '05.

SPINNING SONG.

When purple twilight shadows steal, Sing, softly sing, my spinning wheel. When poppies nod in heavy sleep, When moon and stars their vigil keep, When little tired children creep To ready slumber in their beds, Whirr thou among the gleaming threads.

The work that God for man has planned, Is work for sinewy heart and hand;—
To build the home, to till the land.
And great work God has given, too,
That none but women know to do.
When man brings home the flax and sheaves,
Then woman bakes, and spins, and weaves.

When purple twilight shadows steal, Sing, softly sing, my spinning wheel. The man now rests who worked by day, But not the wife, she works alway! Sing, sing, my wheel, and sing, my heart, That God gave thee the greater part.

Louise Foley, '08.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE—ODE IV

Before the gladsome spring and gentle breeze The winter, wraithlike, vanishes away; And ships, beached high for many a weary day, Now sweep once more across the freshening seas. The herd no longer huddles in the stall, Nor does the ploughman in the fire delight; The meadow grass has cast aside its pall Of ghostly hoarfrost, glittering and white. Now in the moonlight Venus leads her band Of nymphs and comely graces, hand in hand; Earth shakes beneath their dance's rhythmic beat, While Vulcan tends his forges' glowing heat. Now deck with myrtle green your shining hair, Or any other flow'r the earth may bear; Now sacrifice to Faunus 'mong the trees A lamb, or kid if that should better please. To kings and slaves death comes impartially, And time forbids, O Sestius, that we Should dwell on distant hopes. Now pressing near, Come night and shades and Pluto's kingdom drear; There you will not be crowned the lord of wine, Nor there the tender Lycidas admire, For whom the ardent youths and maidens pine, Their hearts inflamed with love's consuming fire. Louise Foley, '08.

THE REGENERATION OF MELANCHOLIA (Concluded.)

IV.

"It's a mighty queer thing about old Wikamer's granda'ter, that girl Koly," remarked Josh Klegg, as he dropped the reins on his horse's back, going up the steep ascent before the school-house. "Here's two days' sarchin' and not a sign on her yet—the old folks nigh crazy, too! I've got misgivin's whether they'll ever set eyes on her again."

"Oh, Koly'll turn up alright, Dad," said the sunburnt youngster at his side, "she's used to bein' round by herself. She c'd climb to the top of this here mounting, blindfold, Koly could. There wouldn't nothing never happen to her. She's just gotten silly, like's not, and cut through the brush to Cobly's Corner or one o' them big towns by the railway."

"But they've sent word to 'em all, my boy, with her description."

"P'r'aps she ain't reached there yet," returned the child, confidently. "And, anyhow, Koly ain't the kind to be took agin her will when she's bent on layin' low."

"Much you know about it, Jim! All I say is, don't let me hear of any child o' mine playing any like pranks," and the mountaineer's kindly face became somewhat stern. "Here ye are, boy. I'll stop for ye comin' back from town, nigh on three. Gee up, Julie!"

Three days more passed, and still no news of the missing child. Her disappearance had created a great stir on the mountain-side and in the village. When the mountaineers met each other their first question, nowadays, invariably was, "Any news of Wikamer's Koly?" Searching parties had scoured the pine woods near and far with absolutely no result, and all hope of the child's recovery was gradually being abandoned.

Miss Morse, conscience-stricken as she had been at the first news of Koly's disappearance, was now regaining somewhat of her usual composure. She assured herself, as she had assured the old couple on a visit of condolence, that it was what she "had always expected" and what she "had conscientiously tried to avert." But her general influence had somewhat waned since the story of Koly's last day at school had spread among the mountain homes. She now found it doubly hard to control the school-children, who had been in a state of restless excitement ever since the disappearance of their comrade. Moreover, within the last few days, another inexplicable mystery had changed the thrill of rather pleasurable excitement in the school into a feeling of nervous dread.

The trouble had begun two days before, when little Edith Hayward found her lunch gone at recess, and ran to the teacher with tearful face. Miss Morse, thinking this an excellent chance for an object lesson on the impracticability of practical jokes, assembled the school at once. But by no method could she discover the culprit, and she was forced to acknowledge, for once, her intuition at fault. The next day, Eddie Mann's dinner-pail disappeared with Lycurgus Slocum's. Severe inves-

tigation failed to show that any child had stolen or hidden them. Baffled in her desire to make an example of the offender, and quell the turbulent feeling that was gaining ground in the school, Miss Morse could not but acknowledge herself completely mystified.

The third day she set one of the older boys to watch the narrow entry, but found that Nelly Eliza's lunch-basket, which she had left in the shade of the stone wall, had meanwhile disappeared. The excitement had now reached fever heat. The children, by this time prepared for any amazing occurrence, were, therefore, not greatly surprised at the end of school to hear that there would be no session the next day.

Miss Morse was resolved to fathom the mystery herself, and the following morning she set out at the usual hour for the school-house. It was a sultry August morning and, seated at the window with Symonds' "Psychology and Ethics of Education," she soon fell into a light doze. She was sharply awakened by the clatter of an overturned chair in the entry, and springing up, made for the door, delighted to find that her vigil had not been in vain. But, delayed by catching her skirt on a desk, she reached the entry-way only to find it deserted. The door of the school-house was half open; looking out she saw a small brown figure dart in among the pines. Annoyed that the supposed culprit should thus escape her, regardless of dignity and appearances, Miss Morse gathered up her skirts and gave chase. Down the rough path, through the woods, she sped, keeping ever in view the retreating form ahead of her. Now, forced to leave the beaten track, she made her way as best she could through the densest part of the thicket. Just as the way became almost impassable Miss Morse saw the figure ahead pause a second, look back and then disappear behind a clump of blackberry vines. She was too far away to recognize the face, but with renewed zeal she ran on to the copse within which she imagined the culprit was lurking. She was within a few steps of the spot when her foot went down into a rabbit's hole and she fell headlong.

V.

Far down in the depths of the Giant's Jaws, not twenty paces from the spot where Miss Morse had fallen, lay a little breathless figure. For almost a week the wild child, Melancholia, had lived without fear or loneliness in the desolate ravine, subsisting as long as she could on berries before she was forced by hunger to the bold plan of stealing the schoolchildren's lunches—a theft which had never in the least degree troubled her simple conscience. Now she was in an agony of fear lest her hiding-place should be discovered by her most hated foe. Concealed behind a monstrous boulder, and expecting every moment to see the face of Miss Morse peer over the edge of the cliff, she listened intently to every sound. But for some time she heard nothing but the rushing of the brook and she was beginning to breathe more freely, when she was startled by a faint groan from far above her. It was followed by another and another. Her first instinct, to go to the help of the sufferer, was stifled by the quick after-realization that the injured person could be none other than her pursuer. She was startled far more than pleased by this discovery.

"What'll I do, what'll I do?" she repeated over and over to herself, pressing her hands over her ears to keep out the sound. "She's harmed me. I ain't no call to help her."

She knew well enough what discovery meant; should Miss Morse find out her hiding-place, there would be no more hope of her escape from the fate which she dreaded. And so, through the long afternoon, warfare was waged between her wild vindictive spirit of rebellion against her teacher's authority and her native soft-heartedness toward any injured thing. There was ever the hope present in her thought that someone else would appear in the woods. But this was apparently not to be realized.

The groans became less frequent as the sun dropped low in the sky. Suddenly Koly started up and sniffed the air eagerly. She had smelled something burning all the afternoon, but thinking it was only the blazing of roots in the lumber camp up the mountain, she had heeded it but little. Now the smell grew much stronger. The air was no longer still. A fresh breeze was switching the hanging hemlocks against the rocks and it carried a puff of smoke into the ravine. The sun glowed like a pale red disc in the murky atmosphere. Koly, alert with unusual excitement, climbed swiftly up the cliff to a narrow ledge almost at the top. The summit of Peter's Peak stood outlined against a dull red glow, which was shrouded in puffs of grey smoke, sure signs to the mountain-bred child of the dreaded forest fire.

"The other side of the mountain's all burnin'," muttered the child. "It'll sure come nigh on here and sweep up these here dry woods like

shavin's, 'ceptin' the wind plays see-saw. I ain't afeard, though. I'll be safe's a green log down there in the holler."

A few minutes more she anxiously scanned the sky. Then shrill feminine cries at no great distance rose on the air: "Help! Help! I am

powerless. I cannot move. He-lp! He-lp!"

The child started. "She'll go up like kindlin' if I leave her there," she said to herself, speaking aloud in her agitation. "Oh! whatever'll I do? They'll ketch me if I go up. Oh, why don't someone come?" she cried out in agony. A great cloud of smoke swept down from the peak. Without another word Koly turned and sprang swiftly to the top of the cliff. A few feet away among the blackberry bushes lay Miss Morse, with a broken leg. Her fear overcame any surprise she might have felt at seeing her long-lost pupil appear thus unexpectedly over the edge of the cliff. "Melancholia," she screamed, "come help me, child! I've broken my leg."

But Koly ran on, hardly pausing to call back "I'll send help," as she sped on her way. The smoke got into her throat and eyes as she ran. In a few minutes, choking and half blind, she stumbled into Josh Klegg's cabin, half a mile down the mountain. Through the ejaculations of amazement that greeted her unlooked-for appearance she managed to make her story heard, only to hear Josh Klegg's kindly voice saying, "The wind's changin' now, Koly. We'll send up fer the teacher, but I guess there ain't no rale danger any longer."

The child looked at him with a strange, startled expression. "I'm goin' now," she said, rather weakly, and turned in a dazed fashion towards the door. But he seized her arm, not ungently. "No, child; we'll send ye home now. You've ben runnin' away long enough. Hitch

up Julie, Jim."

VI.

The wind, true to Josh Klegg's word, veered round before the fire reached the Giant's Jaws. But, nevertheless, before the danger was quite over, Miss Morse had been rescued from her perilous position. Strange to say, the teacher's feelings in regard to Koly had changed considerably. She could not fail to appreciate, however vaguely, the sacrifice made by the child in coming out from her hiding-place to send her assistance. As soon as she reached a place of safety she sent an urgent request to see the old grandmother. She talked with her for a long time, telling her she

had somewhat altered her opinions. The child had revealed certain fine qualities that greatly atoned for the wildness of her unrestrained nature. She further assured Mrs. Wikamer that she would gladly take Melancholia back into the school and do her utmost to bring the good in the child to the surface. She had changed her mind, she said, about sending Koly away, and had come to the conclusion that the child, who could display such fearless independence of spirit and love of her surroundings as Koly had done by hiding so long in a lonely ravine, would not be as contented as she had supposed in a different environment.

Miss Morse's reasoning was excellent. But it was too late. She was forced to taste the bitterness of misused influence. The grand-parents were more set than ever in their resolve to send Koly from the mountains. The terrible anxiety she had caused them by her escapade, seemed to them all the more reason for putting the child at once under closer restraint. Miss Morse had to learn that when new ideas are once planted in the unreceptive minds of the mountaineers, they are as hard to uproot as the pines on their native hills. Koly must go. The grand-parents were immovable in their convictions of duty on that score.

VII.

The August sun was not yet high in the heavens. The sky, a deep electric blue, unmarred by a single passing cloud, stretched clear to the very edge of the horizon, where green-grey hills rolled away into the limitless distance. Hardly a breeze stirred the pine trees about the Giant's Jaws. The intense silence was broken only by an occasional bird-cry and the gurgle of the brook deep down in the ravine. A high wind, blowing through the night, had swept from the forest all traces of yester-day's fire, and a heavy rain following had left the woods refreshed and beautiful. Every little leaf glistened like a mirror in the sunlight that filtered through the branches, and from the moist earth rose the faint sweet odour of damp moss.

Along the path that zigzagged in and out among the trees came slowly the halting figure of an old man, led by a child in plain brown gingham, with sunburnt hair hanging loose about her face. She seemed to be remonstrating with him as they broke off from the beaten path and struck into the tangle of low scrub bushes on the edge of the wood, but he continued to shake his head with the weak obstinacy of old age.

"'Tain't far now, grandad. 'Twas just far side o' them blackb'ry

bushes you as I left it," she said, pleadingly, seizing his hand and forcing him to stop. "Wait ye here on this stump while I fetches it. I'll be back with ye quick's a chipmunk."

"I daresn't trust ye out o' my ken, Koly," replied the old man, sadly. "But run ye ahead and get y'r sunbonnet. I'll follow; and see that ye foot it smart, child, for the team's awaitin' at the school-house now."

The child darted impatiently ahead through the bushes, while her grandfather labouriously followed, and before many moments she had left him far behind and was standing on the edge of the Giant's Jaws, twirling a faded sunbonnet. She gazed into the depths of the ravine with a lingering mournful look, as if she would impress on her memory every detail of this favourite haunt.

From where she stood she could hear but not see the wild stream far below. The look of utter misery on her childish face changed to a softer and more natural expression. "I wonder have my logs gone down the river yet?" she murmured. "P'r'aps the rain's washed away all my sawmill." She looked back over her shoulder, with the quick movement of a bird about to take flight. She saw her grandfather's head just appearing over the bushes. "Just a minute, an' I'll be with ye, grandad," she called back, and then, swinging over the edge, swiftly and breathlessly she commenced the climb to a ledge some feet below. She stumbled once or twice; her footing was not so light and sure as usual. But once having reached the ledge she leaned far out and looked eagerly down. There was the brook, leaping among the rocks far below! It had overflowed its banks and her saw-mill and logging camp had been swept away. Great hot tears slowly filled her eyes. She trembled with an unutterable longing for the known, a strange fear of the unknown. It was her last day there; she must go a little further down. Leaning out, she grasped hastily for the familiar hemlock bough just below her. She missed itperhaps the tears blinded her—she lost her balance and fell suddenly forward into the Giant's Jaws. The single cry of a terrified child floated upward.

"Koly, child!" sounded the frightened voice of an old man at the edge of the precipice. And still the call resounded unanswered. "Koly! Melancholy!" until the grey cliffs and the gleaming forest caught up the cry and echoed with "Koly! Koly!"

THEODORA BATES, '05. ELIZABETH P. HENRY, '05.



GEOGRAPHY AS IT IS LIVED

"The only way for you ever to learn geography," my elderly relatives are fond of saying to me, for, being secure themselves in a solid array of proper names all with locations from the days even of "infant school," they are exceedingly scandalized at my ignorance of these things, "is for you to travel and really see the country for yourself. It really seems that there is no other way for you to do it." I feel consequently, whenever I go travelling, very much as if my family had sent me to live a course in geography, much as they might send me to the slums to live a course in sociology. And in truth, though they are not aspects considered in "infant school," yet I have really learned many things about geography whenever I have been put to this schooling of travel.

To begin, I have always been a little disappointed at first in all my geography at first hand. It does not seem as fine to me, when I look across the Pacific, as I thought it should when I first looked at the Pacific Ocean on the map; for the truth is, I cannot believe that it is the Pacific Ocean at all. I am a little incredulous of my own memory the day after I have gotten off the train at Elko, Nevada, to walk up and down the platform and look at the line of one-story saloons and dwellings that hardly lifted their heads out of the clouds of prairie dust, when I read in the San Francisco papers of a genuine Wild West train robbery there. And when, after I have settled down from travelling, I sit and think about Colorado, for instance, and Nevada, and Utah, and all the rest of them, which "lie like a dream behind me," then I think sympathetically of some words of FitzGerald's to Frederic Tennyson. He wrote to Tennysonthen in Italy—that he would like much to see all the sights there; but if he should really go to Italy he would only feel as if he were in a dream, and so he would rather stay at home and receive his friend's fine descriptions. As for me in these times, I can probably realize my geography even less than FitzGerald, since there are the rumble and onward rush of the railway train to benumb my senses as I travel across the map. I find, in part, as FitzGerald says elsewhere, that "Travelling is a vanity, for the soul does not change." I can travel on and on into unknown and unfamiliar country, without feeling myself swung for a moment out of my orbit.

Yet I grant so much to FitzGerald with remorse, since, unreal as travelling seems, no sense of its unreality could ever make me approve of

wilful life at home such as his. For even if they do not ring out quite clear, one has surely no lack of pleasurable impressions as one watches the panorama of the car window. Out there are landscapes very different from what one knows, becoming gradually very different from each other. Long sheer stretches of plains, to-day perhaps, light green with dark shadows under the clouds, that spread to the horizon with a liquid grace and abandon. Castellated cliffs, to-morrow, pale pinkish brown, speckled thickly above with black fir trees, and blotched now and then, where the iron ore crops out, with a colour like rosy brick; above is a clear blue sky. On another day hours and hours of desert, with blue masses of mountain sunken on the far horizon, and near at hand purplish mottled hills, and white sand between clumps of sage brush and twisted cacti that have bloomed and dried and bloomed again, without disturbance once in their whole existence. All day long I gaze out on these, searching out the particular beauty of each particular county. I am learning something of the geography of landscape.

And also I have tried to search out a little as I have travelled, the geography of people. I have sometimes diverted myself exceedingly in deciding that the very nice people, dowdily dressed, across the aisle were Canadians; that the garrulous old clergyman not very respectful of his cloth, since he thought nothing too good for a good story, came from South Carolina; that the people in the stateroom, who spoke with the twang, were Philadelphians. And once I felt that I had a geography myself.

It was one time at the end of one of the strange whole days on a train, that a man came into the section opposite mine, carrying a huge paper box, clearly a florist's box. He was elderly, tall and lank; dressed in very new, loosely fitting clothes. He had a melancholy droop to his shoulders, his head and his mouth, and altogether he looked like a man just beginning to break down. He had not been in the train long before he opened his box to sprinkle his flowers. The curiosity born of thorough ennui, directed my eyes to the operation, and the man, in his pride for the flowers, instantly noted my attention.

"Fine, aren't they, miss?" he said, in a slow, thin voice. "Our lodge of engineers is sending me with these to the funeral of my best friend back East in Illinois. He's been a good friend to me, sick and well, for forty years, ever since I first started in braking on the West Shore."

"The West Shore Railroad!" I said. "That's a long way from here."

The man had been bending painfully over his flower-box on the floor. At my familiar mention of his first railroad, he turned towards me with sudden interest.

"Do you know the West Shore?" he asked, eagerly.

"I lived beside it all my childhood," I answered, feeling no desire to quibble with him, since he seemed sufficiently simple and innocent.

The man was unfeignedly pleased.

"Did you, indeed?" he said, with actual animation. "It's years since I've met anyone from there." And he settled back in his seat and talked slowly to me across the aisle for a long time. He asked me how the weather had been, back in "York State," that summer. How were the crops? He had fallen heir to his father's farm, and he wondered whether his tenants were going to make enough off from it to pay him his rent this year. He had not been back there for twenty years. His wife wished to go back, but he didn't ever wish to, for he knew he should find everyone that he had known, "either married or dead." But he would like to have his wife go some day. And then he began to talk of his engineer's life. I have ever since thought of the whole class of engineers as men with thoughts turned always on mortality. I suspect that this man was one who by nature may "have been troubled about many things," yet he took his life in his own hands every time he went on a train, he said, and he never dared to think then of the danger. He had been in six "head-end collisions," and four "rear-end collisions" in his life-time, and last week his whole train had nearly gone off an embankment. "You never hear of these things," he said. "They generally succeed in keeping them out of the newspapers. And the faster trains runs nowadays, the more danger there is." But this best friend of his had died at last in his bed, and he hoped that he might, too. He was doubtless affected by his friend's death, but I wondered as I listened to him, if perhaps in engineers' life, as in sailors', the danger of existence may not give the men a touch of sentimentality that makes them peculiarly sensitive to thoughts of death and home.

When the man stopped talking, I was full of thought. I had just been thinking before I saw him how impossible it seemed that I should be thousands of miles away from New York State. Now came along this man, with his sentimental feeling for his old home, and his habit, devel-

oped through twenty years, of thinking it very far off and almost unattainable. I had a lively sense of the real possibilities. I looked into the darkness out of the window, over the black stretches of the plains, and thought that if I were to stop right there and to stay long enough, I, too, need have no difficulty in feeling New York State very far away. Then for once, I had a little real sense of living geography.

HOPE EMILY ALLEN, '05.

VERSES

The sky above is dark and overcast;
The scudding clouds show white against the grey;
The fields below lie cold, and bleak, and vast,
Lashed by the wind, exposed to every blast
Of moaning wind. The night comes on apace,
Drawing its sheltering gloom o'er nature's sodden face.

Within, the lamp burns low, flickers, and dies. I turn and toss. The drowsy God in vain I woo, for sleep has left my staring eyes. The casement rattles. On the window pane Fall the cold ice drops of the winter's rain—Each thud suggests an awful presence near. My throat is clutched by some vague agonizing fear.

A weariness of body overpowers. I clench my hands, and crave and crave for sleep; And one by one I count the dreary hours
That to their destination slowly creep.
Ah! would I were a little hour, creeping
Through sixty minutes to eternal sleeping!

Eleanor Mason, '05.

Sodden the fields lie brown and bare,
Barren the trees and grey the sky;
All is past that was fresh and fair,
Flowers of summer are all gone by;
And I hear the world-old note of pain
Soft in the drip of November rain.

Wind in the dead leaves soughs and sighs,
Voice and echo it ebbs and swells;
Calling to me and my heart replies
To the tale of sorrow and sin it tells.
For my heart is tuned to the note of pain
Heard in the drip of November rain.

Rainbow dreams of a golden youth,
Sunk into toneless, leaden grey,
All I believed of joy and truth
Faded as summer fades away—
Their requiem sounds in the note of pain
Heard in the drip of November rain.

ELEANOR MASON, '05.

ONE OF MY CHILDREN

Atthura spent one day at the Island, one day of such vivid interest for me that my diphtheria case of the week before, and even my little epileptic, were quite forgotten in a rapt contemplation—too passive word—of this new species.

Atthura was Italian, very Italian at all times, but quite hopelessly so when one wanted him in a hurry or forbade him to do anything. I had brought him from town myself, so I felt the responsibility of him resting heavily on my shoulders. I felt it the more because he had not come directly from the hospital with the rest of the children, but had appeared at the train with only a card from the West End Nursery to warrant me in taking him. I say only a card; but I defy anyone to look into Atthura's eyes, big and dark and solemn, and not realize that Atthura himself was reason enough for anything.

That first day Atthura and I arrived in time for supper, and though I was off duty I could not allow anyone else the fun of feeding my new plaything, and I put him at the table with the rest of the children. He refused the milk. "Don't like water," said Atthura. But the bread—my heart melted with pity as I gave him the eighth slice. Just then a small voice from the other end of the table piped up, "Teacher, look in his shirt." I looked and, to my horror, found not only all the bread that I

had given him, but also all that he had been able to beg or snatch from the other children. Atthura had learned at home to take a great deal of thought for the morrow. I took the collection away—explaining matters desperately, as much for my own benefit as for Atthura's. I felt, I may say, more like a pickpocket than a civilized charity nurse. Not a sound did Atthura utter, but his eyes haunted me for the rest of the evening.

In the morning I went to Atthura's room to see that he was dressed and his brace tightened, and behold on the floor, beside an immaculate, unrumpled bed, lay Atthura quite dressed and sleeping like an angel. Once more I explained—with the same result. This time Atthura kissed my hand and I realized that there may be compensations for being Italian.

While I was describing at length the uses of a bed to Atthura—uncomprehending, but perfectly attentive—a hubbub arose in the hall outside—a hubbub of distressed little voices demanding clothes. Not a shirt nor a frock was to be found—everything had vanished in the night. To no avail we searched the house, and finally in despair we distributed what we had. Everything useful seemed to have gone to the laundry, and the motley throng at the breakfast table was a delight to see. Atthura looked at them solemnly, a vague wonder in the brown depths of his eyes. I felt that I really should explain again, but fearing that the habit might grow upon me, I contented myself with saying we did not always dress them quite that way. Atthura said never a word.

That morning I spent with Atthura. I showed him the pig. I looked furtively about, saw that no official was within sight and then, the height of privileges, I let Atthura scratch its back with a stick. Atthura did as I showed him, but his eyes scarcely wandered from my face. Finally, in despair, I took him to the beach. This did call forth one remark. After one long soulful look at the sea and the rocks with the surf beating upon them, Atthura raised his eyes to mine. "The paving's busted." That was all.

Luncheon time came at last, and Atthura and I repeated our by-play of the night before. But this time I found in my explorations the watch I had lost on my trip from town, and sundry odds and ends which I had left about in the play-room. A thought came to me and I fled to Atthura's room. There under the bed lay a heap of children's clothes. My little angel had gathered them up in the night.

I returned to Atthura. It was no time for reproach. In an hour the boat left for Marblehead which would make connections with the Boston train. "Atthura, do you want to go home?" I asked him. In a flash the cloak of silence dropped from him. He became English—I may say violently American. Language poured from him, and in it all was the homesick longing for the city streets with their hot pavements and incessant hurdy-gurdies. That afternoon the children, once again clothed and in their right minds, watched Atthura and me embarking for the town. And if anyone was sorry, it was not Atthura, and it was not I.

Marion Houghton, 'o6.

PERTINACIA OMNIA VINCIT

"Beaten for the first time. Hopelessly beaten in fair fight with his own son." Such was the reflection which forced itself upon Mr. J. Chewarat Muffins, cat of thirteen years' prowess, as he sat upon the back porch repairing the damages of the previous night.

Reflection enhanced by three facts not to be denied. Firstly, that all teeth serviceable for cat-pugilism were gone. Secondly, that strength useful in spring and recoil was not to be depended on. Thirdly, that, owing to aforesaid considerations, the head of many families, doughtiest of warriors, whose list of victims dead and injured extended far into his own people, was being treated with contempt. Mr. J. Chewarat Muffins as he stretched out to lick his nigh front paw, did so mechanically, aware only of these absorbing thoughts. He was ageing fast. His present circumstances combined to force the unwilling admission upon him. He had seen other cats grow old, had jeered at them and profited by their failing strength to fight them from their supremacy. Was a like decline. in all its bitterness, to be forced upon him? Would his stern discipline of his cohorts be turned to the accomplishment of his own destruction? Here a yearling tortoise-shell grandchild trod upon Mr. Muffins' tail and disappeared beneath the porch, amid roars of approval from his brothers and sisters. Thoughts wild and youthful, old and bitter, here mingled apoplectically in Mr. Muffins' consciousness, but in the course of time they subsided into a single resolution.

Old age should find him game, and, regaining by wisdom what his strength had lost, he would continue to be ruler of cat life on that farm till he died.

Late that night, small, small in the diffused light of the September stars, a black-cat figure might have been seen outlined against the shore of the gray lake, picking its way with care to a point far out where, shining in a pool between two stones, lay a perch large and exceeding fit to eat. Gingerly one paw slid into the icy water, obviously chilling the cat-figure balanced on the stone. Gingerly the other paw followed, drawing the unwilling fish to land.

Mr. J. Chewarat Muffins, successful hunter, oblivious of his very cold feet, grasped his perch firmly in his jaws, and, uttering around and across him shouts of cat triumph, bore him homewards. As he went the shouts grew more frequent; they merged at last into a long and terrible fish-song, the like of which was never heard upon those shores before. Not in vain had his grandbaby trampled upon his tail. On and on he went, pacing slow, round and round the abode of cats, seen by scores of terrified family who smelt the appealing smell of fish. Yet dared they not move to get it, stricken as they were by the song of the wizard, by him who could conjure large and toothsome ones alive from the deep. Slowly he sang, and the circle of his march became smaller, ceasing just as the moon rose red in the cold sky. Then he ate with fearful relish, always watched by eyes of others; ate his fish from nose to tail tip, ate with triumph-interruptions, frightening his wife and children, children's children and their children, causing them to shrink in terror at his mighty incantations.

So happened it the next night and the next. Mr. J. Chewarat Muffins again ruled the clans. His prowess was observed and reported afar; many gathered by day to see the long sleep of the sorcerer, many lingered to see him hunt by night. Mice ran riot, unsought for. It was fish that they desired in the abode of cats, and many a one there, was led by hunger to lick up painfully the scales left from the master's feast. Winter set in and he alone occupied the floor under the kitchen stove. Family gladly shivered in the barn. Spring came, and with it renewal of the fish-magic. Cats grew up and new cats came, but never more was question raised as to the authority of Mr. J. Chewarat Muffins.

Truly is the wisdom of the aged eternal.

GENEVIEVE WINTERBOTHAM, '04.

A TREATISE IN CRITICISM

"Baby sat on the window ledge, Mary pushed her over the edge. Baby broke into bits so airy, Mother shook her finger at Mary."

The first point in this little gem that attracts our notice is the charming picture of home life. There comes before our mental eye a bright, sunny living-room, with choicely pictured walls, a few bookshelves, two or three rocking-chairs with comfortable dents in the seats, and all the other little accessories that go to make up the intimate family life. There by one window sits mother, sewing a pair of little trousers or perhaps a small pinafore. On the sill, or to be more exact, the ledge of the bow window, sits dear, golden-haired baby, smiling with cherubic innocence at the chirps of the dickey-bird in the maple tree. On the window seat is little Mary. We know instinctively that she is experiencing the peculiar boredom of childhood, that she is looking about for some new amusement to relieve the tedium of existence.

Suddenly a thought, nay more even an inspiration, leaps into her fertile brain. One playful push from small fingers, an overbalanced infant and two tiny feet disappearing over the sill! With mother and Mary we rush to the window to see the harrowing consequences. I cannot praise too highly the delicacy with which the poet treats this part of the situation. There are no repulsive or disgusting details, just one dainty, suggestive touch, which is best characterized by the poet's own word, "airy."

"Baby broke into bits so airy."

Could anything be more awed and at the same time more fastidiously nice?

The next line is a study in repression. We feel the first agonized tumult in the soul of mother, the first wild outstretching of her arms after her scattered babe, the unutterable, heart-breaking despair. There must have been an angry, almost a revengeful impulse toward the playful cause of her bereavement. Then with a rush, science resumes its sway. She realizes that if she permits her wrath to carry her away, to move her to tears, even to stir the calm of that placid brow, her influence over her remaining child is lost forever. So with a supreme effort, the crowning

renunciation of mother love, she pours oil upon the surging flood within her bosom, smiles gently and shakes a reproving finger at her mischievous little daughter. The episode is over.

Frances M. Simpson, '06.

"DULCI FISTULA"

Young Johnny brought a pie to church,
A large persimmon pie,
And just before the sermon he
Consumed it on the sly.
Quoth John, "I have this pain because
Of church I've a satiety,"
And Aunt Maria caustically
Assented, "Too much pie et he."

Young Laurie ate a poet up;
Ah! cruel was his fate!
Yet there was recompense, for he
Was the poet Laureate.

ELEANOR MASON, '05.

ON THE PASSING OF TEAS

Members of classes to come,
No teas for thee;
No flow of wit with flowing bowl,
I pity thee.

Joy of that amber cup,
So great thou art;
To have thee gone for e'er
It breaks my heart.

Teas, idle teas, And yet the spirit grieves With thee to part.

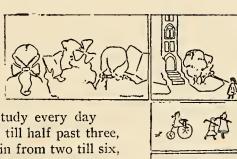
MARY NORRIS, '05.



My mother told me not to touch The jam upon the shelf; But oh, I wanted some so much I had to help myself.

I only took a weeney bit,
Then put the top on tight;
Do you suppose she'll notice it
When she comes down to-night?

I hear the rustle of her dress—
I'll stay just where I am!
Do you suppose she'll ever guess
I meddled with that jam?



If I should study every day
From eight till half past three,
And then again from two till six,
And right straight after tea,—

If I did exercise each day,
Played hockey, rode my wheel;
And went to chapel seven times,
And never missed a meal,—

If I did this and more besides
(There's lots to do, I've found),
Do you suppose I'd get good marks
When Mid-years come around?
Anna M. Hill, '05.

ON A VOLUME OF SHELLEY.

(Translated from Paul Bourget.)

When you read those stanzas, Selma, If you love me, love them too, Dreaming of the tears there wasted, That I spilled on them for you.

Then re-read them in the evening.

Dearest, tell yourself for me

That the purest, sweetest verses

Voice my deepest thoughts to thee.

JOSEPHINE KATZENSTEIN, '06.

ON SATURDAY MORNING

Dedicated to the Freshman in my corridor.

A Senior is discovered sitting at her desk. She has before her a block of theme paper and a pencil, newly sharpened, lying beside it. One may see "Major English Critics" and "The Uses of Poetry" written across the top of the page. There are also on the desk a German-English dictionary, a book of German idioms and a well-thumbed copy of "Soll und Haben." An "Engaged" sign hangs on the door of the room. The Senior takes up the pencil, toys with it absently for a moment, then begins to write nervously and very fast under the heading of "The Uses of Poetry."

There is a knock at the door. The Senior makes no answer. There is another knock; the door opens and a head is thrust in. The head is that of the Freshman who lives in the corridor. The Senior is still seen to be very much absorbed in her Mss.

FRESHMAN (entering and closing the door behind her): "Oh, you are here, aren't you, Miss Jones! I thought you must be when I saw the 'Engaged' sign on your door. Why do you have an 'Engaged' sign out? Almost everyone has gone to town—I'm going, myself, this afternoon—so I shouldn't suppose many people would come in, anyway."

Senior (looking up a moment and then applying herself to the paper again): "No, many people wouldn't come in." (Then with some show of spirit): "I put an 'Engaged' sign out because I want to work, and I choose to work undisturbed. I have a great deal to do."

FRESHMAN (seating herself on the window seat by the Senior's desk; very sympathetic): "You really are terribly busy when you get to be a Senior, aren't you? Do you like being a Senior?"

SENIOR: "Awfully!"

(The Freshman takes up the book of German idioms, turns over a page or two, and puts it down again.)

Senior: "Be sure that you make yourself comfortable, Miss Green." Freshman: "Yes, I will, thank you." (She pushes two pillows behind her back and settles into them contentedly.) "Now I'm all right.

I guess."

SENIOR: "I'm so glad!"

FRESHMAN: "Now, do tell me how it feels to be a Senior. I dreamed last night that I was one and it was terribly stupid."

Senior: "Really?"

FRESHMAN: "Yes, it was stupid. You see, you never have fudge and supper parties and people calling on you" (groans from the Senior) "and receptions given for you. You never have the feeling that the very next moment when you turn round, you may find the person you've been waiting for all your life to have for a best friend. You never have any fun, anyway. I just hate to think that I'm going to be a Senior two years after next."

Senior: "I should, if I were you."

Freshman (apparently oblivious of this remark, is lost in thought for a moment, while she studies the Senior critically. Then): "Do you know, I think your hair is awfully pretty."

SENIOR (politely): "I'm so glad."

Freshman: "Yes, it is just silky and curly enough. Would you mind telling me if it curls naturally?"

Senior (desperately): "Oh, no indeed! It's false, and I curl it every morning with irons."

FRESHMAN: "Really and truly false? Why, I never knew anyone with false hair before.—Will you show it to me some day when it's off?"

Senior (with enthusiasm): "Certainly. Perhaps you'd like to borrow it to wear yourself?"

Freshman: "Oh no, I don't think I should. It's light, you know, and mine's dark."

Senior: "I believe I hadn't noticed that fact before."

FRESHMAN: "Yes; but I'll tell you what I should like to borrow."

Senior (reassuringly): "Charmed, I'm sure—"

FRESHMAN: "It's that rainbow crêpe kimono of yours that you said your aunt brought from China. You see, I'm going out to Chestnut Hill on a house party next Sunday, and my own wrapper is so ugly—"

SENIOR: "Couldn't you use my new hat, too?"

FRESHMAN: "Why yes, I'd love to have it, for it's really awfully stylish looking."

SENIOR: "This is kind of you."

FRESHMAN: "You see, Lily's brother is going to bring two friends of his down from Princeton, so I just thought I'd get the best-looking clothes I could find."

Senior (suddenly becoming distant): "Haven't you some back reading to do for your General English, Miss Green? Saturday morning is a good time to do it, you know; for there aren't many people over in Taylor and you can usually get the books you want. I am really very busy myself this morning. I have a paper to write—"

FRESHMAN: "Oh, dear me, no! I always do my reading right along as it's given out. I think it's the only way to do, don't you?"

SENIOR (weakly): "Yes."

FRESHMAN: "But it's a shame that you have so much to do. I think it's perfectly terrible, the way they work the Seniors here. Perhaps I can help you write your theme, or hear your words for you, or something.—Don't you want me to write some letters for you?"

Senior: "Thanks, awfully; no! I should hate to take any of your time—"

FRESHMAN (interrupting): "Oh, would you mind telling me—this is really what I came in to ask you about, but we've had so many things to say that I forgot it—do you think I seem as homesick now as I did a week ago?"

Senior: "Homesick!—Oh, my soul; no!"

FRESHMAN: "That's so nice of you. But I really am, you know. Just a little bit, at night—after I go to bed—. Aren't you ever? Or do you get all over it before you are a Senior? Just when do you stop? I'd love to know. In your Sophomore year, or in your Junior year?"

Senior: "Miss Green, if I'm not mistaken, I've just seen Nelson chasing two of the faculty down through the arch. I'm going to find out about it, so that I can give it to the Tipyn o Bob for 'College News'; or perhaps you'd be willing to go for me. I'd be much obliged to you."

FRESHMAN: "I'll be back in just a minute." (She rushes out, impor-

tantly.)

The Senior closes the door behind her, shakes her finger at it warningly, and pushes the center-table against it. On the table she places a chair, and in the chair her Webster's dictionary. Then she seats herself again at her desk, takes up the pencil, and proceeds with "The Uses of Poetry."

EDITORIAL

There is something in these presidential elections, when the boys whom we played with as children are voting for the first time, that is a little depressing to us as spectators who—it may be agreeably or it may be disagreeably—are never to have a part. One may feel at this time, if at no other, that we are bumping roughly against the four walls of feminine limitation, for, comfortable housing though they may give us, we must perforce remember that we have fallen heir to them quite willy nilly. Though we may not think it at all well and proper that women should vote, yet, seeing a kind of training to the character of the voter in voting, we may wish that it were well and proper that we should. Thinking of this training, we may rejoice in our mock elections on the night of the 7th, a little on the score of salutary discipline as well as a great deal on the score of a good time.

For to everyone, if there is no question of entanglement, it must be salutary discipline to make a serious decision now and then, and at college, discipline more desirable than elsewhere. Here, it seems, we mostly spend our time in becoming acquainted with many things, and in espousing few. It is part of the very training not to espouse, but to go on with an open mind, and find out what the next thing is like. For if we did not go on there would be no remedy, either for the imperfections of our scholarship or the misapprehensions of our youth. So we receive hypotheses in literature and history and science; we make decisions only in the pettier things of life, and in intellectual things it is rarely that we come off the fence.

There are times when this shifting of mind that makes our education seems to have left us flaccid; when it seems that a habit of partisanship for a term might do us good. Then if we were men, politics would press upon us as intellectual questions demanding an answer. We would be kept in the habit of deciding, with no fear, since election comes around again and again, that our imperfect judgment now might bind us hereafter,—as it might be if we made serious decisions at our age on religion or life. Attention serious enough to be careful of consequences, a complete abandonment for the moment of dilettante attitude, would occasionally be demanded of us. One questions if we could give them, without gaining something of increased fortitude of mind. And this increased fortitude of mind should be ours even from mock elections. For mere tour de force though our elections were, nevertheless we did traffic there in living questions with every idea of striking a bargain.

POINTS OF VIEW

The other day I started to walk over to Taylor. The sunshine was very bright; the robins were hopping gaily over the lawn. Suddenly a girl came up to me and said, "Why don't you write for the Tipyn o' Bob?" A cloud spread over the face of the sun and the robins flew away in distress. I laid my books on the ground, then sat on them. "I do write for the Tipyn o' Bob," I said humbly, "but it never gets in."

Stern and cold, the words came crashing down over my head, "Is that any reason why you shouldn't write *more?* Keep on, you idiot, till something does get in." Half an hour afterwards she left me.

Yesterday at ten o'clock I was hurrying through Chapel on my way to a lecture. A girl was coming towards me. I recognized her as one who was interested in getting material for the TIPYN o' BOB, to express it mildly. I groaned and made a dash for the window, but as I was almost out she caught me by the leg. We sat down together.

"Now, look here," she began, "you've got plenty of talent."

"I know that," I said.

"Well, why under the sun don't you—"

Oh, I won't repeat the rest. Everyone knows it by heart, I dare say. Precisely at eleven we parted, she with a sweet, confiding little gesture.

saying, "Now, remember, three stories and a poem by to-morrow morning. You promised."

Tipyn o' Bob, I do my best for you. I have written poetry and I have written prose. I, who was never known to draw a picture before, have drawn a lovely one for you this month, and some day I hope to have a Greek poem ready. There is no telling what talents I may develope, for I intend to go on contributing to you as long as I am in college. Moreover, I say this with the calm certainty that nothing of mine will ever appear in your pages. Now, that I put the case before you in this light, do you see why, whenever I step outside the door, I should be grabbed by the neck, thrown on the ground, pelted with rocks, stamped on and asked why I don't ever write for the Tipyn o' Bob?

PHOEBE SINCLAIR CROSBY, '06.

It may be that there is cause for the complaints I hear on all sides, when I make my rounds for material for the college magazine. "I am too busy," says one; "I can't write and won't try to," says a second. A third remarks that she "hates the TIP anyway," and wants to be let alone about it. The editor leaves the room with a real sense of guilt, and spends a great many extra hours herself in writing to fill up the blank pages.

But, after all, the Tipyn o' Bob is a college magazine. The editors are not chosen because of their peculiar brilliancy in writing or because of their scintillating epigrams, but because a committee is needed for the sorting out and rearranging of the material which the college gives them. This is now the fourth year that I have been on the editorial staff and never during that time have I received any pleasure at all from the position. The material has always been inadequate, the collecting of it most unpleasant and the criticisms very severe when the magazine finally appeared.

This is not at all fair. Instead of conferring a great favor to the Tipyn o' Bob by writing for it, every member of the Undergraduate Association distinctly owes it to the college and to the editors to give all that she possibly can, and the best that she possibly can, to the magazine. It is not the fault of the editors if the students of Bryn Mawr cannot write. Into each issue the editors put the best material that has been

given them, and if any student thinks that it is poor, if anyone objects to the kind, or to the style, let her write better things herself. I should hate to think that girls at Wellesley or Vassar are brighter than we, or more willing to work for their college, but if the merit of their respective magazines be used as a test, I am constrained to admit it.

Another complaint which I am constantly hearing is, "But I wrote something and it didn't get in." This has actually been said to me in a most injured tone. Well, supposing it didn't get in. The reason was simply that it wasn't good enough. When we frankly tell the author this, in five cases out of ten, she never tries again, but subsides into sulky silence and omits no opportunity to criticise the magazine and the editors for the rest of her college career.

At present the Tipyn o' Bob is kept up by a very few people who write well and willingly, but it is not fair to let the work rest on the shoulders of these few. If everyone would write, if everyone would draw, if everyone would at least try to do something, the Tipyn o' Bob would not only be a much better magazine, but it would also be what its name signifies, "A Little of Everything."

ELEANOR MASON, '05,

THE PEACE CONGRESS

On Friday, the fourteenth of October, the delegates from the International Peace Congress who had come over to Philadelphia from Boston, with the members of the Philadelphia Reception Committee, visited the colleges of Swarthmore, Haverford and Bryn Mawr. They arrived at Bryn Mawr at noon time, and were entertained at luncheon in the Deanery by President Thomas.

President Thomas had asked Miss Farwell, the president of the Undergraduate Association, to appoint guides from the students to take the guests about the college after luncheon. Each guide conducted, as a rule, one delegate and one member of the receiving committee. As the length of the stay in Bryn Mawr was limited, it was necessary to make the excursion about the campus as brief as possible. There were selected to be included in the route: an exhibit of the plans for the Library, which were placed under the cherry tree to explain the unfinished building opposite; the dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, students' sitting-rooms and lower corridors of Rockefeller, Pembroke West, Pembroke East and Denbigh Halls; the Biological Laboratory, where students were seen at work; the

Gymnasium and swimming pool; and, as viewed from the crest of the hill, Low Buildings and the Athletic Field. One was interested to find that the points of special curiosity were usually the shops in the basement of Rockefeller Hall, the dining-rooms and the swimming pool.

At three o'clock the delegates assembled in the chapel, and, under the chairmanship of the Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, made a number of short addresses to the students. Among those who spoke were the Baroness von Suttner, Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead and Mr. Herbert Burrows. The addresses were remarkably terse, and, though time would allow for embracing only the very sweeping generalities, in every case vigourously to the point. The text in all the speeches, though variously displayed, was more or less the same, a plea for the propagation of international communication that shall lead to good feeling and a basis of common understanding among civilized countries.

The delegates seemed—whether we are too confident of ourselves or not, we may not know-to find a particular pleasure in speaking to us as the young women who represent a power in America for the future. They made an earnest appeal to us—and their speeches, by very force of their enthusiasm, could not fail to bring conviction—to heed now what they say, and to carry their doctrines with us to use with our influence afterwards in the several environments into which we shall naturally come. They assured us again and again that it is the women of the nation who have it in their hands to bring peace; they flattered us-until Mrs. Mead would disillusionize us-that it is the women of Europe and America who have carried the conviction of peace to its present stage of development. Mrs. Mead did not leave us so puffed up. She declared that it is the women who are naturally antagonistic to the spirit of peace by reason of their jealousy, their ambition, their willingness to haggle on matters of small difference; and she appealed to us, as young women of some intelligence, to make an especial effort in the future to co-operate with the intentions of the Congress.

DRAMATICS "THE GOOD-NATURED MAN"

The TIPYN o' Bob, in great terror of having his name changed, is going to say what he thinks under his old name before he loses his chance. This free expression of opinion is going to be on the play which "the

ancient and honourable body of the Class of 1907" gave in the gymnasium on the fourth of November. The play chosen was "The Good-Natured Man" by Goldsmith. The Tipyn o' Bob hopes that the choice of a classic by 1907 will establish a precedent in the college; for the Sophomore play is almost the only serious piece of dramatic work done during the collegiate year, and it is not only well for the undergraduates, but for the name of the college also, to have the Sophomore play of a classical character. The choice of "The Good-Natured Man" was admirable, as it gave one of the less well-known of the inimitable comedies of the middle eighteenth century. To be sure, it presented difficulties in having much dialogue and little action, but the members of the cast handled it remarkably well, and succeeded in giving distinct personality to most of the characters.

Miss Gertrude Hill as the hero Mr. Honeywood, played that difficult part with a great deal of dignity. Not once did the usual smile at the amateur hero's seriousness ruffle the audience. Miss Aver did justice to the heroine's part, slight though it was, and the rôle of the bailiff was played very naturally and well by Miss Brownell. Miss Thayer grasped the essential characteristics of Lofty, and gave that conceited gentleman with a finish and vigour that delighted the audience. But Miss Schenck and Miss Gerstenberg, as Croaker and Mrs. Croaker, quite outshone the rest of the cast. Miss Schenck never allowed an opportunity for any effective by-play to slip, and a large share of the audience's smiles and laughs were of her making. Miss Gerstenberg was her character and her laugh; her waving fan, her gilded walking-stick, her gestures and her curtsies were of the age of belles and coffee-houses. She brought upon the stage of the Bryn Mawr Gymnasium the atmosphere of the Tatler and Spectator to a delightful degree. And, on the whole, the acting of Miss Schenck and Miss Gerstenberg had a talent and true art which the Tipyn o' Bob thinks quite extraordinary for a college play. He was particularly glad to find it quite free of that tendency to overdo both in vocalization and gesturing which is found so frequently in college plays. All of the minor characters showed careful drilling. The waits between acts, usually so tedious, were hardly long enough to give the Freshmen chance to sing their songs. The management of the play was as successful as any the TIPYN o' BoB has seen, and Miss Augur deserves a great deal of credit for the smooth way in which the whole thing went off.

THE MASS MEETING OF NOVEMBER SEVENTH

That political issues are gradually ceasing to interest the people, that higher education and enlightenment are doing away with attention to questions of state, Bryn Mawr may do a little to refute. The parade and mass meeting of November seventh were managed with all the old-time masculine enthusiasm dear to our fathers. Transparencies lauding the virtues of the various candidates—or painting in hideous colours their vices—formed the nucleus of the two processions. The one flagrantly red, the other radiant with yellow, they marched round the campus with songs and cheers and campaign shouts.

The meeting in Taylor Hall was no less indicative of the high party feeling aroused by the questions of the campaign. From the time when Miss Margaret Thayer, president of the Law Club, opened the meeting, until the last speaker reluctantly sat down at the expiration of her allotted three minutes, the audience listened attentively to opposing arguments, put forth alternately by Republican and Democratic partisans, as well as to a platform that conflicted with neither, the plea of the Prohibitionists. Very often the speakers found difficulty in making themselves heard, after the force of their remarks had excited their hearers to a frenzy of approbation or disapproval, that found vent in cheers and hisses.

The leader of the Republican party was Miss Kempton; other speakers on the same side were Miss Fairbanks, Miss French, Miss Otheman, Miss Jaynes, Miss Le Fevre, Miss Neall, Miss Goodrich and Miss Simpson. Miss Kempton was followed by Miss Parris as leader of the Democratic party, supported by Miss Schenck, Miss Meigs, Miss Woerishofer, Miss Shearer, Miss Buxton, Miss Hubbard and Miss Lowenthal. Mr. Swallow found partisans in Miss Denison, a representative of the everpresent Carrie Nation (armed with her hatchet) and in Miss MacClanahan.

The questions at issue were the regulation ones of the genuine campaign—the question of the Philippine Islands, the Colombia-Panama controversy, and, on the other side, the part played by the United States in relation to The Hague tribunal, protective tariff *versus* free trade, and the trusts. The South was upheld by Miss Buxton, who voiced the sentiments of the old slave-holders against the iconoclastic tendencies of Mr. Roosevelt; the West, the region where women can vote as well as discuss, by Miss Le Fevre, who found especial delight in the strenuousness of the

Republican candidate. One of the most finished speeches of the evening was made by Miss Lowenthal, who came to "picture Roosevelt, not to-praise him." By turning her weapon of sarcasm against him, she won from both sides real applause for her well-aimed hits.

On the whole, the Republicans attempted to paint present prosperity, and the public and private virtues of Mr. Roosevelt. The Democrats attacked the present administration, deplored present evils and cast disparagement on Mr. Roosevelt as a man and as an executive. And the methods of both sides differed but slightly from political methods the world over, as far as occasional playing with the truth was concerned.

After the discussion was closed, the polls were opened for voting. The results of the election were as follows:

	ROOSEVELT.	PARKER.	SWALLOW.
Merion	25	ΙΙ	3
Denbigh		19	
Radnor		14	I
Non-residents		2	• •
Rockefeller	46	20	
Pembroke West	40	13	
Pembroke East		19	• •
			_
	218	98	4

Whether the overwhelming majority for Mr. Roosevelt was a result of party eloquence or of unshaken conviction, is a question open for discussion.

HELEN Moss Lowengrund, '06.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

[The Editorial Board would be exceedingly glad to receive any information for the "Alumnæ Notes" from alumnæ or undergraduates.] '89. Martha G. Thomas entertained the Philadelphia College Club at tea in Pembroke Hall on November second.

'90. Katherine Shipley has returned to Bryn Mawr after two years' absence in Europe.

'93. Lucy M. Donnelly has returned from Europe and has again taken up her work in the English Department.

Mary Hoyt has returned from Europe, and she and Florence Hoyt, '98, are again teaching in the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore.

'97. Grace Albert has returned from Europe and is doing graduate work at Bryn Mawr College.

Mary Levering has been back visiting at Bryn Mawr.

'98. Elizabeth Nields has announced her engagement to Wilfred Bancrofte, of Philadelphia.

'oo. Caroline Sloane was married to Mr. Lombard in October. She expects to live in Portland.

Myra Frank Roseman has a daughter, born in July. She is the 1900 class baby.

'or. Mr. and Mrs. William Brewster (May Southgate) have been visiting at college.

Bertha M. Cooke Kelly has a daughter, Helen Elizabeth, born in June. She is the 1901 class baby.

Corinne Sickel was married in June to Robert Henderson Farley at the French Church of St. Sauveur, Philadelphia.

Marion Reilly is organizing the Philadelphia Committee of the Alumnæ Association for raising the \$1,000,000 endowment fund. On Saturday, the twenty-ninth, Sophia Weygandt Harris, '89; Martha G. Thomas, '89; Jane Haines, '91; Evangeline Andrews, '95; Mary Crawford, '96; Elizabeth Kirkbride, '96; Dora Keen, '96; Cornelia Green, '97; Cora Baird Jeanes, '97; Mary Converse, '97, lunched with Miss Reilly to talk over plans for the fund.

'02. Fannie Brown, Corinne Blose and Fannie Cochran have been back visiting at college.

'03. Gertrude Price was married to George McKnight in Philadelphia in June.

Linda Lange is conducting a Glee Club in the slums of New York.

'04. Alice Boring and Alice Schiedt are demonstrating in the Biology Laboratory at Bryn Mawr College.

Nannie Adaire is back for graduate work.

Rosalie Magruder is teaching at All Saints' School, Germantown. Sara Ellis is teaching at Miss Glenn's School—not at the high school—in Pittsburg.

A 1904 Club is being organized at Bryn Mawr; Edna Shearer has been elected president.

Louise Peck, Kathrina Van Wagenen, Adola Greely, Virginia Chauvenet and Eleanor Silkman have been back visiting at college.

NOTICE

The Editorial Board of the Tipyn o' Bob have for some time been considering a change of name for the magazine. At a meeting of the Board on November 3d, they chose the name of "The Bryn Mawr Undergraduate," but this name was voted down in a meeting of the Undergraduate Association, where the present name seemed popular. It was moved there, however, that anyone knowing names for the magazine, which they preferred to the present one, should send these names to the Board. The Board will be very glad to receive any such suggestions from either alumnæ or undergraduates who wish a change.

COLLEGE NOTES.

A fine mineral collection has been left to the Geological Department by Mr. Rand, who collected minerals for many years. In order to accommodate this new collection in the room next to the Geological Seminary in Dalton Hall, the biological collection will be transferred to a room opposite the Psychological Laboratory. When the Library is completed the Psychological Laboratory will be moved over there.

It has been found that the amount of money collected for the Library building is not sufficient, so that for the present the wing towards the Deanery will have to remain unfinished, though the cloister will be built. The amount necessary to complete the building is \$30,000.

Mrs. Hugh Black, the wife of the author, lecturer, and clergyman of Edinburgh, visited the college on Friday, October seventh.

The Freshman class this year numbers 101. It is composed of members from twenty different states, besides Hawaii, France and Japan.

On Wednesday evening, October nineteenth, the Rev. Herbert Wells, of Wilmington, addressed the Fortnightly Meeting in the chapel.

On Wednesday evening, October twenty-sixth, May Levering, '97, addressed the Christian Union meeting. She spoke on the "Study of Missions."

The class officers for the coming year are: 1905—Helen R. Sturgis, president; Frederica Le Fevre, vice-president; Eleanor L. Little, secretary. 1906—Lucia O. Ford, president; Elsie Biglow, vice-president; Frances Simpson, secretary. 1907 — Margaret Augur, president; Antoinette Cannon, vice-president; May Ballin, secretary.

The fire captains for the year are: Head fire captain, Alice Meigs, '05; captain of Pembroke West, Adelaide W. Neall, '06; captain of Pembroke East, Helen Jackson, '05; captain of Denbigh, Gladys King, '05; captain of Merion, Carla Denison, '05; captain of Radnor, Lelia Woodruff, '07; captain of Rockefeller, Mary Withington, '06.

The hockey captains for the year are: 1905—Adaline Havemeyer, 1906—Esther White, 1907—Grace Brownell, 1908—Lydia Sharpless.

Miss Barry, of Philadelphia, will train the Glee Club again this year. Helen Kempton, '05, is the leader.

On Saturday, October twenty-ninth, the Senior class had their first French Oral examination and their first in German the following Saturday. These trials were granted by the Faculty this year, in addition to the usual four trials, to all those Seniors who had made regular registration of Oral Reading.

On Friday, November fourth, the Sophomore class gave a play—Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man"—to the Freshman class.

On Saturday evening, October fifth, the Sophomore class gave a costume dance for the Freshman class.

Miss Cook, a Reader in the English Department last year, has announced her engagement to Mr. Jones, Associate in Politics at Bryn Mawr College.

Margaret Fulton, '05, has announced her engagement to James Dwinell, of Winchester, Mass.

Ella Lewis, '05, has returned to college.

Margaret Scribner, 'o6, Catharine Anderson, 'o6, and Susan Delano, 'o6, visited at Bryn Mawr recently.

ORAL SONGS

Tune: There's Not a Thing I Wouldn't Do.
There's not a thing we wouldn't do
To pass our Orals—so would you.
We cram by night, we cram by day;
Perennial you can hear us say
Odd phrases such as "Ich bin satt.
Er ist, sie sind, wo ist mein hat?
Mon chat est mort, bon jour, bon soir;
La vache de ma grand'mère est noir."
This wretched Senior class
Will never, never, never pass.

We drone for them, bone for them, groan for them, moan for them; Lose all our fun and our beauty sleep too.

We try for them, vie for them, die for them, sigh for them;

Sigh for them? NO; we'll be switched if we do.

Tune: Why?

Why do we enter that horrible door?
What has become of our Germanic lore?
Why didn't we think of our Orals before?
Why, why, why?
Why don't we remember this one little word,
Is it cat, is it dog, is it pig, is it bird?

Its meaning we surely can never have heard.

Why, why, why?

Why, why, why?
To that we can't reply.
Why, why, why?
It's really quite useless to try.

Why did we frolic and gambol so much? Why were we taught English, and not French or Dutch, To wrest our degrees from the Faculty's clutch,

Why, why, why? why? etc.

Tune: Farewell, Oh Blue Bell.
Foulet is frowning, il est fâché,
Gently insinuating, "Take her away."
Comme je suis perdu, quelle gaucherie,
Farewell, oh Foulet; farewell, my degree.

Collitz is smiling; smile, oh so grim, Briefly ejaculating, "Ach, das ist schlimm. All' ist verloren." I'm up a tree. Farewell, oh Collitz; farewell, my degree.

Language egaré is not quite clear, Accent unangenehm grates on the ear. Erudite Orals cause me to flee. Farewell to Orals; farewell, my degree.

1906 SONGS

Tune: Story Books.

Culture is only attained with much woe,
 So the Oral books say.

Français's the language une jeune fille should know,
 So the Oral books say.

The Seniors are striving with lists grands et gros,
 A knowledge of French to attain.

Pourquoi sont-elles troublées?

Soon il sera clos.

They all of them have the brain.

CHORUS.

Oral books, oh Oral books!
Gruesome, ruesome bore-all books.
To-morrow you'll retreat in sorrow,
Before the Seniors' floor-all looks.
For you haven't a show to deal a blow
To 1905's savoir-all books.
A bas coquin,
Nous verrons la fin,
Of all the Oral books.

Deutsch ist ein Grauer in store for us all,
So the Oral books say.
But strengthened by Wissen we'll none of us fall,
So the Oral books say.
However, Versicherung added to bluff
Deficit in Weissheit will cloak.
A smile höchst lieblich is really enough
To prove it is all a joke.

CHORUS.

Oral books, oh Oral books,
A dreary kind of choral books;
Until your sadness is changed to gladness
By 1905's empor-all books.
Please teach your tricks to 1906,
Oh, Seniors of those lore-all books.
Es kommt in ein Jahr
Ein selbes Gefahr,
From all of the Oral books.

1906 to 1905

Tune: Way Up in the Mountains of Alabama.

Way up in old Taylor to-morrow morning,
Way up in old Taylor all terror scorning,
Way up in old Taylor with wit adorning,
You'll chatter your French and jabber your Dutch the while.
Chatter your French, jabber your Dutch,
You'll chatter your French, jabber your Dutch,
You'll chatter and jabber in elegantic style.

"Mon Dieu, how clever!" shouts Monsieur Foulet, "It does me wonder where you have schoolé." And Collitz jubelt, "How incredulé!" We never have heard or seen such likes before; Never have heard, never have seen; We never have heard, never have seen The likes of such a Senior class before.

1907 SONGS

Tune: It Was My Last Cigar.

Cheer up, you valiant Senior class, for lots of words you know. Oh, *moisonner* it means to reap and *semer* means to sow;

You know *essainer* means to swarm and *oucher* you know means live. And where we see *la gloireuse* we call it 1905.

Elles ont la connaissance. Elles ont du courage too; Et parce qu'elles ont du savoir faire, of course they'll all get through.

> Oh, don't desert your color brave By feeling green or blue, For many a class we've known to pass That knew full less than you. And you will do it too.

Just gardes bien votre sang froid, You have no need to fear; And we'll stand by you while you try And give a rousing cheer.

Tune: Meet Me at St. Louis.
1905, in Orals, laurels
Surely are your due;
Here's good luck from 1907,
For you'll all get through.
You are geniuses linguistic,
All translations so artistic;
1905 then do not dread it,
Credit is awaiting you.

ATHLETIC NOTES

The match games in hockey are being played off between the classes. 1905 won from 1907 on November 7th and 9th, with scores of 3-0 and 3-1; 1906 won from 1908 on November 8th and November 10th, with scores of 6-3 and 5-0; 1905 and 1907 will play for the championship during the present week.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association a challenge from the hockey team of the Merion Cricket Club was accepted for November 19th.

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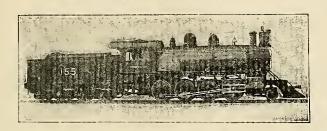
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December, 1904

Tipyn o' Bob

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AFTERMATH

"The day that the laugh of a maiden made light of a Lord of His Hands."

"Happiness an' verra long loife come to ye baith!" shouted the boys in the doorway when, with hilarious ceremony, they had assisted Patrick O'Hara and his bride into the coach that awaited them. Then followed a shower of rice and pink sweetmeats while Michael Murphy, Pat's boonest companion of them all, fired a dilapidated, dusty shoe between the gayly bedecked wheels of the departing carriage.

"H's a foine by, Pat is," he remarked impressively, not ashamed to brush his sleeve across his eyes. "N' ye're sinsible, that toime, Mik'l," the rest agreed.

Sore as they could not but feel at his desertion of them of late, Patrick's old friends had come gladly to his wedding, and in the celebration that followed, had taken a willing interest to render the occasion one to be remembered. "H's not altogither blamed ye'll be fer it, enyhow," they had told him at the close of the festive evening, when each and all, and often more than once, they had made sure to kiss the blushing Mrs.

O'Hara roundly, "it's best as it's done, belike, but woe's the day ye iver laid eyes on the woman in the firrrst place, an' got yerself lost to the rist of us. So bear in moind these worrrds we've spoke to yer, Pat. An' now come git wan more dhrink all togither agin, afore ye'll be lavin', Lord sind ye fergiveness, a married man, wid yer woife in the hack."

Before the great ball of the G. A. R.'s in ninety-seven, when Patrick had never seen Norah McFleming, the boys had often been heard to boast of him proudly. "Pat O'Hara's got a foine eye in his way, begorra. And thet ain't nothing at all—it's the truth we're tellin' to ye—in the way of the laidies."

The ball, however, was destined to be a turning point in Patrick's existence. Perhaps he was then a fledgling, by himself so designated, on the brink of society, and therefore somewhat diffident of its traditions; perhaps bitter rebuff had never been to teach his manner to be more diffident; or he really considered the seventh dance on the first evening of an acquaintance, an appropriate stage for the proposal. Perhaps indeed, and this after all is the most probable excuse for him, he had for the only time in his life, lost his senses completely under the spell of a girl's blue eyes. At any rate, then and there, as they swung lightly to the music of the dance, he asked her to honour him by becoming Mrs. Patrick O'Hara. The way in which he brought the affair about was characteristic; Norah's answer, no less so.

"Will ye tell me why ain't Oi iver mit ye afore the noight, Miss McFleming?"

"Shure 'n it moight be ye've been goin' about wid yer eyes shet tight, Mr. O'Hara!"

"Blatherin' idiot Oi've been, anyhow!" Patrick cursed softly. "An' that's the raison precoisely why Oi'm thinkin' there's no toime to lose now. Ye're altogither the daintiest little lass Oi've hed the soight of this many a day, that Oi'm shure, an' it's ye Oi'll be afther marryin' the morn if ye'll hev me."

In his simple, ingenuous reckoning, it had never occurred to Pat that his lady might disdain him, so that he was not on the whole prepared to have her swing about suddenly, and to find himself standing bewildered, catching a laugh thrown back to him as she danced away in the clutch of an eager rival. "Git along wid yer talk, Mr. O'Hara!" she whispered when they passed him on the second turn, and her eyes smiled and mocked invitingly down the hall, over her partner's sturdy shoulder.

"Norah! Norah, darlin'!" he cried, stretching out his arms, reckless of the amusement of the bystanders.

His companions had been altogether taken aback at the change they found in Patrick after that evening, and sometimes would rally him on the subject.

"We're thinkin' it's a gurrrl ye'll be afther spoonin' these days, Pat,"

they told him jestingly.

"Dade an' it's not far ye are from the roight, since it's craizy mad

Oi've gone for her," he would answer them, in dead earnest.

"'N' y' ain't niver the foine bye ye wuz wonct, when ye'll sind all yer tricks to the divil, and waiste yer toime wi' frettin' over a wee slip of gurrrl," they suggested, hopefully, counting on a last appeal to touch up a spark of the mischief in him which they had known of old.

"'N Oi ain't, phraps, thet's the rale truth ye're speakin' now' by's," he would cheerfully agree. "So wouldn't ye best leave me be, knowin'

thet Oi'd sooner dhrop altogither afore Oi'll give her up!"

When a few such conversations had occurred, and Patrick still showed this deplorable lack of enthusiasm for their society, the boys had been obliged to admit that the ringleader was lost to them. More than once, before draining the glass of its last whiskey, they used to stop, and wag their heads reluctantly. "Thet ain't the man to be troiflin' this toime," they would say then, "his hearrrt's set on somethin' at last, an' his moind's all made, an' the talkin' we'd do till the doom won't bring him back. Divil take the gurrrl—e'en though she be Norah McFleming!" they were apt to add under their breaths. "H's a holy shaime, Pat is!"

As for Patrick, where he would centainly not have allowed it once, he had cared not a whit as it was, for the fact that he had become an object of pity in the bar-room. Time was lacking, he soon found, for both Norah McFleming and the boys' light-hearted frolics; and of the two, he was beginning to learn that it was scarcely a matter of choice. So he relegated his old friends to the back ranks, scarcely conscious of any feeling of regret, and spent long days and nights with the one thought of Norah surging deliciously in his head, while he tried to live up to his conviction that the man who would win her must be steady and true.

Norah, for her part, had friends in plenty to whisper slyly in her ear that Patrick O'Hara had been sobering down from his wild ways altogether, and was changed to a serious man at the last. "It's a wonder

nixt," they would add, "if the sun won't forgit itsel" wan o' these days an' be afther settin' in the Aist!" Her face while she listened to them was non-committal, but deep in her heart she felt a tugging of pleasure, and told herself happily that after all it was the best of any girl's ambition to capture a man like Patrick O'Hara. "Not at all that Oi'm thinkin' there lives anither loike him!" she always added, proudly. That she had failed to tell to him, however.

On the contrary, as proofs of Patrick's devotion had increased, Norah's attitude had grown the more exasperating, and oftentimes the poor fellow was quite at a loss to make her out. Many an evening, when he had passed an unfortunate hour or two in her kitchen, he would wander blindly through the streets, and vow that man never wooed so lucklessly before. On such occasions he would begin by being disconsolate and torture himself mercilessly until he ended in bitterness or despair, with the firm resolve not to go near the woman again, to be made a fool of, or flouted or trifled with. This assertion used to fail to carry weight into the next day, however; for by another evening, there he was again, rocking contentedly in the wooden arm-chair by the kitchen stove, now watching Norah's deft fingers while she darned or mended from the pile before her, now wondering at the copper lights in the hair that curled crisply about her freckled forehead. He could have known all along that he should not stay away. Moreover, to-night he was asking himself, was ever a man so blessed? She had been receiving his bluntlyspoken compliments with blushing cheeks, and a shy, happy look in her

Her wilfulness was not the only obstacle that Patrick had had to confront. Norah McFleming wasn't the girl to have to count her conquests, and as he had learned to his dismay on that first evening, he had rivals to encounter by the score. Often it happened that for a week at a time he would not see her alone, but would sit apart, surly and disgusted, with his chair tilted back against the wall, and look on while the others paid court. That he was more welcome there than any other man, he had no means of making sure, as Norah had precisely the same way with them all, provoking them alike, kind to one while she made game of the other, playing this one against that. Patrick had as much as he wanted to do sometimes to handle himself, when he heard other men make freer with their compliments than he should have dared; and once came perilously near to having a free fight in the street with Tom Logan because

he had boasted that Norah was knitting him a pair of wristlets for Christmas. The winter was not, on the whole, a felicitous one. Then, in the spring. Norah had accepted him. She could not have surprised Patrick more, for he had fallen into the habit of proposing two or three times a week, and had long ago come to feel hopeless that she would ever promise herself to him. On this Sunday afternoon they had gone for a walk in the park, and had found their way to a bench in a sequestered corner. Though neither of them was directly conscious of anything in the world beyond the other, the warmth of the late sunshine, and the fragrance of green things budding in the damp earth, could not help but cast a glamour about them. Norah had been unusually silent, and Patrick, looking down at her as she sat by his side, and thinking how gentle she had been with him all day, found it necessary to say it over again. Somewhat changed, by this time, from that first one on the occasion of the ball, the formula had now become more pleading and more halting. Norah looked up at him when he paused, his breath coming short, and laid her hand on his sleeve. Her eyes had tears in them. "Pat, Patsie!" she half whispered, brokenly, "ye're a verra foolish by indade. Ye moight hev known that Oi've been afther lovin' ve wid me whole hearrrt full this winter long."

After that Sunday there had been no rivals about. Patrick had a right to her half holidays now, and claimed them with a jealous exactitude lest he should miss an inch of his privilege. It was her wish that they should spend these holidays either at the museums or the theatre; and Fatrick, much as he had rather have puffed away at his pipe on the back stoop at home, where he might have Norah all to himself, was beguiled by the pretty tricks she would adopt to gain her desire, into allowing his preferences to be disregarded. Perhaps it had been the easier to resist his own inclination, for the fact which he learned before long, that Norah was apt to be charming and amiable, or petulant and disagreeable, according as she was humoured.

The frequency of these excursions served as matter for much interested comment among Patrick's old friends.

"Pat's thet craizy a fule, he's lost his haid intoirely, an's not got the hearret ter cross her laist whimsey," observed Michael Murphy on one occasion.

"Ay, an' a pritty song an' dance it is she's afther laidin' him on," another one continued sagely. "It's t'ree toimes if it's wance they've gone to the theayter in the past wake. It's a haivy penny she's costin' him, and more, afore he's through."

"It's nought but a pair o' fules they are, the baith o' them," grunted a third, for want of something new to say.

Pat and Norah were, meanwhile, as their gossips reported, going several times every month to the play—a practice which only Patrick, who was drawing considerable wages nowadays, and had already a snug amount laid away in the savings bank, could have supported. He used to watch Norah, finding his amusement in this way rather than on the stage, while he marvelled that she never seemed to weary of the glamour, but, naiëve and happy as a child, gave herself as readily to the illusion of the tale she saw enacted before her.

For a few months after their marriage, though the boys kept weather eyes out jealously for the storms which they supposed attendant upon a man in a married state, they could detect no difficulty in the O'Hara household. Everything went on as before, save that Patrick was, if possible, more supremely contented, and Norah, with the responsibility of keeping her own small house, was radiant and important. Indeed, they were almost willing to grant Patrick not badly off—if this was what he liked.

Then, after a winter had passed, the O'Haras announced that they meant to move away to another town. "We'll go to a larrrger city, we're thinkin'," Pat explained to everyone. "Not thet we're not likin' this wan at all, but she's a hankerin' fer the foiner shops thet'll be there, an' some reely hansome theayters. It's a gude job Oi'll hev ter be lavin' behind, Oi well know, an' it's more than loikely Oi'll not sune git sich anither," he would answer their half-expressed queries, "but we're baith of us young yit, an' verra healthy, too, so it's afther humourin' her Oi am fer the wanst. Faith 'n' thet's the thing," he smiled whimsically, "ye'll be doin' yersel' fer a wumman in the days to come, who knows!" That the loss of his position as one of the prosperous younger masons in town, came without a struggle to Patrick, people could not, however, comprehend, and would wag their heads eagerly to one another when they heard his plans, and saw his delight at Norah's gratification in them.

The boys, as soon as they knew that Patrick was going to leave them, forgave him altogether the indifference with which, of late, he had listened to tales of their frolics, and started him off with a rousing farewell dinner that was one to go down in the annals, prolonged, hilarious, satisfactory to the last degree, to all initiated. "Divil kape ye, ye're a gude rascal yit Pat, me by!" they assured him at the end, grasping his hand tight, or slapping him across the shoulder. "It may be ye've gone so craizy over a gurrrl as ter hev married her even, an' got yersel' pinned down foreby, but we're not the wans who'll forgit i' this long while thet ye've supped an' drank wid us the noight, loike a brither, wance agin."

In the four or five years that followed, while the happy, careless ne'er-do-weels played their pranks and drank their toddy together blithely, they had never a word from Patrick O'Hara. His silence served for a time as an excellent matter for surmise and example, but after a few months had passed, although they never forgot him, they ceased to speak of him often. Once in a while some one would swear affectionately, "Ay, Pat 'll be makin' a marrrk some day, shure's the divil, an' then ye'll see thet he's not the wan who'll be loike ter fergit his ol' friends!"

One night, while they sprawled, smoking and drinking around the bar in the old haunt, he surprised them. The door from the street burst open, and a man stumbled in heavily. In the foul, smoky atmosphere, they could barely distinguish beads of moisture standing out on his forehead; his eyes were glittering like dull beads. "Ye there, bys?" he demanded, gruffly, "ye c'n be afther ordherin' drinks on me the noight. Git a move on, thin, won't ye? Damn ye, can't ye sthop blinkin' at me fer wanc't, hit's no sperit Oi am! Or ye'll not hev forgot old Pat in these days?" His mood changed abruptly and he gulped down a half mug of whiskey. Then he stretched his hands out to them in entreaty, throwing back his head, and laughing recklessly, as they had heard him laugh before. "Don't ye know who Oi am, bys? It's yer old mate come back to ye, for gude an' all toime!"

"Shure, an it is Pat O'Hara, hissel'," someone cried at last, shaking him warmly by the hand. "We didn't know ye, fer truth, ye've grown thet oldher, ye rascal!" A torrent of recognition and greeting came from the other men, who were gathering about him.

"So ye're back agin, Pat?"

"We've waited fer ye!"

"An' the gurrrl thet turned ye craizy?" Michael queried, "where's she?"

At the question the lines in Patrick's face stiffened and deepened, and his eyes stared coldly at the curious figures about him. "Damn ye, ye c'n jest shet up!" he swore with a solemn oath, "will ye shet up, Oi say, an' lave her an' me alone altogither! She lift me these two days agone—she ran off, curse her, wid a damned play-actor."

EMILY L. BLODGETT, '05.

A LULLABY

Upon the forest, solitude,
Silence, and wavering shadows brood.
The twilight splendours fade and die;
The moon comes up in the starlit sky.
Bye, baby, bye.

The moths flit by, all ghostly still.

Mournfully calls the whip-poor-will
In answer to the plaintive thrush.
The brook goes by with muffled gush.

Hush, baby, hush.

The bee has ceased his honied toil
Long since, and stored away his spoil.
The shepherd gathers in his sheep,
The moon rides high, the night grows deep.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Louise Foley, '08.

MARLOWE

"Kingston," sang out the conductor; and then on a higher key again, "Kingston." The long train swung round a curve, so that the passengers on the last car could plainly see the engineer leaning far out from his window. Apparently satisfied with the lookout ahead he drew back; the whistle gave a long shriek, and little by little the speed lessened until the train came to a stop before a little box of a station, which looked, with its broad expanse of platform, for all the world like a particularly wide-brimmed straw-hat.

"Change for Hartfor-Dessex-Sand-The-Valley-Division," advised the conductor genially. "Next stop for this train is Marlowe."

A woman of that age which one would describe as about thirty, looked up quickly and then smiled happily to herself. "Marlowe," she whispered under her breath. With deft, unhurried motions she gathered

together her few travelling belongings, and then leaned back and looked out of the window. The track for a mile or two ran close to the edge of the great sound. The water was grey and swirling under the low-lying clouds and seemed to become colder and colder as the late November afternoon waned. Far off across the marshes, a light suddenly glittered. The woman watching pressed her forehead to the icy glass. It was five years since she had seen Fenwick Light; for the first time she fully realized that she was going home.

The train jolted over an uneven tie; the conductor crossed from the next car, one hand out to steady himself, the other jammed hard on his flat cap which the wind almost blew from his grasp; again the engine screamed, and then slowed down to a stop at Marlowe Station.

"A long step, Miss," but Mary, her eyes bright with excitement, heedless of any such warning, sprang lightly to the ground. Whom of familiar Marlowe people would she see first?

"How do you do, Mary," someone behind her said, someone with a nice, friendly, matter-of-fact voice.

She turned quickly.

"Oh, Henry," she cried, holding out her hand. They both laughed from sheer gladness, and then she added impulsively—Mary, who was not given to impulses—"I wondered who would be the first person I should see."

"Your mother sent me to drive down for you. She couldn't come herself. Here is Thomas now," he added; and he helped her into the carriage, and tucked the rug about them. In a minute they were off.

The damp air was deliciously cold on her face; and the salt smell of the marshes was so distinctively the atmosphere of Marlowe that it gave her a ridiculous, indescribably happy feeling of homesickness. Nonsense—just then they gained the top of the long station hill, and ahead of them down in the valley across the river the lights of the town were beginning to spring up. Mary leaned forward, her face bright with the joy of it all.

"I haven't been home for five years," she said over her shoulder. And then settling back comfortably, she asked:

"Is Marlowe just the same, Henry? Letters are so unsatisfactory." Henry laughed. "Marlowe'll never change, Mary," he said. "I left Mrs. Towne and Max and Judge Saunders at your house when I drove over for you."

"Oh, how is Max? I heard he was sent to the legislature last year."

"Yes; Max did very well, too. He made a famous speech, and everyone said he'd found his vocation at last. But Mrs. Towne thought the capital was too gay, and he didn't go this year. He's taken to raising show roses lately."

"Poor Max," she said. "Tell me about the others."

Henry Crane had a kindly but very keen sense of humour, and their half hour drive seemed wonderfully short. Before Mary had realized it, they had passed up the long avenue of elms and stopped before the quaint old white house which was so shut in by low-branched trees that even at this distance one hardly comprehended its size.

"You must come in and have tea with us," Mary said as Henry steadied her to the low block.

Before he could answer, the door was flung open, and Mary's mother stood above her, outlined against the bright light within,—a tall woman of sixty with glorious snow-white hair. With three steps, Mary had reached her. Mrs. Russell said nothing as she held her daughter close; but her eyes were wet. No one knew what a space was left unfilled in her life when Mary went away.

With their arms still about each other, they crossed the hall and entered the long white-panelled library, followed by Henry Crane. A cry of welcome rose from the group of people near the great open fire. Mary's face was bright with excitement.

"Oh, it's so good to see you all," she exclaimed. "Mrs. Towne! Henry said you had come over. And Max. Well, Marlowe is just the same."

She sank back into a wide low chair which Henry had pushed up for her and just looked happily from one to another.

"How long will you be home, Mary," began Mrs. Towne in a businesslike sort of way. Max Towne stared hard at the fire. Before Mary could answer, Henry brought her her tea.

"It will be good after your drive," he said.

"You must be cold," put in Judge Saunders, the baby-faced, chubby-cheeked little man at Mrs. Towne's right. He moved nearer the fire as he spoke. "We'll have snow before morning—what," he added. Judge Saunders always said "what" after he had made a statement.

"I wish you could arrange snow for the Lee's dinner next week, Judge," said Max Towne. "It would be glorious sleighing over to Weston—driving with the roads in the condition they are now is out of the question."

"A dinner at Weston? Are we going, mother?" asked Mary.

"If you wish to, my dear."

"Why, I wouldn't miss a dinner at Weston for anything. I've never been farther than the drawing-room in my life; how do the Lees happen to be——"

"Oh, has no one told you, Mary?" burst in Mrs. Towne. "Don't you know about both old Squire Lee's daughters and all their children and husbands"—Mrs. Towne was becoming much excited—"coming to live at Weston? Well, I'll tell you." She smoothed the skirt of her gown rapidly with a characteristic nervous motion that brought the past back to Mary more than anything else had done. "They appeared last summer. Everyone received cards for a tea—that was the first thing. And ever since, there have been invitations to Weston, one right after another. This dinner is for the oldest granddaughter's birthday."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mary. "I'm way behind Marlowe times."

"Well, I'm glad you're going to Weston next week. I wonder what you'll think of it all," said Mrs. Towne, rising. "Good-bye, my dear; I must be going." And she made her departure with Max.

In a few minutes, they had all gone except Henry Crane. Mrs. Lee had taken Judge Saunders to the hall to show him a new chair, and Henry and Mary were left alone.

"May I stay a little longer?" he asked.

"Yes, do," answered Mary. She drew her chair nearer to the fire and leaned her head against the high back. "Henry," she said, "do you remember the Christmas Eve when you and I hid under the big sofa until everyone had gone to bed, and sat up all night watching for Santa Claus?"

"And we were so sleepy the next morning that they didn't make us go to church. Do you remember how cross and envious Max was when he found out about that? Mary, do you remember the time your father took us in the big sleigh way up the river to the county fair at Simmons Crossing?"

"And we ate pink pop-corn all the way back? Then the next summer when you got your canoe—do you remember our exploring trips up all the little creeks through the Great Woods?"

"The best summer, though, was the year before you went abroad." Mary did not answer him immediately; but at last she said:

"Yes, that was the best summer."

"Mary," said Mrs. Russell, entering the room at that moment with Judge Saunders, "have you those pictures of John that you promised to bring with you when you came?"

"I have never seen your husband, you know-what," added Judge

Saunders.

It was the first reference that had been made to her life beyond Marlowe, and Mary realized that under the spell of the familiar voices, of the old interests, she had unconsciously lost those five years which separated her from them; she had been thinking and speaking as Mary Russell, not as Mary Dunbar.

"I'm sorry, mother; I forgot the pictures," she said.

There was a rather blank pause. Then Henry said quickly:

"Dear me, I must be going. You haven't even had a chance to take off your things, and you must be tired, Mary. Judge, may I take you as far as the Corners with me?"

"Oh, yes, of course. Thank you—what," muttered Judge Saunders. Mary slipped her arm through her mother's:

"It has been so good to see you all again," she said, "and Marlowe."

Margaret Morison, '07.

LADY CHRISTALAINE

Oh, let the yule-log's blaze be bright And let the yellow candles flare; There's peace in all the world to-night, 'Tis Christmas, Christmas everywhere.

The noble Lord of Catherby
Sat at his Christmas board,
Amid as good a company
As England could afford.

The hour for sacred rite was o'er, And each and every one, Was thinking of the smoking boar And savoury venison. The good lord welcomed every guest In that gay feasting throng, Then bade the minstrels do their best, With playing and with song.

But as he spoke a din was heard,
A clatter o'er the moat,
Loud shouts and many an angry word
From many a lusty throat.

"Go look before, and hold a light,"
He said, "unbolt the door,
And find who on this holy night
Dares waken such uproar."

He scarce had done when in a trice
The hall seemed to o'erflow,
With men well armed, and skilled in vice,
Led by a deadly foe.

Speaking with mocking courtesy
And glowering as he spoke,
The leader sprang with cruel glee
Upon those frightened folk.

Oh, fierce and wild the tumult ran And mirth shook every rafter, When of a sudden every man Stopped in his wicked laughter.

For, strangely sweet, first far, then near They heard a clear voice singing. A voice that sent a sudden fear Into their hard hearts springing.

"'God rest you merry gentlemen, May no ill you dismay, Remember Christ, our Saviour, Was born on Christmas day.
Glory to God the angels sing,
Peace and good-will to man we bring.'"

The leader raised his shaggy mane; Fearfully the fair words rang, He saw the Lady Christalaine, Standing there as she sang.

She lingered half way down the stair, And looked with wide surprise; There were holly berries in her hair And lights in her smiling eyes.

And each in his turn and by her leave Sat down with his former foe, And never so sweet a Christmas Eve, Did the Lord of Catherby know.

So let the yule-log's blaze be bright,
And let the yellow candles flare,
There's peace in all the world to-night,
'Tis Christmas, Christmas everywhere.

Anna M. Hill, '05.

PROOF

Heyward had finished his picture. It was done at last, after weeks of unceasing toil, and the fresh canvas stood in the corner of the studio, where the light shone full upon it. Heyward, directly in front, stared at the picture, his hands plunged deep in his pockets, his unlighted pipe suspended upside down from the corner of his mouth.

"It's good," he said slowly, an expression of quite impersonal admiration, free from the slightest tinge of self-satisfaction, appearing in his face. "It's a dandy. I wish Helen would come. She'll see its good points, and perhaps some bad ones I don't see. Helen's no duffer at

PROOF

criticising and she doesn't talk to hear herself talk either." He stood still for some moments more, and then commenced walking restlessly up and down the room, drawing sharply at his unlighted pipe, till the nicotine bubbled audibly in the stem. Suddenly the bell rang below and a rush of quick feet was heard on the stairway. Heyward set his pipe down carefully on the edge of the mantel shelf and turning hurriedly to the easel, faced the picture to the wall.

"Billy!" a clear, rather high voice called from the hall. "I'm com-

ing in. May I?"

Heyward stepped to the door. "Come on," he said, "I've been waiting for you an age. Quite ten minutes, Helen."

Helen entered, and shutting the door behind her, looked up at Hey-

ward laughing.

"Did it seem long?" she asked.

"Awfully," he replied. "At *least* ten minutes." Then he went up to her and put an arm around her.

"It seemed a year, dear," he said soberly. "I wanted you to see my picture. And besides, I missed you."

Helen looked at him doubtfully. Her forehead was wrinkled and her mouth puckered. The expression took ten years away from her face.

"Billy," she said, "I think I'm pretty amiable. Most girls wouldn't be very pleased if a man shut himself up for weeks in a stuffy old studio, just three months before their wedding, and wouldn't let himself be even peeped at."

"Well," said Heyward. "I've been to see you lots, dear, and besides I didn't want you to see my picture till it was done. It's over there." He pointed, not noticing, in his absorption that the frown on Helen's

face did not melt. "Don't you want to see it?"

"Yes," said Helen slowly. "But Billy——" She turned toward him and put out her hands.

"Billy, will you answer me a question?"

"Of course, dear."

"Billy, do you like your pictures better than me?—I mean, do you love them better than me?"

"Why Helen, you're foolish," returned Heyward obtusely. "Of course not, you are you, and my pictures are only made for you, anyway—but come, don't you want to see it? There's an awfully good light now."

He stepped up to the easel, and turned the canvas around. "There," he said. "Now tell me what you really think, Helen."

Helen looked at it silently, the expression of irritation left her face, and she turned to him. "Why Billy!" she cried rapturously. "It's the best thing you've ever done. Far the best. Oh, how selfish I've been, wanting you to be with me instead of doing that."

"I think it's good," assented Heyward. "And it's not hackneyed

either, is it?"

"Hackneyed? No! Billy." She turned on him a radiant face. "It's I," she said. "That girl is I. How did you do it?"

"It grew to be you," explained Heyward. "My model had no kind of a face so I let myself go and painted an ideal head. It turned out you—as I've seen you look, sometimes."

"Yes," said Helen. "It's I. But much nicer. I like the way you've done the shadows, Billy, and the lines in the dress. It's really miles ahead of anything else you've ever done, and I'm proud of you." In her enthusiasm she seemed to have forgotten the momentary anxiety of a few minutes before. They stood in front of the easel together, he showing her with quick energetic gestures the composition of his picture; she nodding comprehensively and now and then putting in a word of assent or a question. Finally she looked away from the picture and up at him. "You'll give it to me, Billy?" she asked.

"Of course," he replied. "I told you it was for you all along. But first it must go to the exhibition. The prize competition, you know."

"Billy," said Helen slowly, "why do you want the prize? You don't need it."

"Want it? need it?" he questioned impatiently. "Certainly I need it. Not the mere money part, of course, but the recognition and the reputation that winning it will bring. I know I have it in me to paint, and I want the world to know it, too. I never really tried before, but now—why, I've worked like a dog, Helen. Sometimes I could paint and then I would, for hours without stopping. Sometimes my hands refused to do a thing. Then I'd have to quit. Generally I'd go and see you and study your face until I knew I could begin again. I've lived in this picture, I've thought of nothing else. I know it's good and I mean that everyone else shall know it. It is good, too, isn't it?" He paused breathless, somewhat ashamed of his unwonted heat. Helen stood silent. Her face was a little pale, and she bit her lower lip as if to keep it from trembling, but her eyes were very bright and hard.

"Billy," she said, "you want to send that picture to an exhibition?"

"Yes, of course, why not?" he replied.

"You'd send that picture of me, with my face, with my expression, with the me in it that only you know, to a gallery?"

"Why Helen," he said wonderingly. "I thought you'd be pleased.

I never-"

"Oh, it's all right," she interrupted, her voice sounding a little choked. "Only, oh Billy, I don't see how you can do it, I don't, Billy," her voice trailed off into sobbing.

Heyward walked up and down the room. "Damn it all, Helen," he exclaimed. "I don't understand you. I didn't imagine you could be so unreasonable. What is the trouble anyway? It's a good picture. The whole thing's a compliment, not an insult. You're taking a very selfish, childish point of view."

Helen stopped sobbing, and dried her eyes. "Billy," she said, "we've made a mistake. I guess you had better go on with your painting and I'll

not interefere any more."

"Don't be silly, Helen," he interrupted roughly. "You don't know what you're talking about." He stepped up to her, put his hands on her shoulders and forced her into a chair. "Now keep still a minute," he said, "and try to be reasonable." He stood above her and looked down. She felt very weak under his touch; she looked up and caught a glint of amusement in his eye. His mastery irritated her intensely.

"I'm not silly, and I do know what I am talking about," she blazed out. "You don't love me and you never did. If you had loved me. you never could have stayed away from me so long. You never could have been so engrossed in your picture. It will be much the best, if we say good-bye here. Then you can give your art undivided attention."

"Helen!" cried Heyward. His voice showed how hurt he was, and she winced as she heard it. But she was very angry and obstinate and

she had endured a great many weeks of miserable jealousy.

"Helen," he pleaded again, "I love you, dear, you know I love you!" "You love that picture better."

"Of course I don't. Try not to be absurd, darling." Again she caught a note of amusement in his voice. It made her quite reckless.

"Very well, then," she said, "you can prove it. If you love me better, you can prove it." Heyward's face had turned very white. His lips were pressed together.

"Do you really mean that, Helen?' he questioned. Her anger began to waver, but pride kept her obstinate,

"I said, 'prove it,' " she said.

Heyward walked away from her and went up to the picture. He stood looking at it for some time silently, then stooping he picked up his palette knife.

"Don't, Billy!" Helen's cry rang out sharply. "I don't mean it. Oh, don't! Billy! Billy! how could you, oh, how could you!" for the knife had slashed the canvas into ribbons. Heyward returned to her, and took her in his arms.

"Now do you believe, sweetheart?" he asked. "I'm so sorry I made you unhappy."

Helen clung to him silent and trembling. He kissed her again and again, patted her, and soothed her tenderly, but his eyes turned continually toward the tattered canvas and his face was drawn.

"Billy," she sobbed, "you'll never really forgive me. Why did you do it? You might have known I didn't mean a word I said. I have been so miserable; so wickedly jealous of that picture all these weeks. But I didn't really mind your sending it to the exhibition. I wanted you to get the prize. And oh! Billy, it was my picture and you have spoiled it. It was selfish of you!"

"You didn't mean it, Helen? You were only in fun?" His voice sounded dazed and uncomprehending.

"No, not in fun. But I wanted to see if you would do it. I wanted to know which you loved best."

Heyward was silent.

"Well, now you know," he said finally. "Don't let's talk any more about it. It's time for me to take you home, dear."

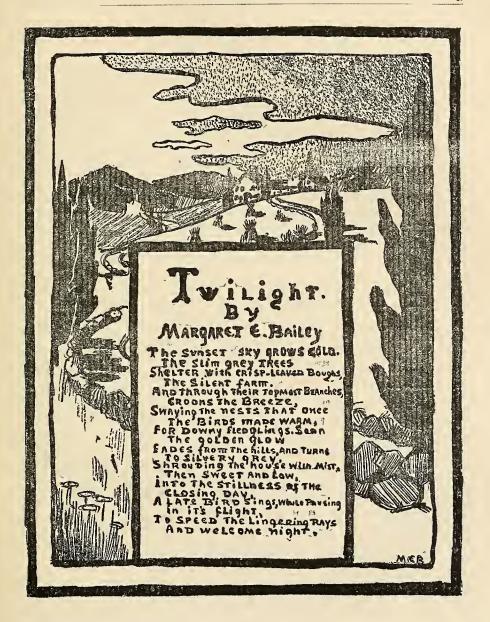
He kissed her again and they went out of the door.

When Heyward returned it was nearly dark. The corners of the studio were dusky. Only the easel stood out in silhouette beside the window. Heyward walked up to it. He fingered the hanging strips, mechanically, not noticing the fresh paint on his fingers.

"It was good," he said slowly. "The best thing I will ever do--and

she didn't mean it, after all."

ELEANOR MASON, '05.



JOSIAH BROWN OF BROOMLEY

If a general concensus of opinion is proof of the truth, there can be no doubt that Ella Wood was the belle of Broomley, the envy of the country-bred girls and the despair of the bashful youths who together made up "society" in Broomley. There was no older set there. The mothers, it is true, had occasional "meetings" which greatly resembled talking competitions. The fathers worked and were silent, save at election times: then they seemed to forget the bashfulness which still clung to them. But the effort was spasmodic and of short duration.

Among the most bashful and silent of the youths was one Tosiah Brown, a worthy man in whom neither church nor society could find a blemish, save that most becoming of faults, excessive modesty. Gentle, awkward, silent, conscientious, kind, common-place Josiah Brown, had for years been the devoted worshipper of Ella. To him she was the embodiment of beauty and joy. To see her dance,—at which she was not ungraceful,—to hear her play,—really a rather murderous performance, to talk to her or rather to listen to her talk, raised Josiah Brown to heights of inarticulate ecstacy. At such times he sat still and dumb as a statue, with an ache in his throat and a longing in his small grey eyes that woke compassion in every heart but Ella's. He sent her numerous and various gifts, selected with trembling care and trepidation, which she forgot about till someone admired them. Then she was gracious to Josiah Brown at their next meeting, thereby causing him to soar in regions of bliss. But he straightway thought of George Lawson and was plunged into agonized depths.

George Lawson was not bashful. He even possessed a certain kind of self-possesion, self-assurance perhaps. In an assembly of shy country youths this quality rendered him conspicuous. It was not the only advantage he possessed; nature had been kind to him. He was tall, dark, well-built and possessed an enchanting smile, which seldom failed to make its way with the gentle sex. He was, besides, an experienced traveller, had lived for two winters in Boston and had even been once to New York. There was a rumour that he had been "out west," a rumour which was popular but not perfectly authenticated. He was almost as great an Adonis among the maidens of Broomley as Ella was a belle among the men. Then the inevitable happened. He fell in love with Ella. She

was exceedingly pleased; he had taken longer to do it than most men did, and she had been a little anxious. So, very wisely, she showed sweet surprise, and after a week of thinking the matter over—her mind having been made up before he had proposed to her—she consented to marry him, but insisted however that the engagement should be kept secret until Christmas. It was then September.

So you see that Josiah Brown could not know how hopeless matters really were for him, and he did not guess the truth. Even the most unobservant, however, acquire the habit of observation in matters pertaining to the loved one. And so when that autumn, Josiah Brown found Ella cooler and more distant, he pondered about it in his dull way, and decided he bored her, which was quite true. Then, as always, he intuitively felt anxious as to Lawson, and mentally contrasted the height, the gayety and good looks of the man with his own silent shyness, his own shortness and negative countenance. That autumn Josiah became conscious of a constant sore feeling.

But every Josiah Brown has his day and to our hero was coming one of bliss such as he had hardly dared to imagine.

It happened one October day, that Ella and George, being true lovers, quarrelled and parted; that is, Ella went home and cried and George, with a set, stern look on his face, which he rather fancied, left town with a conspicuous dress-suit case. The mothers of course, talked, and Ella was called a "heartless coquette," and a "trifler." It was a great satisfaction to her, by the way, to have people think her rejection of George had caused his flight, but after a time, as he did not return, this consolation palled and Ella, unable to get the love she most desired; turned to the love that most desired her. She became very sweet and gentle and kind to Josiah Brown.

"You never bother me, Josiah," she said to him one day. "I don't ever feel I have to talk to you if I don't want to. It's just like being alone."

At which doubtful compliment, Josiah blushed dull red and fell to poking the fire, his heart thumping hard and fast.

"You understand me so well," continued Ella, quite sincerely, for she knew he considered her to be perfection. "I don't think even mother knows me as well as you do. I wouldn't mind telling you anything, Josiah, because you'd always understand, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," answered Josiah Brown.

He was on tremulous pinnacles; his heart pounded, his eyes devoured Ella, tall, slender, pale and fair-haired. His soul was in his eyes but Ella did not see it. She was looking into the fire and wondering if contentment and being loved were not better in the long run than happiness and loving. In short, what profit was there in loving George Lawson the proud, who had stayed away for a whole month without ever writing, when here was Josiah Brown the humble, close at hand and ready to come and go at her bidding.

"It is so nice to have you around, Josiah," she murmured, and smiled at him.

Then the gods gave speech to Josiah Brown. He rose.

"Ella, I love you!" he gasped, and stood there, trembling, his eyes fixed on the floor, his hands working nervously.

"Do you really, Josiah?" Ella asked with gentle wistfulness. "Honestly?"

That she showed wonder in regard to his love, opened the heart and lips of generous, loving, common-place Josiah Brown. He raised his eyes to hers.

"Ella, dear, I adore you. I—I—adore you. Will you marry me, Ella?" It was one of his longest speeches on record. Ella felt sorry for him and besides she wanted someone to love her. She rose and held out her hand.

"Yes, Josiah."

He looked at her face which smiled at him, and at her hand which she had given him. He was too bewildered to be happy, but he felt vaguely grateful. He took the soft hand and kissed it, and there was paradise for Josiah Brown.

It was nearing sunset of the following day, and Ella stood at the garden gate waiting for Josiah Brown. She had suggested their meeting here, and she had mistaken the time and was early. She walked slowly up and down, looking at the red and golden sunset, and thinking of—George Lawson.

The garden gate had been their trysting place on many an occasion. It was there they had quarrelled. The columbine had been blooming then; now there was a suggestion of snow in the air. A whistle blew in the distance. It was that of the train George used to come on. Presently she began to cry and it was not for Josiah Brown.

TUNE 23

She cried so hard that she did not hear an approaching footstep till it reached her side and stopped. With a futile attempt to look as if she was not crying, she turned and saw George Lawson.

There was a very short moment while they looked into each other's eyes, then George held out his arms and said, "Ella," and Ella cried quite superfluously, "Oh, George! Oh, George! Oh, George!" and went to him. She forgot Josiah Brown; and so it happened that when about ten minutes later, Josiah Brown, soberly radiant, approached the garden gate carrying a large bunch of roses, he saw Ella and George and stopped. Presently he turned and went away again, silently. He had seen the look in Ella's eyes as she looked at Lawson, and he understood that his day was over. And as it is always darkest before sunrise, so after sunset it was dark for Josiah Brown.

FLORENCE WATERBURY, '05.

TUNE

"Sing," said the new Sunday-school teacher. "Sing with all your might; all of you sing." And sing I did, prompt to obey and most anxious to please. I shouted as I never shouted before, bent on winning a nod of commendation, or at least an approaching smile. Instead, I received a prolonged stare of unmitigated astonishment, tinged with mild disapproval. I wondered, and, wondering, forgot to sing, and saw the perplexed frown disappear from the teacher's face.

On the way home I continued my musings. What had I done, or left undone? Surely I had put forth my very best efforts; surely no sane mortal could expect a greater volume of sound from so tiny a child. And I knew the words, every one of them; I could have repeated them in my sleep. What, then, was there left? Suddenly I had an inspiration. Perhaps the family might help me to solve the puzzle. Accordingly, after dinner I summoned forth all my energies, lifted up my voice, and sang. To say that the family took notice would be but a mild expression of the truth. They expostulated, stormed, and finally explained. "Where," they demanded, "was the tune?"

"Tune," I repeated feebly. "Do songs have to have a tune?" Where-upon the family laughed, and I wept, and fled to my mother for comfort.

Years have passed since then, many years, and I have learned, negatively indeed, what a tune is. I have realized more and more poignantly that, although my lung power is perfectly well developed, and my intentions are of the very best, I have been born voiceless. The misery of it, the utter, hopeless woe, no one knows but a being cursed like myself, a social outcast, a shade condemned to wander mournfully on this side of the Styx, with, alas, no chance of ever crossing to the Elysian fields beyond. The blind have recovered their sight; the mute have been taught to speak; but the tuneless must remain forever dumb. Some association fibre has been omitted from their brain, some pathway of discharge has been left undeveloped, and strive as they may, they can never cure their diseased mentality.

The tone-deaf, as the world ruthlessly calls them, might be scientifically divided into two classes. First of all there are those who are fit for treason, strategem and spoils; they must be, for they have not a drop of music in their souls. They listen with an unmoved countenance and a vacant, rolling eye to Chopin's Funeral March and to Yankee Doodle. The Boston Symphony is a thing unknown to them, and if you ask them whether they have been much to the opera this season, they answer briskly:

"Oh, yes, I saw Floradora three times. Didn't you think it was simply splendid?"

The second class of the tone-deaf consists of people with music at their finger tips, at their tongue tips, with a great craving for expression, a longing that cruel nature has refused to satisfy. With the ear of the mind they can hear every note they strive to utter; but when they try to give voice to the music that possesses them, they shrink aghast from the tuneless result. "Happy the workman that sings at his work;" but because he does not sing you dare not say that he is unhappy; if he sung he would undoubtedly make all the other workmen unhappy, so he must perforce conceal his joy.

There are moments when we tuneless unfortunates drop tears over our sad fate. We might be Melbas, if only we had voices. I sympathize with Trilby, and rather wish that I could meet a refined edition of Svengali. I look with a feeling of fellowship upon others of my kind, and with tremulous awe upon more favoured mortals. Occasionally, when alone with nature, I break down the barriers of my reserve, and try to sing my thoughts. The result is always the same, always discouraging.

For all these reasons I have come to look on sharps and flats as hindrances to happiness, and on intervals, however small, as demoniacal inventions. The key of C I regard with a slightly favouring eye; it, at least, has fewer pitfalls for the unwary.

And being but young, I look forward with anguish to a long, tuneless existence, a sort of journey, not to use a worn metaphor, the milestones of which will be the times when I happen, by a sort of divine inspiration, on the right note.

HELEN Moss Lowengrund, '06.

MY LADY OF DREAMS

The night is so dark and so cold and so still,
That the beat of my heart seems to beat in my brain;
Far out in the lake sound the fog-whistles shrill,
Like souls that are lost, crying out in their pain,
Now calling, now silent, now calling again.
The weight of the world on my spirit is pressed
And vainly I crave for forgetfulness, rest.
The distance dividing us, infinite seems,
Dear Fancy, dear Phantom, dear Lady of Dreams.

Then I dream of the blue and the green of your eyes As deep as the fathomless depths of the sea, And I call out your name, but a whisper replies, You are only a dream, fancy fashioned by me,—A fancy too precious, too perfect to be.

Then a quiet and restfulness over me creep And I drowse in the land between waking and sleep. Am I waking or sleeping? for surely it seems As if you were with me, my Lady of Dreams.

You have come, you are here, with your arm close around, With your cheek against mine, there is nothing to fear, Now fainter and farther the fog-whistles sound, While the sense of your presence grows ever more near. Hold me closer and closer, O Dream Lady, dear, For morning will come, and at dawning of day, In the beams of the sun, you will vanish away, For daytime with sadness and loneliness teems, And I long for you, sigh for you, Lady of Dreams.

Dear heart, come with me, for I know A very pleasant land, Where perfume-laden breezes blow, Where rain-bow coloured flowers grow On every hand. Soft purple pansies, dewy-wet, Slow-nodding golden lillies, Daisies and fragrant mignionette And daffodillies. A tiny river half-adoze, Among the reeds and rushes, Bubbles a ditty as it flows, While trailing vines of sweet marsh rose, Its ripple hushes. Sweet song-birds chant their carols where The oaks branch high— Come, take my hand, we'll wander there, Just you and I.

"DULCI FISTULA"

MOTHER'S LITTLE DARLING

I hate to see my mother
Darn my stockings every day,
I hate to see my father
Mow the lawn when Mike's away,
But oh, the thing I hate the most
Of all the things I hate,
Is to have to get up early
When I want to get up late.

I love to learn my lessons,
And do my practising,
I love to feed the parrot,
And do all that kind of thing,
But oh, the thing I love the most
Of all the things I love,
Is to punch my baby sister
With my brother's boxing glove.

When I was in the kitchen
And when cook was not near by,
I put syrup in the chicken soup
And pepper in the pie,
And saw-dust in the pink-ice-cream
And stuffed the cake with hay,
And—mother's having company to dinner here to-day.

Anna M. Hill, '05.

WINTER

(With apologies to Mr. Shakespeare.)

When icicles hang around each hall,
And frozen William brings the mail,
We slip and stagger one and all,
And weather goes from snow to hail.
A frozen ball on frozen ground
We chase and then the cry goes round,
"Tee whit!
Boo hoo!" A gruesome note,
While referees freeze to the spot.

When all around the whistles blow,
But coughs drown out the umpire's law,
And shins are bruised and teeth are ground,
Then mournfully the cry goes round,
"Tee whit!

Boo hoo! I like it not, For chills and fever are my lot."

A. W. NEALL, '06.

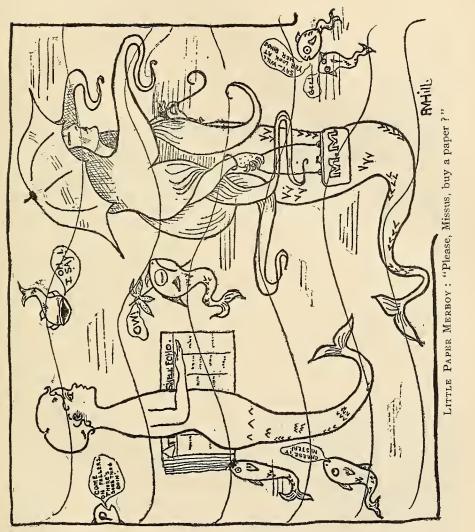
NULLA DIES SINE LINEA

I saw a Freshman, pale and wan, Who wept upon the grass, I knew the feel of old, and thought, "It's Unity or Mass."

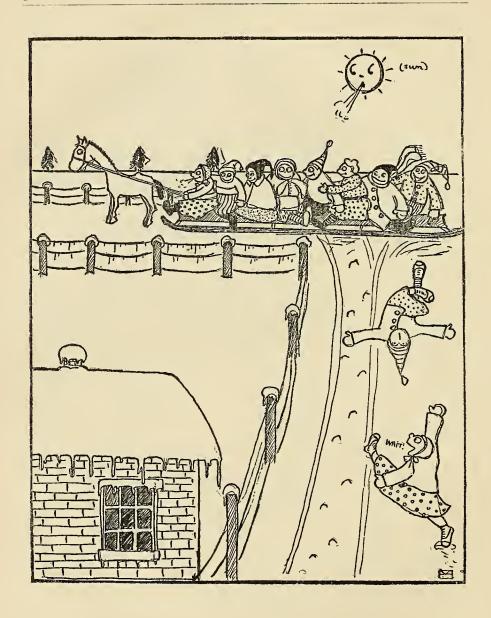
"What's wrong, my child," I asked of her,
"Is there bad news from home?"

"When all my life's used up," she sobbed,
"How will the Dailies come?"

MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN, '07.



Maria I



EDITORIAL

Our college New Year comes always very early. It comes with the last weeks before Christmas, when the maelstrom of college life is eddying and swirling towards the final tumult after the vacation. The gay irresponsibility of the first weeks of college is past, and so are the reckonings with Thanksgiving quizzes and Senior orals, that came afterwards. We have still a bare week or two left, before we go for our holidays, in which to puzzle out some memories of the previous weeks that stretch so confusedly behind us; and in which to marvel at the flight of time and the paucity of achievements.

It may be that the feeling we have these days that we have so far done little though we have desired to do much, is merely the old-time New Year's mood of tradition and history. Yet at college, this common experience is uncommonly troublesome, since here things desired and vainly projected are bewilderingly more abundant than elsewhere. We live at college in a kind of life-militant, in which we clash sabres furiously every day against the pressing throng of things to be done. And every year they multiply, till now as we look ahead, things outside the steady course of lectures,—mid-year's, essays, debates, match-games, and the May-day fête,—seem to span the year till June completely.

It is one of those proverbs for which one grows increasingly more respectful, that you cannot eat your cake and have it, too. One applies the proverb here a little fearfully, with our meagre twenty-four hours in the day serving as the cake. One conjectures that our recent excursions at Bryn Mawr into novelties of clubs and athletics, may invalidate some of our claims to distinction that belong to days of less complexity. One reflects that we may possibly have reached the point of busyness, where we cannot take on new activity without impairing the virtue of the old. And one wonders if we wish to impair in any degree the virtue of the old traditions.

PASTOR WAGNER'S VISIT

On Monday afternoon, November twenty-first, Pastor Charles Wagner and his friend and travelling companion, Pastor Koenig, adressed the students in chapel. Those of us who had taken advantage of Dr. Wood's kindness in reserving seats for Bryn Mawr students to hear Pastor Wagner speak at his church last month, and had heard there the strong, earnest appeal for the simple life, had the double pleasure Monday afternoon of hearing Mr. Wagner again and of seeing an entirely different side of his interesting personality. His address at Bryn Mawr was entirely informal. In the beginning he said that though caps and gowns awed him considerably, yet since he soon was to have the honour of wearing one himself, and since he knew that even those who appear most learned often talk about things they know nothing about, he felt confidence in speaking in his own language of what he knew very well,-France, and especially Paris. And in his question to the group of students who cheered him on the campus as he was leaving, whether this strange noise were a relic of the Indians, he showed an equal geniality and interest in the students. Yet in spite of his informal, sometimes bantering manner, he spoke with all seriousness. He spoke of the "Paris of the French." This is the real Paris, he said, the Paris of homes, of mothers and fathers and children, and not the Paris of pleasure-seeking strangers. He introduced his friend, Pastor Koenig, professor of Hebrew in Paris, who spoke on French Protestantism and Auguste Sabatier.

MR. KING'S RECITAL

In the gymnasium, on Friday afternoon of December second, Mr. King gave a recital before a full audience for the benefit of the Students' Building. The enthusiasm of applause vouches for the enjoyment of those present and for their admiration of Mr. King's versatility—versatility that can excite his listeners at once keenly and variously. Especially interesting were the musical readings, in which Mr. King was ably accompanied by Miss Davis; for two of these, "The Story of the Lost Soul" and "The Devil's Decoy," special music was composed for Mr.

King by Mr. Morant. Between the two parts of the programme, Miss Davis played two beautiful solos, and replied to an urgent encore.

The students are grateful to Mr. King, not only for his generosity, but also for a very enjoyable entertainment.

DRAMATIC NOTES

1906 to 1908

The annual entertainment which the Juniors give the Freshmen, 1906 gave to 1908 in the Gymnasium on Friday evening, November eighteenth. The TIPYN o' Bob was interested upon his arrival in noticing that 1906 followed the example of 1904's Junior entertainment, and entertained its enthusiastic audience from the stage. The Gymnasium on this occasion looked distinctly oriental, with Japanese lanterns on all the lights and geisha girls in every conceivable colour and fashion of head dress toddling about looking after their guests. The curtain rose upon "A Japanese Nightingale." Miss Ford as the heroine, Miss Crosby as the hero,—and indeed the other characters,—played their parts enthusiastically and well; they brought in every now and again a touch that was as distinctly of the East as was the perfume of sandal wood that filled the Gymnasium. When the Play was over, the geisha girls served refreshments, after which came the presentation of the banner. Miss Ford, against a background of blue sky and a great silver crescent moon, with singing Japanese maidens up above her, presented 1908 with the banner in the name of the Class of 1906. The whole entertainment showed that careful attention to artistic detail, which is distinctive of the Class of 1906. It went off with the smoothness and success it merited.

GLADYS KING, '05.

THE SENIOR ENTERTAINMENT TO THE GRADUATES

On November nineteenth, a burlesque dramatization of the "Last of the Mohicans" was presented to the Graduate Club, by the Class of 1905. Judging from the involuntary bursts of laughter, from the applause in the audience, it was a thorough success.

The play was a melodrama throughout. Stock types of delicate maidens, treacherous villains and brave lovers were all enacted before us. The fainting heroines, so popular in novels of days gone by, became vivid realities on the stage of the Gymnasium. In Miss Lynde (as Cora), we beheld a maiden of perhaps the firmer because the more persecuted sort; but Miss Putnam (as Alice) wrung all our hearts by her piercing cries and fluffy prettiness. Heyward (Miss Morrow) was a gallant hero, and he proved himself especially such, during his proposal to Alice, conducted as it was amidst the taunts of shrieking Indians, with an enviable sincerity And the Pathfinder, Magua and Munroe were also well acted. But the characters about whom the interest most centered, who drew most hilarious attention, were those of the psalm-singer, Chingachgook, and Uncas. The psalm-singer (Miss Henry), it will be impossible to forget. His melancholy face, his cracked voice, his lanky figure, and above all his long white legs, are indelibly stamped on our minds. Chingachgook, at the hands of Miss Meigs, was very realistic. He was every inch the "heap big Injun;" in his salutation, in his war-hoops, in his all satisfied "Ugh." And he was the worthy father of a worthy son. For Miss Mason (as Uncas), was unsurpassable. With her jibbering Indian talk, her lisp and her generally romantic aspect, she made the part delightfully ridiculous.

Much of the forcefulness of the play, however, lay not in its characters, but in the dramatic action. The fight, in the third scene, was prolonged and exciting. We watched with bated breath the Indians skulking round and round through the forest of diminutive pines, until at length they fell on the pale faces. And the cave in the rocks, where the heroines crouched, gave us little sense of security. The discovery of the precipice at the rear of the stage, where several persons dropped easily down to unknown depths, fairly took our breath away. And the sixth scene portrays where the Indians, with swaying bodies, light feet and hoarse voices, carried out with historic frenzy the historic war dance of their race, gave us sympathetic memories of our pioneer ancestors.

The whole performance was one of blood and thunder. Murder followed murder; honour and torture were prevalent in a fashion that drew high praise to the playwrights, Miss Mason and Miss Meigs. "The quality of mercy was not strained" once during the whole performance. And it must be confessed that the audience never felt a pang at the tragedies, but watched with laughing eyes, until the last scene left three artfully

limp bodies hanging from the cliff, and below two broken-hearted men.

The play had, in short, all the rollicking, irresponsible humour, commonly seen in the burlesque productions, given by the Class of 1905.

MARGERET EMERSON BAILEY. '07.

'ALUMNÆ NOTES

- '98. Isabel Andrews has been visiting at college.
- 'oo. Grace B. Campbell and Maude Lowrey visited at college during the vacation.
- 'or. Josephine R. Bates visited at college during the vacation.
- '02. Frances Adams Johnson has been back at college.
 Frances Allen is to be married at Ardmore to Frank S. Hackett,
 - Frances Allen is to be married at Ardmore to Frank S. Hackett, on December seventeenth.
- '03. Fannie Brown was back at college for a month, visiting Helen Arny.
 - Doris Earle, Ethel Girdwood, Gertrude Dietrich and Agnes Sinclair have been back at college.
- '04. 1904 had an informal reunion the day of the Junior entertainment to the Freshmen. Maria Albee, Anne Selleck, Clara Case, Isabel Peters, Alice Schiedt, Ledt. White, Margaret Ross, Esther Sinn, Jeannette Hemphill, Agnes Gillinder, Emma Fries and Mary Hollar were back. There was a meeting of the 1904 Club on the morning of Saturday, November nineteenth. Edna Shearer was elected president, and Helen Arny, vice-president.

Sara Palmer and Ruth Wood have been back at college.

Bertha Pearson is teaching at Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Hilda Canan and Mary Vauclain will sail for Japan on January tenth.

'ANNOUNCEMENTS

The editors on the Lantern board are planning to bring out two numbers of the magazine this year—one in the first part of February, and the other at the usual time in May. They hope that a special effort

will be made to support the attempt. All manuscript for the first number should be brought on or before December twentieth, to Emily L. Blodgett, 4-6 Pembroke East.

The managers of the College Grocery Shop realize that many regretable mistakes have occurred this month, owing to the fact that the number of those who are kind enough to help us, is so large that it is impossible for them all to learn immediately the intricate details of running a department store. We hope, however, that our patrons in turn, will realize that we are learning rapidly by experience, and are always more than willing not only to explain but to rectify our mistakes; and we further hope that all the students will stand by us for the sake of the cause in which we are all so interested.

COLLEGE NOTES

On Monday, the fourteenth of November, the Sophomore Class gave the Freshmen their lanterns.

On Wednesday evening, November sixteenth, the Reverend Charles Wood, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, addressed the Fortnightly Meeting.

On Monday evening, November twenty-first the hockey twenty-two of the Class of 1907, gave an entertainment to the hockey twenty-two of

1905.

On Monday, November twenty-first, Charles Wagner, the author of the "Simple Life," and his friend, Pastor Koenig, accompanied by Joseph Elkington, visited the college. Charles Wagner and Pastor Koenig made short addresses in French to the students in the chapel.

Thanksgiving vacation began at one o'clock on Wednesday, November twenty-third, and ended at nine o'clock on Monday, the twenty-eighth

of November.

On Friday evening, December second, the Law Club held a debate, open to all members of the club. The subject was: "Resolved, That it is for the best interests of the United States that women should have the same rights of suffrage as men."

On Saturday evening, December third, the Freshmen gave a costume dance to the Sophomores.

On Saturday, December tenth, was held the second Senior oral in French.

On Friday evening, December sixteenth, Dr. Shilly, of Cornell University, addressed the Philosophical Club.

At a mass meeting held on Tuesday, November fifteenth, it was decided that a May Day fête shall be held next spring, for the benefit of the Students' Building. Mrs. Andrews wil again undertake the management of it. Representatives have been chosen from each class to work on a central committee. They are Frederica Le Fevre, '05; Anna MacClanahan, '06; Eunice Schenck, '07; Margaret Lewis, '08. Mr. King has most generously offered to train the players.

The Students' Building Committee have rented Llanberis Hall, where alumnæ and the parents and friends of the students may procure lodging and meals. It is to be called the Bryn Mawr College Inn.

The building of the Library is progressing rapidly. The roofing is already nearly completed, and the stone traceries are being put into the windows.

Dr. Clark has secured the loan for the winter of a reproduction of The Ghent Altar piece, by Jan and Hubert Van Eyck, from the Berlin Photographic Company. They have only recently been able to reproduce the entire group of pictures. The picture is hung in Merion Hall. Prints of the picture may be procured at the Book Shop.

The following students are registered for the prize competition in Major English Critics: Misses Theodora Bates, Bennett, Coffin, Coyle, Hartman, Henry, Hewitt, K. L. Howell, Lowengrund, Lynde, Mason, Alice Meigs, Sandison, H. W. Smith and Stapler.

1908 LANTERN SONG

Tune: Il Solo Mio.

In cap and gown
We meet to-night,
Here, with our lanterns
So blue and bright.

Oh, may they guide us Throughout our life, Oh, here's to Bryn Mawr In joy and strife.

3,1

Oh, wisdom's torches,
To us now given,
Help us to follow
Wise nineteen seven.
Receive our thanks,
Loyal and true,
Which now rejoicing,
We offer you.

Oh, happy days
Spent in Bryn Mawr,
We'll think of you
When we are far.
Emblem of wisdom,
We'll turn to you,
And think of Bryn Mawr
And our light blue.

TATHLETIC NOTES

The results of the match hockey games are as follows:

1905, 3; 1907, 1.

1905, 3; 1907, 1.

1906, 6; 1908, 3.

1906, 5; 1908, 0.

1905, 4; 1906, 0.

1905, 1; 1906, 1.

1905, 3; 1906, 1.

The TIPYN o' Bob wishes to congratulate the Senior Class on winning the hockey championship for the third time.

On Saturday, November nineteenth, Bryn Mawr played a game of hockey with Merion Cricket Club. Score: Merion, 2; Bryn Mawr, 1.

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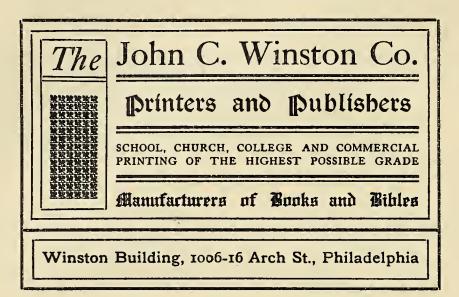
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January, 1905

Tipyn o' Bob

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THE GHENT ALTAR-PIECE

"The painter Hubert van Eyck, than whom no greater can be found, began this task, which Jan, inferior to him in art, gladly completed, at the prayer of Jodocus Vijd. By this verse, the 6th of May, 1432, invites you to behold the completed work."

So runs the old inscription discovered from under a coat of paint of the altar-piece in the Cathedral of St. Baron. It contains almost the sum of our authentic knowledge of these two brothers, who are called the fathers of Flemish art. Jan, I think, must surely have been the author of this inscription. What little fragments of their history have come down to us, show Jan to have been of a peculiarly winning disposition, devoted to his more austere and absorbed elder brother. "Als ich kann" was the motto with which he signed his portraits, and he may well have repeated it when he took up the great work which his brother's death in 1426 left unfinished. He was then in the service of his faithful patron, the Duke of Burgundy, and many interruptions to perform secret embassies for his lord,—one notable one carrying him as far as Portugal

to sue for the hand of Isabella,—postponed the completion of the work for six years. When at last the chapel containing the altar-piece was consecrated, the crowds, an old writer tells us, "flocked like bees to a basket of figs and raisins."

The amplitude of the conception at once impresses us, and we feel reverence for the mind that formed it. The outside panels are in a measure introductory, like a wonderful title-page, where the Sibyls and Prophets at the top are the illuminated capitals; the Annunciation is the vignette, and the statues of the two St. Johns and the kneeling figures at the sides inform us of the patrons of the church and the donors of the altar-piece. Only on holy days were the wings swung open to reveal the great work within, and then all gleamed forth brilliant with gold and colour and jewels. The design for the interior is divided horizontally in two series of panels: one of heaven, the other of earth. In each series there is the artificial symmetry necessary in a work of this sort, where panel balances panel, and where any deviation from this rule would seem irreverence. In each, in spite of the numerous figures, there is no sense of distraction, for all lines converge to the two centres of interest, God and the Lamb.

In the middle of the upper series sits God the Father, represented in all the splendour of majesty. The papal crown on His head, the imperial crown at His feet, are the attributes of His two vicegerents upon earth. The crystal sceptre, the jewelled robe, add to the magnificence. I cannot but admire the face; the traditional Christ face that has come down to us from the Catacombs. It is unlike the heads of John or Adam, or the popes and ecclesiasts of the rest of the altar-piece. These all have a distinct individuality, and were doubtless drawn from studies the painter made of people about him. But this face is treated with a reserve which forbade anything of qualification or restriction. We have a face of most perfect abstract beauty and benignity, and yet one that we realize is meant only for a symbol of that which cannot be depicted. At His right side sits the Virgin Mary, and at His left John the Baptist. Mary bows over the Scriptures with humility; John looks up with fire to spread the Word. Both figures are executed with strength and tenderness. either side, extending into the wings, are choirs of beautiful Flemish angels. Very substantial angels, perhaps, they seem to us moderns, with round cheeks, protected from a Low Country winter of damp and cold by no diaphanous draperies, but by robes of rich and heavy brocade.

last panels represent Adam and Eve, the first parents of all the race of men, who in the lower series gather from the four quarters of the globe

seeking redemption through the Lamb.

The lower panels, illustrative of the Apocalypse, belong to the same scene, and have a continuous background of landscape. "In the centre on a raised altar is the Lamb, whose life-blood gushes into a chalice. Angels surround the altar swinging censers and bearing the instruments of the Passion." It is probable that the artists worked in collaboration with the theologians of the age, and that much comes from earlier sources. At all events the subject of the Adoration of the Lamb is inherited from artists of a series of miniature and tapestry designs, but executed on a scale hardly dreamed of by those humbler workers. Toward the foreground is the Fountain of Life. On one side kneel the apostles, behind them are the dignitaries of the church, and further to the right come a band of hermit saints, led by Paul and Antony. St. Christopher's broad shoulders tower among them, and further in the distance we see the heads of Mary Magdalene and Mary of Egypt. The prophets, wearing curious fifteenth century head-dresses, kneel at the left of the Fountain, followed by a multitude of characters drawn partly from the Old Testament and partly from ancient history. They are succeeded in the wing by a beautiful cavalcade of princes, kings and just judges. The three crowned knights bearing fluttering silken banners, and mounted on proudlystepping horses, are reputed to be St. George, St. Maurice and St. Gereon. The last panels are supposed to contain portraits of the two artists. Hubert rides foremost, somewhat older and graver; Jan turns to look over his shoulder and wears the black gown and red beads of mourning. The omnipotence of the Father, the promise and fulfillment symbolized by the Old and New Testaments in the hands of John and Mary, the first man and woman, and the redemption of mankind through the sacrifice of Christ; surely this is as vast a theme as any artist ever attempted, an epitome of the whole Christian creed.

But with all this largeness and breadth of conception there is no hastiness in the delicate, patient execution. I have seen Flemish books of this period, books with miniature illuminations as clear and brilliant and precious as jewels, and it seems, indeed, as if the same spirit of illumination were here carried out on a huge scale. The care with which each detail is drawn, grass blades, veins of the hand and faces, is evidence. Or notice in the background of the Annunciation scene the accurate

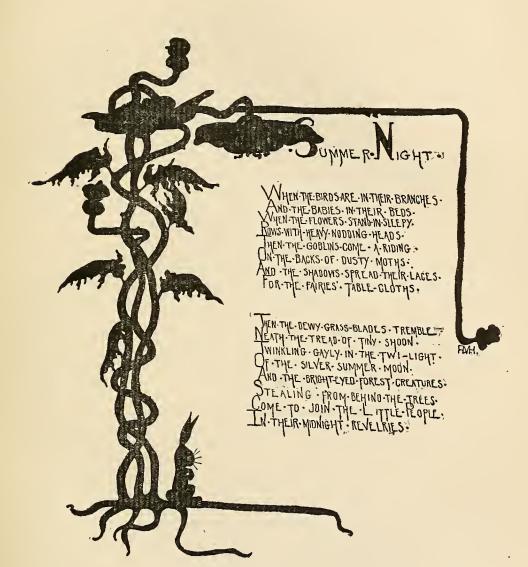
representation of a mediæval washstand, with a towel rack behind it (surely, I think, the work of Jan's brush). The feeling of the illuminators shows itself also in the love of brilliancy, the profusion of gold and jewel work, and even in the glint of hair.

We see in all this finish a love of what is beautiful. No details are too wearisome if they lead to the elaboration of beauty. Take, for example, the pattern in St. Cecelia's gown or in the gilt background behind the three central figures. Notice also the borders of gems, the lilies, roses and harebells of the Virgin's crown, the transparent crystal sceptre, and the carved mediæval music rack, with its goblins and archangels. The panels of the Princes and Judges are full of sensuous beauty. The silken white horses, the ermine robes, the banners and trappings—all charm us.

The same love of beauty is shown in the almost lyrical treatment of the landscape. In the foreground little flowerets are growing out of the rocks—rocks which, I confess, Ruskin might condemn for appearing neither slate nor granite. Beyond, poplars, orange-trees and palms appear, reminiscences, doubtless, of Jan's travels in Portugal. In the distance rise mediæval turrets and spires, surrounded by dream cities as clear and delicate as a mirage.

We look and we feel that here is mastery and conquest. We feel that the artist had inherited a grand ideal, that he kept it constantly before him, and worked unflaggingly, with inspiration, with patience, with affection and reverence. We find him conceiving of a high idea of Divinity, and then working it out with all the visible tribute he can offer, and yet withal with a certain dignity and repose. No movement is strained, no action is unfelt or theatrical. Perfect sincerity and earnestness working with infinite elaboration and love of beauty is the impression left on our minds by a faithful study of the Ghent altar-piece.

GLADYS WINTHROP CHANDLER, '06.



WINTER

When winter holds the country fast And buries road and field in snow, When time of flowers and birds is past And icy breezes blow; When on the frozen river brink The trees, no longer green and fair, Cast ghostly shadows black as ink Onto the crystal mirror there, Jack Frost and all his little elves, With fairy laugh and piping tune, All busily bestir themselves Under the quiet moon. They've left behind their paint-box gay They used to colour summer flowers; The golden dust they've packed away They blew through golden summer hours. The little baby bugs and bees, All warmly wrapped in thistledown, They've laid away in hollow trees And hid with oak leaves brown. Now out they troop, a merry band, Their garments glittering sparkling white; They scatter over all the land Under the silver light. And first with fairy dusting cloths They scrub the river frozen fast (For silver polish filched from moths Will make a shine to last). From off the twigs and branches brown Of summer garb bereft, They hang long points of crystal down, Fashioned with fairy fingers deft. And through the frosty midnight hours, With melted moonbeam-paint they trace Glittering ghosts of tropic flowers— Patterns of fairy lace.

ELEANOR MASON, '05.

A TALE OF A KING WHO WOULD HAVE HIS TURNIPS

There was once a king who was passionately fond of turnips. As he was the only son of deceased parents of respected memory, he had been right royally spoiled, and, while still a prince, had been allowed to develop this strange predilection for turnips. The queen-mother, who grieved to see her boy forming so strong a habit, once tried to remonstrate with him. "S' death, ma!" cried the youthful scion, "run away and don't bother me. I'll have my turnips!"

Then, of a sudden one day, the good king and queen had died. In the same instant the streets were filled with cries and huzzas of "Long live the king!" though off in one corner, a group of socialists stood, who wagged their heads and chanted:

"Turnips and kings
Are pernicious things;
Down with turnips, and turnips, and turnips!"

No one listened to them, so they might have spared themselves their pains. Now while all this commotion was going on in the streets, a council of the forty gravest nobles in the realm were waiting 'pon His Royal Highness.

"Sire," their audience ran, "inasmuch as in this country it is deemed unfitting kingly deportment and disregarding royal precedent 'to turnip,' we suggest, by your leave, that your majesty endeavor to forsake such boyish pranks, and take to reading rhymes, or playing chess, or practising on the harpsichord!"

"S' death, curs!" cried the king and waxed wroth, "run away and don't bother me. I'll have my turnips." And straightway the head gardener was ordered to set out sixty-three new beds of the vegetable.

The king soon found that if, in supervising the planting, growth, digging and cooking of his favorite turnip, he spent all the time that he wanted and really needed, he had none left for writing in his diary. A wife would prove a great convenience, and he determined to marry. She would help him remember what he had done during the day, so that he could write out his diary without having to stop and think; she would also manage the affairs of the realm which were by way of getting into a sad tangle. For six months he advertised in the two leading newspapers, "Wanted, immediately; a queen for the king. She must appreciate tur-

nips." This stipulation was added, because the king declared that he simply must have congenial persons about him on account of his nerves.

A great many fine ladies applied without delay at the palace gates for the position. Each one swore that she simply doted on turnips, had been brought up on them, in fact, from the cradle. These ladies were all of them beautiful princesses with yellow curls; and at first the king was for taking any one, until he found that this one couldn't speak Dutch, that one had a mother who was fractious and old, and that one had lost a front tooth in a basketball contest. So in the end they were all sent away; but the king shook his head mournfully as he watched the long, disappointed line, and thought how very fond of turnips each one of them was. He was peevish for a week afterwards and wouldn't sleep at night.

One day while the king was playing battledore and shuttlecock on the front porch with one of the parlour maids, he noticed what black eyes she had. He proceeded to fall, for the first time in his life, head over heels in love. As they rested afterwards, and sipped at cool nectar through straws, the maid suddenly coughed, "Ugh, what's that horrible smell? I do believe it's turnips cooking. I can't abide turnips." Now the king had been on the point of proposing to the parlour maid, and at this remark he felt a distinct shock. In the excitement of the moment he had quite forgotten his turnips. He looked and saw again how black the eyes were, and it was all up with him. Half an hour later, when the king had told the queen-to-be about her black eyes, and when the queen-to-be had told the king about his athletic shoulders, he discovered that she was a noble lady of the realm, who had taken the disguise of parlour maid in order to investigate the servant problem and that made all matters equal.

On the day of the wedding the king gave orders that the turnip beds should be planted with rosebushes. He did this with no pang of regret. He also kept his own diary. He even, in time, managed the affairs of the realm.

EMILY L. BLODGETT, '05.

THE CALL OF THE WIND

I lay upon the fragrant ground and gazed into the everlasting blue; my breath mingled with the vastness, and from the vastness I drew my

breath again. And the Spirit of the Wind came to me and stirred the grasses at my feet, whereupon I sprang up and unbinding my hair to the wind, cried, "I come!" In tones like clear sunlight there burst from my heart a song I had learned from the rosy-lipped Dawn, and my feet beat rhythm upon the earth, pulsing with the throbs of spring, as I followed the call of the Wind:

Away, away, through the forest glades. Where the columbine nods on its slender stem, And the fern unfurls its tender green. Come, oh come! I know a mere in the heart of the wood Where the deer come down to drink at noon, And the lily-pods gleam in the rays of the sun; I rock the white lilies on rippling waves And murmur a lullaby low through the reeds, Come, oh come! Come up to the hills in the gray of the dawn; The Maids of the Mist are dancing below Their rhythmic dance on the dew-drenched downs. Swinging and swaying, and melting away, Twisting and turning they wreathe in and out, In the lap of the lowlands, lithesome and light. Then come to the hills with me, come! I call o'er the oceans, I call from the moors: I call through the forests that slope down the hills, I call to the leaves and take them away To a far-off country of crimson and gold. I call to the heart of the Child of the Earth. And the heart that hearkens shall never grow old. Oh come! come away with me, come!

Frances J. Hubbard, '05.

NICHOLAS OWEN

I.

Outside the window the yellow fog surged backward and forward between the two sky-scraping rows of office buildings. Now and then a shrill whistle from the river, or a hoarse cry down on the street below, broke the continuous rumble of the city. Within the bare, high-ceilinged room the electricity, mingled with the gloomy daylight, gave a dull trying glare. Two men, seated on opposite sides of a heavy square table, covered with neat piles of documents, were talking earnestly. One of them, a broad-browed, keen-eyed man of thirty-five, leaned forward, resting his tightly-closed hand on the broad arm of his chair.

"John," he said, "I insist upon your answering me directly."

The other hesitated, pulling his cigarette-case from his pocket with a quick, irritable motion. He stared hard at it as he snapped out:

"Don't be a fool, Nicholas."

Nicholas Owen's eyes brightened, but he went on quite calmly:

"I'm not prying into your motives; I'm simply asking you for the explanation of a matter which affects me personally—I have a right to know."

"You can't believe everything you hear."

Nicholas rose, pushing back his chair, and sat on the corner of the table, folding his arms and looking down at his companion a little

sternly.

"John, you're not playing me fair," he said. "What I heard was very direct. In going over our accounts at the city bank after my return from the country this morning, I found several large entries which I was absolutely unable to trace. When I questioned Dobson, he looked at me as if I were insane and said he'd supposed I knew all about it.' And that was all he would say, except that 'the retailers could get out of the consumers double what we got out of them.' Now, will you please explain?"

"Yes, my dear Nicholas." John Cunningham dropped his cigarettecase on the table and stood up, resting his hands in the pockets of his coat. "The material which our company sells is one-fifth adulterated; it is to this we owe our success."

For a long minute neither spoke or moved. A clanging fire bell sounded far off—the noise came nearer and nearer—then somewhere blocks away again ceased.

"Have you known this all along?" asked Nicholas Owen.

"Yes, of course."

Again there was a pause. Then Cunningham said in a tone suggestive of smoothing things over:

"You see, my dear fellow, no one loses by it—we gain; that's all." "Exactly," said Nicholas—"we gain."

"You can have no scruples."

Nicholas rose, facing the other.

"John," he said, quietly, "please remember that you first mentioned scruples—not I. I'm not judging you—how I'd act in your place, I don't know. I, for my part, don't care to have anything more to do with this business."

"Nicholas, we're making thousands of dollars; and you're not a rich man."

"I have enough to live on"—Nicholas' voice was colder—"and no one to think of but myself. It isn't necessary for me to—cheat. If it were, I hope I should have the decency not to—I don't know." He stopped and put his hand on Cunningham's shoulder:

"There, John; that's the way I feel about it," he said.

But Cunningham turned away, shaking his head.

"This is a practical business world, where it's I or some other man," he said, "and why not I?"

Nicholas picked up his ulster from the chair beside him and slipped his arms into it, jerking his shoulders to make it fit comfortably:

"Are you coming up to Lilian's for tea with me?" he asked.

"No, Nicholas, you see my position?" said Cunningham.

"Perfectly. Good-bye--I'm sorry you're not coming to Lilian's."

The door slammed behind Nicholas, who walked down the corridor to the elevator door, where he stood, his stick under his arm, pulling on his gloves, while he waited for the boy to answer his ring.

II.

Lilian Allen clattered her cup back to her saucer:

"You're going away, Nicholas?" she asked, "you're going away? Why you've only just come back from being away five months."

"Yes, I know." Nicholas Owen leaned forward, resting his arms on his knees and looking into the fire. "I'm tired of the city—I think I'll go out to the country for good."

Lilian put her cup on the table beside her, and rested her hands limply on the arms of her chair.

"What about this financeering scheme of yours that has been so successful?" she asked.

"O—that. I've given that up," said Nicholas.

"Nicholas, you and John haven't had any falling out?"

"No, no," said Nicholas, hastily.

"Then why—?"

"We differed on essentials," said Nicholas.

Lilian looked at him thoughtfully for a moment; then she asked:

"When are you going away, Nicholas; and where?"

"I have delightfully vague plans of settling in some quaint old country town. On a fishing trip up through the 'Arcadia country' once, I came across a little place where I'd like to go back sometime and spend the rest of my life."

Lilian was silent, and he went on:

"I should like to get out into the woods—the way people you always read about do—and build my own house from the trees I cut down myself, and be dependent for what I had to eat on the garden I could raise and the fish I could catch and the game I could shoot. Why, it sounds like a fairy-tale"—he smiled at her—"the fairy-tale of my life. And why shouldn't it come true?"

Still she did not say anything. Then Nicholas asked:

"Lilian, couldn't one be happy in a life like that?"

"Yes, if one had been used to nothing else. It sounds beautiful," she answered, "and one would be satisfied for a long while—but not always."

"You mean that this is a practical business world, where it's I or

some other man?" asked Nicholas, smiling.

"I mean that it's a stirring world of making one's own way. A man must go on."

Nicholas leaned back in his chair; then he rose and held out his hand: "Not I," he said. "Good-bye, Lilian; I shall see you again before I go? May I come Sunday?"

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

SCHERIA

You have never heard of forgotten Scheria? It is deserted now, of course, although I believe King Alcinous once held his court there. While I was cruising the Mediterranean this summer I came upon it by

SCHERIA

chance. I landed on one side of the island, and putting a volume of Homer in my pocket started off with my dog for a ramble. The sky lay wonderfully blue above us, and the soft ruffling of the breeze and the lapping of the sea were like an incantation, as I wandered along over the hard, white sand, following footsteps that led me mysteriously on. There was a fascination in these footsteps, suddenly appearing from nowhere and winding in and out among the rocks of this deserted shore. They might have lain here for centuries, as the sea receded since the last man had walked here.

Presently I came upon some huge, moss-covered boulders. Climbing up, I peered down into a little cove, and suddenly held my breath in astonishment.

Seated on the top of a velvety rock sat a sad, little figure of a maiden lost in thought. Her slender chin rested on one flowerlike hand, and her brown eyes gazed pensively out upon the sea. Her wet silken gown clung to her in opalescent folds, caught in places with clasps of coral and sea-weed. Here and there her brown hair escaped from a net of sea pearls, and on her pink arms and cheeks there still lingered flakes of creamy foam. I drew nearer, but she did not move.

"Good-morning," I said, removing my straw hat and tossing my

cigar into the sea. "This is a pleasant day for bathing."

She looked up slightly alarmed, but did not move as I seated myself near her.

"I have been following some mysterious footsteps out of curiosity. Can you tell me about them?"

"Yes," she replied, and her voice floated to me soft and elusive as thistledown. "I am glad to see someone again. They are the footsteps of Ulysses, the last to visit here. I have been so lonely and waited so long."

"Ulysses! has no one been here since?"

"No one."

"But who are you, anyway?" I ventured.

"I am Nausicaä, daughter of Alcinous and grand-daughter of Poseidon. It has seemed many years since I and my maidens awoke him, asleep in his thicket, and conducted him modestly to the city. But he did not tarry long among us, but departed over the wine-coloured sea to other lands and islands. You are very different; are you a barbarian?"

"Well-eh-yes," I coughed.

"And do your people know of Ulysses? does he come among you?" she asked.

"No, only in our youth do we meet him in his journeying and know him. But as we grow older, he passes away and becomes only a myth."

"But I," she said, "I remember him. I am waiting for him yet.

His island is just as it was when he visited us."

A sound behind us startled us both. I jumped up, and as I turned around I saw Nausicaä slip quietly down the mossy rock and disappear in the deep water with a drowsy splash.

The noise came only from my dog scrambling up the rocks. He had just overtaken me. I lighted another cigar and smoked it through in the hope that Nausicaä would return; and then after an hour or so spent in the enjoyment of wind and wave and clear Greek sky, I whistled to my dog and started to retrace the ancient footsteps, still dreaming of Ulysses.

GLADYS CHANDLER, '06.

A DREAM SONG

Hush, thou little Eye of Night, Hear you not the footfall light? 'Tis the lovely maid of Dreams: All about her starlight gleams. Do you feel the gentle sweep Of her silent, unseen wings? (Little owlet, go to sleep!) See she stands beside your bed; Ruddy poppies wreathe her head, And in every blossom lies One great shining drop of dew. If you close your roving eyes, Every drop's a dream for you. Ah! he nods while mother sings, Now the dreams are coming true-Would that I might dream them, too!

Louise Foley, '08.

THE HAUNTED SLIPPERS

(Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer)

Tintagel Manor, Cornwall, November 17, 1870.

Solitude at last, with the streets of London far behind me! Outside the waves are beating on the cliffs and the wind is trampling over the dead leaves in the park, while I hear the rooks coming to roost in the old rookery below my window. But these sounds fill my soul with peace; they tell me I am far from the mad rush of men. Even the squire and his family have gone away, leaving me sole master of this strange old manor-house and its score of dusty relics. My time is at my own disposal, and here, at least, I am spared the reproach of living the life of an idle good-for-nothing. I may play my violin and read the books I love in peace, unoppressed by the harassing feeling that there is anything else for me to do in this hurrying world. My pipe will furnish all the company I need, and to-morrow it might be interesting to look over this old place. They say a queen or so has slept here in the North Tower. In fact it was all I could do to stem the housekeeper's garrulous chatter of ancient ghosts and scandals.

November 18th.

It rained all day. I thoroughly explored the old house, and rummaged through its store of time-honoured relics. I was alone, and yet the empty halls were peopled by my imagination with the men and women of a bygone age, companions far more to my taste than any I could have summoned here. Among the swords and cloaks and other trappings I found a pair of the smallest, daintiest slippers I have ever seen. No modern woman, I think, could wear them. Exquisite in shape and outline, they are made of satin, worn yellow with age, whose dim lustre yet suggests I know not what long-vanished revels of the past, splendid with the grace and stateliness of princely courts. They appeal to me strangely—these little slippers. I have them here on my desk now.

November 22d.

Something utterly inexplicable has happened. Yet perhaps if I write it down in black and white I can make something out of it. At times I think it must be a dream, and again I am peculiarly convinced

that it is not. At any rate, I will put down exactly what occurred. I was sitting by the fire late last night, when it had burned low and was about to crumble into embers. The lamp had gone out long ago, and even then I must have been half asleep, for as I played softly on my violin the shadows seemed to steal from the corners of the gloomy old room and dance about in the half light. Then the strange thing happened. A gleam of white in the farthest corner caught my eye, and while I gazed idly at it, it seemed to move toward me into the light. Astonished, yet fascinated, half-unconsciously I kept on playing (it was a gueer old-fashioned melody, I remember) until-yes, it seems absurd to write it—I saw the little satin slippers were dancing before me. Slowly and rhythmically they glided over the bare, dusty floor, flitting over it lightly, but never once touching it. Now shimmering a moment in the flickering fire-light, now retreating into the shifting shadows. My violin fell on the stove-hearth with a clatter, as I sprang forward groping halfdazed into the darkness. But the motion and music that had filled the room ceased together. There on a pile of old manuscripts in the farthest corner stood the slippers. With a laugh at my own folly I picked up my violin. Of course I knew I was dreaming, but not quite convinced I began to play the same quaint air again, watching the mysterious corner the while. No, I had not been mistaken. Once more the gleam of white drifted from the shadows, and again took the form of a pair of little slippers dancing noiselessly before me. There was no sound but the ebb and flow of the music through the room, for my bow seemed to move as if enchanted without a pause, until the harsh snap of broken string dispelled the glamour. In an instant the slippers were again in the corner, motionless. The fire sprang up brightly, driving back the shadows; I seemed to be brought abruptly back to the world of reality. But whether the vision of last night was a dream or an hallucination I have yet to discover.

December 1st.

I am not sure whether it is true or not, but the slippers dance for me every night when I play my violin. I have ceased to question and wonder, for I seem to have lost my grasp on reality, and to have yielded myself to a strange world of dreams and dream-images. Every night I see her more clearly—the lady of the slippers. Whether she be a phantom or spirit of another world I care not. For me she exists. She smiles on

me from the changing shadows, and I would play forever for her if she would only stay. Sometimes I see into her dark eyes, whose colour always evades me, as she flashes by me in the fire-light, or again I catch a glimpse of white hands rising and falling in the shadows. Sometimes I hear the faintest possible rustle of a silken gown, and yet all the time I know there is no sound in the dim, lofty room but the rhythmic murmur of my violin. I have lost all count of days, and only live for that mysterious hour in the evening when she dances to the strains of my music.

December 10th.

A letter from the outside world has reached me here. It has brought me back to reality, to dull, actual existence, and put a hundred years between me and the Lady of the Slippers. I must go away to-morrow, but I am coming back soon, my lady!

February 12th, London.

This is a gloomy night, fit for weird fancies. Outside a dull white fog drifts in the street, somehow suggestive of that mysterious other world one is made aware of in rare moments. After two months of irksome wandering I am back in London again, nearer to the lady of my dreams. Perhaps I shall be able to go down to Tintagel. Will my strange vision be repeated, will she still be there? It is the question I ask myself restlessly, ceaselessly, every day of my life. The solitude that I used to prize is hateful to me unless I can still see her face in my dreams. I shall never see it in reality, though I scan the countenance of every woman I pass, half hoping, half fearing to see her face.

February 16th, London.

It must be almost morning, for a gray light is coming through the window that makes the yellow flame of my lamp seem bleared and tawdry. I have been here for hours, but time is of no account.

She is no longer mine—the lady of my dreams. She is real, she has spoken with me, but her very reality has lost her to me. Last night she was solely mine, the phantom of my imagination. To-night she lives and moves in the actual world, and all my claim upon her has vanished. It was at Lady Suffolk's ball, and all the world was there. As I stood on the outskirts of the gay, care-free crowd I wondered why I had come. Idly I watched the play of whirling feet over the glistening floor, and as

I watched I became conscious of a strange familiar happiness that stole into my heart. Then somehow my attention was attracted by a particular pair of slippers that passed me again and again, and I followed them eagerly with my eyes, perhaps because they were so extraordinarily small. Gradually I lost sight of the other dancing feet and gazed at these ever more intently, for they were made of satin, worn and yellow, and gleamed with a strange dim lustre. Almost beside myself as I recognized their well-known motion, rhythmic and exquisite, I glanced up at the dancer in fearful, expectant hope. Yes! it was the face that brightened up the gloom of Tuitagel, that wonderful face—haughty with its strange, cold beauty, yet tenderly gracious, dreamy and mystical. I started forward, but the music ceased abruptly, and a throng of weary dancers crowded past me. The vision had disappeared completely. With a feverish madness I hurried from room to room, searching everywhere, while the dreadful fear that I had lost her clutched at my heart. After what seemed like hours of futile search, I found myself in the deserted hallway. The faintest possible rustle of silk behind me made me turn. She was there and she spoke: "You will help me," she said, softly, and a wonderful smile lit up those luminous eyes whose colour had always evaded me. Now they looked straight at me, deep into my very soul, and I saw that they were as blue as morning stars. They held me fascinated, while her soft voice went on. "The man I love is waiting for me." (How those words burned into my heart!) "And if you will do what I ask my way will be clear." As she spoke she flung her long cloak over me, completely concealing me. "My father will never recognize you," she whispered, with a little frightened laugh. Shall I ever forget her touch on my arm as she drew the hood over my head and led me toward the door. A footstep sounded on the stairway. "Good-bye," she murmured, "and thank you." I scarcely remember her father when he came out into the dark vestibule. Silently he helped me into the carriage, and then saying something about the club he strode on down the street. But I was looking back beyond the door. Down the long dusky corridor I saw two figures vanishing into the darkness side by side. Did she look back for one moment? I felt that she did, though I could no longer see her. It is of little moment how I reluctantly slipped the clinging cloak from my shoulders, and quietly left the carriage as it stopped for a moment in a crowded street.

DREAMS

I have seen her and I have lost her forever. It is broad daylight now and I shiver in the sunlight. One desire alone is left me—to be once more at Tintagel. Will the slippers be there? Will they dance for me? This is the question that tortures my soul.

Tintagel, February 18th.

While I still remember distinctly the strange ending to my vision, I must write that it is over forever now. I can hear the waves on the cliffs and the rooks in the rookery. Nothing is changed. Even the same shadows are drifting about the barren room, and the red embers of the fire shed the same fitful glare on the bare floor. But the slippers have gone! I have been sitting here for hours, yet it seems as if they had just left me.

MARGARET WHITALL, '05. THEODORA BATES, '05.

19

DREAMS

Stars in the shadowy reaches of slumber,
Gleams of a splendour concealed from our sight,
Visions of Day without name, without number,
Thrilling the infinite darkness of Night;
Fragments of Fancy that evermore linger,
Lost for a time in the depths of the soul,
Under the warm touch of Memory's finger
Woven, perchance, to a wonderful whole;
Fleeting and frail as the mists of the morning
Are the dreams of the night-time, as formless, as vain,
Filling the soul without knowledge or warning,
Then melting away—an intangible train;
Visions that fleeting, leave naught of their thronging
But exquisite yearning, ineffable longing.

Theodora H. Bates, '05.

"DULCI FISTULA"

THE INTERNAL WORKINGS OF A SONNET

AUTOMOGRAPH OF MR. AND MRS. S. TARQUINIUS PRISCUS

(With Apologies to Livy, Book I, Chapter XXXIV, § 8.)

After they had packed their trunks they took the train to Rome, and as it happened stopped over at the Janiculum. There, while he was sitting in the automobile with his wife, an eagle gently flying down, suspended on her wings, takes off his cap, and flying around the machine with a great noise, as if she had been sent from heaven for this mission, she replaced it neatly on his head and then flew away into the sky.

Critics agree that the title automograph is derived from the root "auto."

Janiculum.—A garage where they may have left their automobile to be charged, while they went off for luncheon—a clear case of etiology.

Cap.—It is supposed that the ancients practiced some sort of salute with their caps, and in this

case Tarquinius may have neglected to greet some passer-by.

Noise.—It is not certain whether this noise came from the eagle or from the machine itself.

Neatly.—Note the exactness of expression here. These caps, we learn from contemporary sources, were difficult to adjust on account of the goggles attached.

Carrying these thoughts and hopes with them, they made the run to the city. There they bought an attractive apartment, and gave out their names as Mr. and Mrs. S. Tarquinius Priscus. Their riches made them conspicuous among the Romans and excited much comment. They worked their way into society by winning over every last person possible through smooth speeches, lavish entertaining and well-advertised charity, until even the king heard of him. Through generous and artful todying he was in a short time introduced to the king. Finally he became a friend of the king, and had a say in both foreign and domestic affairs. At last, after he knew the ropes, he was by the express wish of the king, made guardian to the royal children.

Advertised Charities.—Possibly a somewhat vague reference to libraries and gifts for special cases of heroism. (See Bradstreet.)

Comment.—This may refer to an ancient chronicle.—Town Topics.

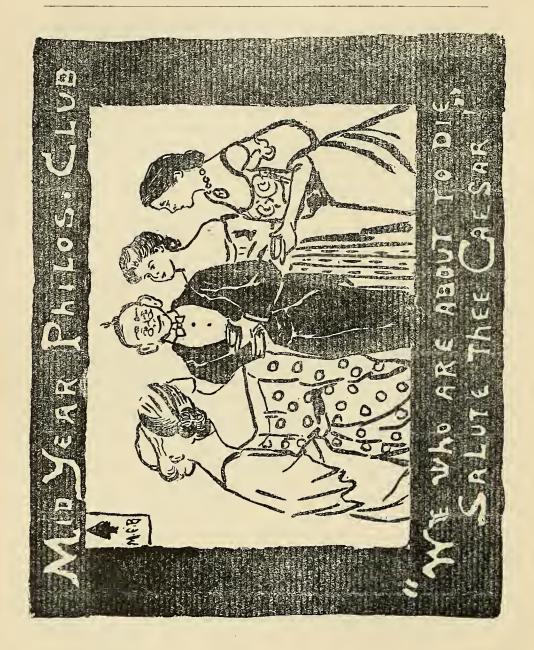
HELEN DAVENPORT BROWN, '06.

All night I've burned the costly standard oil, Yet what availeth all this arduous toil? What's in my purse? A card, a bill—and look! One stamp! 'Twill scarcely send this weighty book. Full many an ounce my shortest story weighs; Writing, I fear, is not a trade that pays. I'll have no more of such expensive pleasures, But try my hand at concentrated measures. I'll write in poetry to suit my purse, And, good or bad, my paper will be terse; Make up in metre what it lacks in sense, It's raison d'être—'twill travel for two cents.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

There was a young girl at Bryn Mawr
Who thought that her home was too far;
So she went to the dean
And presented a scheme,
For changing the site of Bryn Mawr.

MARY PICTON STEVENS. '08.





A Chemist's Nightmare about the Middle of the Year.

EDITORIAL

There is a time to laugh and there is a time to weep; there is a time to rejoice over the idiosyncrasies of one's friends and there is a time to lament them, though the former occasion comes around on the whole more often than the latter. And in nothing else may one be better pleased with the difference between people, than in the matter of taste and method in study. For when one comes along the road of learning to those self-same desert regions it seems—which have kept it forever unroyal—there are memories of real predilection for these very portions of the road that come to one like mirages of an oasis. One's mind becomes lightened by curiosity, if not by desire of emulation. And one may even come to look forward to liking oneself some day, what someone else has liked before.

There are those, one finds, who go untroubled through learning the illogical rudiments of a modern tongue; for "I think all the time of the people who live their daily life in the language. I am eager to find out the common household sentences; I haven't any pleasure in learning classical languages, because they are really dead, there is no life in them." Yet there have been at last two old ladies—of seminary education—who have found their pastime in using a foreign language as the merest mechanical contrivance. With "small Latin," but more Scripture, they have read their Bible through in Latin, somewhat as a puzzle, with great pleasure from the mere effort and achievement of passing from one language to another. And a man of eighty—who had been in his time sailor, preacher, soldier and judge—set himself to studying Greek, not because he meant to read much of the literature, but "mostly for the sake of studying something."

To some of us, everyone of these students may seem to have preferred the way of thistles to the way of roses. Yet is not the recollection of their strangely chosen course a little cheering to us when, on our progress farther, we must pass reluctantly through those very ways, perhaps? For it may be that even there we are acquiring unthought-of power of pleasure, which will appear in future years, when we shall have developed greater idiosyncrasy of enjoyment.

THE SELF-GOVERNMENT CONFERENCE AT WELLESLEY

Owing to an idea originated and most effectively carried out by Miss Poynter, the President of the Wellesley Student Government Association, a conference was held at Wellesley, December 3d to 5th, at which were present the President and one other representative from the Self-Government Association of ten of the women's colleges of the East. Simmons, the Woman's College of Baltimore, Barnard, Wilson, the Woman's College of Brown University, Cornell, Wells, Mt. Holyoke, Vassar and Bryn Mawr sent representatives to this conference.

Miss Armstrong and I left Bryn Mawr on Friday evening, arriving at Boston the following morning, where we were entertained by Susan Clarke, 'OI. For a few hours we "did" Boston, paying a hasty visit to Simmons College, glancing into the public library and then dashing out to Radcliffe. There we had the pleasure of meeting Miss Irwin, who showed us over a portion of the buildings. But all this had to be done very rapidly, as we were due at Wellesley that morning. We arrived there in time for luncheon, and after lunch came the big meeting of the conference, at which were present a large majority of the Wellesley Association, some members of the Wellesley faculty and the representatives from the other colleges.

At this meeting the various presidents gave accounts of their different associations, telling briefly of their origin, organization and powers. It was most interesting to see the differences and likenesses existing between these colleges, but on the whole the plans of the associations were largely the same. There were self-governments of all ages, varying from Wilson, ten months old, to Vassar, which was founded about 1896—our own association being the oldest.

At the meeting of the Bryn Mawr Association held this December, Miss Armstrong and I tried to give some idea of what the chief differences we noticed were. Such a comparison may not be quite fair, for it has to be a superficial one. For instance, a statement made by Mt. Holyoke that their Student League is "an organization through which the faculty works" was quoted by us. We have since been told that this gives a wrong impression of the Mt. Holyoke Association, for it has developed and changed into something quite different. So it seems that we cannot make fair comparisons between the other associations and our own. For in each college the conditions may vary and problems may arise which we do not have to face at all.

However, there are some comparisons which can be drawn, and chief among these is the fact that at most of these other colleges they draw no line between matters of conduct and college matters, between what we call the province of self-government and things which come under the Undergraduate Association. In many places the student government controls such things as glee clubs, athletics and college magazines, besides quiet hours and such things. Where the control of conduct means as much as it does here, however, such a general organization would not be possible. Conduct and collegiate matters are two distinct things, and to meet them effectively two organizations are necessary.

Another comparison that can be made is that the Bryn Mawr Association has a discretionary power which no other association has. Our Executive Board can always use this discretionary power, subject, of course, to appeal to the whole association; but this is not so, we noticed, in other student governments. One other thing we have which other colleges cannot have in quite the same way, and that is the spirit, the feeling of self-government. Bryn Mawr has always had self-government, and it has become a part of the college quite inseparable from it. But because we have always had it we run the danger of taking it for granted, of thinking it a mere matter of course, which colleges just planning their association or which have thought and worked it out recently do not run. It is hard for us to appreciate what Bryn Mawr would be without self-government, and perhaps we sometimes are more indifferent than we would be if we could see how fortunate we are.

After the big meeting the various representatives spent a delightful hour with President Hazard, who was all interest in the conference, and most charming to its fortunate members. In the evening a small meeting consisting only of the delegates and the Wellesley Executive Board was held, and here we had a more detailed and therefore a more satisfactory discussion of all sorts of questions. The powers of the different associations, the penalties used, the relation between the faculty and the student government, quiet hours and proctors—all these and many other points were brought up. It was impossible to cover one-half of the ground we wished to go over, and we broke up feeling that we had just begun.

Sunday was passed most delightfully. In the morning we listened to Bishop Potter, who preached in the beautiful college chapel. In the afternoon a long series of teas and coffee parties were held at the various society houses in honour of the members of the conference. Not a moment were we left alone, but were hurried from festivity to festivity until we were glad of the quiet and calm of the vesper service held in the chapel after supper. The beautiful organ and the large, well-trained choir could not fail to make us, the Bryn Mawr members, a bit envious, for the service was satisfactory in every way.

The next day being Monday, Wellesley's holiday or Saturday, we were fortunate enough to see the dress-rehearsal of the play given by the juniors to the freshmen. It was great fun to see how another college did such things, and it certainly was an amazingly successful dress-rehearsal.

So, you see, no effort was spared by the students of Wellesley to make the conference a great success socially as well as from a self-government standpoint. It would be impossible to say in a much longer article even than this how much Miss Armstrong and I enjoyed our share in this conference.

Before the conference broke up it was decided that "it be recommended to the student organizations represented that they meet next year to consider the forming of a permanent organization of student government associations in women's colleges." I shall not attempt to discuss this question here at all, but merely to bring it before the notice of us all, so that we can be thinking and talking it over among ourselves before we try to come to any decision on the matter.

ISABEL ADAIRE LYNDE, '05.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT LECTURE

OPPORTUNITIES FOR COLLEGE WOMEN IN CIVIC WORK

Miss Frances A. Kellor in her talk at Bryn Mawr about the opportunities for college women in civic work, spoke first of the criticism of business men who believe that college women are too impractical for such work. Miss Kellor herself was bent on explaining how practical civic work can be done by a college woman.

There are, first, two kinds of college settlement workers, she said; one, and the best known, is the sympathetic worker, who does the neighbourhood work; the other is the investigator, who plans the work and

brings other organizations into touch with the settlement. The value of this latter work has been already proven. For in the Chicago meat strike and in the trouble of the tenement-houses and night schools in New York, the college settlements, as neutral bodies, offered invaluable mediation.

But settlement work of all kinds is only one way in which a college woman may engage in practical economic problems; there are civic leagues to be supported in every ward. They investigate a matter thoroughly, and when the request for a necessary change comes through them it is almost sure to be granted, because it is well known that they have no political reasons back of their demand. Thus a woman may be more influential than if she voted. Other associations for civic work are the Arts and Crafts Guild, the Consumers' League, the Association of Working-girls, the Traveller's Aid and the Child Labor Movement.

Miss Kellor went on to speak of preparation for civic work. She believes in the necessity of acquiring solid facts as a basis for one's work, and she herself investigated employment agencies by taking in turn the positions of employer and employee. She was thus able to discover many frauds by actual experience. A bill against these frauds was made out and taken to Albany, where it was passed—all because it was proposed and upheld by a neutral body working with a concise statement of facts and without political motive. But for the worker to be always so successful, training also Miss Kellor believes to be most necessary and particularly team-work. This last needs especially to be cultivated by the woman educated at college, where individuality is developed more probably than in the co-operative faculty. As for specific training, Miss Kellor's own training consisted of courses in economics, sociology, psychology, law and athletics. She spoke, in closing, of her wish that the students put themselves in touch with civic work in their own homes and do such work as students.

LESLIE FARWELL, '05.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER

The undergraduate elector recently received from a member of the Fellowships Extension Committee the following letter:

"The College Settlement Association has in the last years extended its educational work by increasing the number of its fellowships and scholarships. The object of these fellowships is to open to well-qualified persons the opportunity afforded by settlement life for investigation of social conditions. The object of the scholarships is to give training in philanthropic and civic work. Through the College Settlement Association fellowships and scholarships it has been possible in the past to meet, to some extent, the need of results of scientific investigation of social problems, and the increasing demand for trained settlement workers.

"The present plan of the College Settlement Association is to raise joint fellowships and scholarships, one-half the sum coming from the association at large, the other half through one of the chapters, to be held by the successful competitor for the fellowship or scholarship among the alumnæ of the contributing college. Is there any possibility of raising through your chapter \$200 toward a joint fellowship of \$400, to be held during the year 1905-1906 by one of your alumnæ? The Fellowships Extension Committee would be glad to receive a pledge of \$200 from you."

In a meeting on January 12th the chapter decided to pledge themselves to raise the required \$200 for a joint fellowship. The chapter hopes that Miss Emily Balch, Bryn Mawr European Fellow of the Class of 1889, will be the holder of this fellowship next year. Miss Balch is now studying social problems in Hungary, and when she returns she will continue her work in this country.

Interest in settlement work seems to be flagging somewhat this year in Bryn Mawr. This surely is as it should not be, and the chapter hopes that our Settlement Fellow will prove a very much needed stimulus to us, to say nothing of being a help to the association as a whole. Let us respond readily to this stimulus, and though we do but little real settlement work while we are in college, let us do that little energetically and willingly, because it is our part of the whole, and because Bryn Mawr does her part well.

Mary Antoinette Cannon, '07, *Undergraduate Elector*.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

- '89. Susan B. Franklin is teaching Latin at the Ethical Culture School in New York.
- '90. Marian I. McIntosh visited college recently.
- '94. Lorette Potts has announced her engagement to Mr. Pease, of Princeton.
- '96. Abigail Dimon has been visiting at college.
- '98. In the official report of the State Board of Medical Examiners, showing the percentage of candidates passing from the various colleges, and printed in the *Pennsylvania Medical Journal*, Martha Tracy, who graduated from the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania last June, obtains the highest individual average, 91.07; 376 candidates tried the examinations and 38 colleges were represented. Martha Tracy is at present associated with Dr. Buxton Loomis Observatory, Cornell University, where she is doing original research work in the study of cancer.
- '99. Content Sheppard Nichols is substituting for Miss Kirkland in the English Department of Miss Baldwin's School.
- 'oo. Lois Farnham Horn has a daughter, born December 23rd.

Marian Hickman visited Bryn Mawr in December. She is teaching in Shamokin, Pa.

'or. Emily Cross and Constance M. Williams were back at college recently.

Grace Mitchell has started a school in Bellefonte, Pa., and is already preparing students for college.

Elsie Darrow is teaching in Overbrook, Pa.

Edith Edwards was back visiting at college.

'02. Eloise Sturdevant is visiting Winifred Sturdevant at college.

Sara Montenegro is visiting at Bryn Mawr.

Jean Crawford, Jane Cragin, Anne Todd and Alice Day visited college in December.

Edna Fischel Gellhorn has a son, born December 24th.

Frances Allen married Frank Hackett at Ardmore, Pa., on December 18th.

Edith Totten, Marion Balch, Jean Crawford, Alice Day and Jane Cragin were back at college getting out the 1902 class-book.

'03. Louise Atherton is soon to start on her trip to India, where she will study the language and customs of the people.

Margaret Ropes visited college recently.

Martha White is teaching Latin and Greek in Miss Spence's School in New York.

Marianna Taylor is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

Doris Earle visited college recently.

Katharine Dudley is studying art in Chicago.

Anne M. Kidder was married to Dr. Edmund Wilson, of Columbia, in New York, on December the 27th.

'04. Bertha Norris has been visiting her sister at college.

Katherine Curtis and Virginia Chauvenet were back visiting at college.

Marguerite Gribi is going abroad for a year.

Jane Allen is substitute lecturer in English at Swarthmore College.

Martha S. Rockwell has returned from abroad.

The Bryn Mawr Club of Boston had a tea during the Christmas vacation. Grace Hutchins, Eleanor Little, Anna Clarke, Helen Kempton, Theodora and Margaret Bates, Rachel Brewer and Marjorie Bullivant were guests of the club.

COLLEGE NOTES

The hockey twenty-two of 1908 gave a dinner to the hockey twenty-two of 1906 on Friday evening, December 16th.

The Christmas vacation began at one o'clock December 22d, and ended at nine o'clock January 6th.

Miss Applebee gave a tea to the Bryn Mawr Varsity eleven of 1904 on Friday afternoon, January 7th.

Record practice has begun in the Gymnasium.

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Adelaide Neall, '06, has resigned from the position of fire captain of Pembroke West, and Esther Williams, '07, has been appointed to take her place.

The Graduate Club have had their first formal at home on Tuesday, January 17th.

Dr. Leuba, Associate Professor of Psychology, debated with Professor James Hyslop, of Columbia, secretary of the Society for Psychic Research, at the Bellevue-Stratford, in December, under the auspices of the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia. The subject was "Spiritualism," and Dr. Leuba upheld the negative side.

Isabel Lynde, president of the Bryn Mawr Student Association for Self-Government, and Marguerite Armstrong, vice-president, were the Bryn Mawr delegates to the self-government conference at Wellesley.

The Glee Club sang Christmas carols before President Thomas's house on the evening of December 21st.

Pauline Witherspoon, '05, has accepted a position in chemistry at the High School in Louisville, Ky.

President Briggs, of Radcliffe College, spoke at a formal meeting of the English Club, in the chapel, on Monday afternoon, January 23d. He spoke on "John Donne."

A May Day Fête is being planned for next spring, similar to the one given in 1899. Committees have been formed and are at work under the direction of Mrs. Andrews, and rehearsals have been begun for the plays, which are to be: "Robin Hood," by 1905; "The Lady of the May," by 1906; "Pyramus and Thisbe," and "The Hue and Cry After Cupid," by 1907; "The Revesby Sword Play," by 1908. * The alumnæ, also, will give a play, and the May poles with their dancers, the grand procession with its floats, and the motley Elizabethan crowd will all be in the order of the day. The fête is to take place in the first week in May, probably on Friday, the 4th.

On Thursday morning, December 22d, President Thomas made her usual ante-vacation speech in chapel. She said that the Christmas message, "Peace and Good-Will to Men," seemed to her—in spite of the irony given it possibly by the eastern war—to be the great thing which men were thinking of in this generation. The real temper of the age—which is the most interesting of all historical facts—one finds to be humanitarian in these days, as in the Middle Ages it was theological. To prove this, one has only to think of the general interest nowadays in sociology, settlement work, reform of all sorts, and of the large percentage of students here who choose the group of history and political economy. She went on to speak of our intellectual life. She hoped that eventually by help of that, each of us might find a vocation, some quest of earnestness superadded to the usual avocations of feminine existence.

Such a vocation she believed would prove a staff of life when, after middle age, our old friends and our relatives should begin to fail us. But she hoped that we would not be precipitate in choosing our vocation, for it was her belief that what many students complained of to her—that they felt an even equal interest in everything—really should be the normal state of our minds now. She spoke, moreover, of something else that is often said to her by students: that there is little time for study here, and at all events that there is much else besides that one gets out of college besides study. She herself would regret profoundly, barter of the intellectual interests of college for anything else whatsoever. For the intellectual curiosity which should be the cause and the result of college life is a saving grace throughout one's career. And she recalled something said by President Remsen, of Johns Hopkins, to the Graduate Club here a few weeks ago: "The most fatal judgment that can be passed on a man is that he reads no more."

On Thursday evening, January 19th, Mr. Henry James, of London, spoke in the chapel on "The Lesson of Balzac."

The editors of *The Lantern* Board hope to bring out the first number by February 11th.

A Chess Club has been organized at college this winter. Its officers are: President, Theodora Bates; vice-president, Harriet Houghteling; secretary, Adelaide Case. The club meets to play one evening every fortnight, and at the end of the year the chess cup will be played for.

ATHLETIC NOTES

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, it was decided to organize a track team in each class. The track captains are: 1905, Theodora Bates; 1906, Alice Lauterbach; 1907, Carola Woerishoffer; 1908, Margaret Copeland.

A baseball team has been organized in each class. The captains are: 1905, Alice Meigs; 1906, Adelaide Neall; 1907, Grace Hutchins; 1908, Theresa Helburn.

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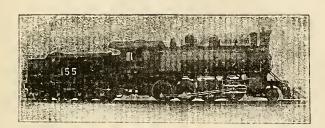
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February, 1905

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In Memoriam

MARY HELEN RITCHIE.

Born April 11, 1872. Died February 1, 1905.

Address delivered by President M. Carey Thomas at a memorial service in the Chapel of Bryn Mawr College, February 3, 1905.

We have come together this morning to testify by our presence here to the affection and esteem in which we held Mary Helen Ritchie, Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, and Doctor of Philosophy of Bryn Mawr College, who has lived among us for twelve years, seven years as a student, and five years as Secretary of the College.

Many of us knew her in her hours of relaxation and leisure and loved her as a dear friend, and our thoughts turn first of all in sympathy to the intimate friend who has lived with her for so many years in the closest bonds of intimacy and to her father and mother who are mourn-

ing the loss of their only child. I had the privilege of knowing Miss Ritchie only as a student and in her business life, and yet in the almost daily companionship of the office during five years those of us who were associated with her in the administration of the college came to know her well and admire her much. In very many respects Miss Ritchie was the type of what I hope that Bryn Mawr graduates may become after they leave the college. I should like to think that some of her fine qualites were the result of her Bryn Mawr training. In many other respects her natural endowment could not have been a product of education. She was intellectually alert and keen; she understood the most complicated situations almost before they had been explained, so swift was her power of comprehension. She was incapable of boring herself or anyone else. In all my acquaintance with her I have never heard her say a stupid thing. In one sense she was not an intellectual woman. I mean that her inspiration never seemed to me to come primarily from books. She was not a great reader of books. She was pre-eminently social and loved to surround herself with people. Her tastes were executive rather than scholarly. She was an example of what intellectual training can do to heighten and refine such powers. She had the quality of faithfulness, without which I sometimes think all other qualities are ineffective. She was scrupulous in the performance of all duties; indefatigable in her determination to accomplish what she set before herself; she never left her work undone. She had staying power; she never let go or relaxed her attention until the thing she had set her hand to was done. Whatever else in the college was neglected or pushed aside by more important things, the things Miss Ritchie was entrusted with were put through. She had that rarest of all rare qualities—initiative. She was always planning new ways of doing things, improvements in method, or radical changes in system. Many are the devices in the office for saving time or attaining accuracy in records that we owe to Miss Ritchie's invention. Perhaps the quality of all that I valued most highly, next, of course, to her keen intelligence, was her fairmindedness. She seemed to me absolutely just. She was determined also to see justice done; she refused to make exceptions; she dealt fairly by all; and in the assignment of college rooms, one of the most difficult matters to adjust in the whole college which fell in her department, she brought order out of chaos. She was nicely truthful and accurate in her business statements. Her word was her bond. I think I should be almost satisfied if fairness and truthfulness could become in the future the pre-eminent Bryn Mawr virtues. But it seems to me that over and above all these really very wonderful qualities of Miss Ritchie were two that I think I have never before seen combined to so large a degree in one person—pluck and joyousness—and they are qualities that no education can give. We may gain by great effort a kind of moral courage and a studied cheerfulness, but gaiety and pluckiness like Miss Ritchie's are not to be acquired at will. She was never worsted. She was afraid of nothing, her plumed feather was always erect and waving in the wind. She had in its fullest sense the joy of living. I never saw her come into my office without pleasure, however wearisome in itself the detail that brought her, she was so gay; and this was the case even when during the last year of her secretaryship she was not well and had remained in office only for the sake of the college, because, as she said, "It was not 'fair' to leave it in a tight place." Her pluck and gaiety made her fond of all kinds of sport and she excelled in them, and her fairness and justice made her an excellent umpire, as all college basket ball players knew. What was a great attraction as she grew older was an anxiety when she first entered the college. I well remember her when she came as a freshman from Miss Irwin's school so abounding in joyous high spirits that people said to me many times, "There at least is a girl so full of mischief and life that college cannot tame her. You had better tell her to give it up." How much not only Miss Ritchie herself but the college would have lost had we followed this shortsighted advice! Every girl has a right, as it seems to me, to the training and perfecting of her powers given by college life. Wonderfully did Miss Ritchie respond to this discipline. She studied easily and did her college work well, and after completing the undergraduate course she worked three years in the graduate school, and was awarded the resident scholarship and later the resident fellowship in Latin. Her work for the doctor's degree was scholarly and accurate and her dissertation a good piece of investigation in Latin syntax. She, however, preferred executive work to teaching and entered the service of the college as secretary in 1800. Last August she resigned her position, after filling it for five years, to the profound regret of everyone who had been associated with her, because she was not well and felt that she needed a more active out of door life for a year or two. She and

Miss Helen Hoyt had secured a farm near Bryn Mawr and were making the experiment of raising pheasants. Ten days ago, on Monday, January 23rd, a new horse, which they were driving, ran away and threw them both out. Miss Ritchie fell on her head and was seriously injured. She was taken to the Bryn Mawr Hospital where her wounds were dressed and she was recovering rapidly until last Sunday, the 29th of January, when lockjaw set in. Everything possible was done, eminent specialists saw her, large doses of anti-toxin, the only known remedy for this terrible disease, were administered; but without avail, lockjaw following wounds on the head being nearly always fatal, and on Wednesday night at ten o'clock she died. The doctor in charge of the case telephoned me last night to say that as he had heard that I was going to say a few words to you about Miss Ritchie this morning, he thought I ought to know that her heroism and bravery throughout these last four days had been almost superhuman and beyond anything that he had ever seen in his practice, or ever expected to see again. He said that from the first moment she had realised perfectly that she had the disease, the very name of which terrifies most people because of the almost certainly fatal result, the retaining of consciousness until the end, and the horrible suffering attending it, and that even when convulsion succeeded convulsion throughout the four days her splendid courage never failed; that only the morning of the day she died she said to him, "Doctor, is there a shadow of a chance of my recovery?" and when he had answered, "Yes, there is a faint hope," she had replied, "Then I will hope, and I will do my best to get well." She was only thirty-two; she had everything to live for; she had given herself the best possible equipment for future usefulness; her period of preparation and apprenticeship was over; she had tested her powers in the practical work of the secretary's office; she knew herself to be, and was known by others to be, a woman of very unusual ability and very unusual charm; the best of life was before her; she longed to live; and yet with undaunted courage she faced death. A physician told me once that in all the many deathbeds he had stood beside at only one was the dying person dimly conscious of the great change. Miss Ritchie died of a disease that leaves the mind unclouded to the last, and yet in all her suffering and grief at the untimely cutting short of her life her gallant spirit never quailed, not a murmur crossed her lips. It is such a death as we may each of us envy—a death that is swallowed up in victory.

PAN 5

There are many sides of Miss Ritchie's life that I have not touched on because I am giving you my impressions of her as secretary of the college. She was a member of the Episcopal church, and a truly religious woman. She was a woman of many and warm friendships. She was truly lovable and loving. She was a woman of wide interests and possessed of a far-reaching intellectual curiosity; and it is good for such women to live in the world. Apart from our own personal grief, we may deplore her death before she had reached the full development of her powers as a loss to many others besides ourselves; but as a college we can only be grateful to her for the loving, faithful and efficient service she gave us in the joy of her youth. Service given before forty years of age to a worthy object such as the development of a college like Bryn Mawr which all her graduates love, seems to me to have a peculiar value of its own scarcely compensated for by the added wisdom that comes after forty years of age. Such service Miss Ritchie gave to the college in abundant measure and, as it happened, it was the only public service her brief span of life permitted her to render. For this service our debt of gratitude is very great.

PAN

As the shadows on the mountains, With the autumn sun far down, Were growing dim and heavy, I was wand'ring from the town;

When I heard a far-off piping
Brought me softly by the breeze,
Sweet as notes of streams in summer
Singing love-songs to the trees.

Then I ran, I knew not whither, Following that music's lead, Till I met a little goatherd Playing on a slender reed.

He was tall, and straight and slender And his shoulders both were bare; His face was brown and merry 'Neath his curly wind-blown hair.

And he piped his fairy music

Till I stopped, and half afraid,

With his goats crept up to listen

As he played, and played, and played.

But suddenly he vanished
And I saw among the rocks
The swift flash of nimble ankles
And the rush of hurrying flocks.

On he scampered down the hillside, Piping gayly as he went, And he beckoned me to follow As I stood in wonderment.

And I followed fast behind him
Through the valleys, up each hill,
While forever in the distance
I could hear him piping still.

Oh, I wandered, vainly wandered Till my feet had lost their speed, Looking for a little goatherd Playing on a magic reed.

And the shadows of the mountains, As the harvest moon rose bright, Fell once more aslant upon me Searching, weary, in the night.

Anna M. Hill, '05.

A FOUNTAIN.

Within a court, a silent sun-lit place,
A fountain stands, embowered on every side
With shady trees, whose trailing branches hide
One slender figure carved with subtle grace:
The boy Narcissus, panting from the chase,
With wind-blown locks and soft lips parted wide,
Leans o'er the water, ardent, eager-eyed,
Gazing enchanted on his own fair face.
How tenderly this lover stoops to woo
His mirrored image! with what deep delight,
Thrilled with tumultuous passion through and through,
He muses on his beauty, soft and bright!
But round the bowl, in many a strange design,
The fatal, purple-hearted flowers twine.

GERTRUDE BURNLEY BIBB, '07.

LE COURS MAINTENON.

Jeanne closed her piano and her book of exercises and went to her room to put on hat and coat. Then she joined her mother, who was waiting for her in the hall, and together they went down three flights of apartment house stairs into the clean, pleasant street. Madame Rigaud carried in a black silk bag her embroidery to work at during the lecture to which they were going, and Jeanne had in her leather school-bag her essay for the day, her note-book and pen.

On entering the court-yard of the *Cours Maintenon* that bright April afternoon, they found a crowd of maids and governesses waiting for the half-past four bell to set free the children. One was wheeling a baby carriage, several held four or five-year-old tots by the hand, others carried hoops and jumping ropes.

The bell rang as Jeanne and her mother crossed the court. How vividly the familiar sound recalled to Jeanne the many April afternoons when *she* had waited impatiently for half-past four, so that she and her friend Suzanne might go and play on their favorite

avenue in the *Bois!* For a moment she wished those care-free days back again, before the bell ever meant such a thing as a lecture by a *professeur*. But melancholy vanished when she found Suzanne in the cloak-room, the same brown-eyed, curly-haired Suzanne who used to get put in the corner for misbehavior when they were in the primary class together. Gabrielle, Germaine and Marguerite were there, too, just hanging up their hats. Jeanne was undoubtedly a favorite with them, for they all ran toward her, and as they kissed her on both cheeks a smile of real pleasure accompanied the usual greeting. Evidently, too, she was the youngest, for her hair hung in a smooth braid down her back, while Germaine wore hers in a *chignon*, like a grown-up, and Gabrielle twisted hers in the neck.

A few moments later the friends were seated in the lecture-room in their accustomed places. There were about twenty-five girls in all, sitting in rows in front of long, narrow tables covered with green billiard cloth. Along the sides of the room, occupying upholstered chairs, were several mothers, an older sister, Marguerite's English Miss and a Fräulein or two, some with note-book and pencil in hand, some busy with fancy work. While Madame Rigaud discussed with two other ladies the question of dressmakers and tailors, Jeanne and her friends told one another as fast as their tongues could move the troubles they had had with their essays on "The best way to punish children." As usual Gabrielle assured them that "it was the worst she had ever written, and that she was ashamed to hand it in to Monsieur Lelong." Yet, when a teacher passed along the line to take up the neatly-folded papers "Gaby" was not reluctant to add hers to the pile. "I hate subjects of pedagogy," exclaimed Jeanne as she gave an angry little tap to the paper that the day before had cost her six solid hours of work.

From essay writing their conversation turned to music, and Suzanne was performing on the table in a series of runs up and down the green cloth a favorite passage in a Chopin waltz she was then practicing, when M. Lelong appeared at the door. As he entered the room all the students rose in silence.

After assigning as the topic of the next essay: Que pensezvous de cette parole de Buffon, "Le style, c'est l'homme," he began his comments on the papers handed in the week before. They were all piled up in front of him in order of excellence, every one with the grade—seventeen, fourteen, twelve, or whatever it might be—marked in red ink in the left-hand corner. "Which kind of poetry do you prefer, the lyric or the dramatic, and why?" that was the subject. When his general remarks were ended, criticisms of the individual papers were anxiously awaited. "Mademoiselle Benoit," all eyes turned to Gabrielle, "I congratulate you on the success of your paper," and in a few sentences he enumerated its quality and deficiencies. Remarks on two or three other papers followed, almost as gratifying to their authors as the first. Jeanne's heart beat hard as she listened eagerly, hoping her name would come next. With a smile Monsieur Lelong addressed her: "Mademoiselle Rigaud, I was much interested in your essay. You have very original opinions. Some show rather immature judgment, to be sure, but you are very young, I believe. Have you reached the age of sixteen, Mademoiselle Rigaud?" "Not yet, Monsieur," answered Jeanne, meekly, with an inward chuckle, for her birthday came the next week. A few more words, and M. Lelong passed on.

As the little heap of papers gradually diminished Louise Ferrand, a girl in the front row, watched and listened with increasing disappointment. She hoped to pass her *Brevet Supérieur* in two or three months, and she worked from morning till night. When at last M. Lelong came to her essay near the bottom of the pile, the essay over which she had laboured unnumbered hours, his words of criticism seemed so cruel, so discouraging, that despite her eighteen years Louise shed abundant tears. At the sight of her trouble M. Lelong at once spoke in reassuring tones, gave her a little fatherly advice and tried to cheer her up with the prospect of passing brilliant examinations. When he saw that she had recovered her composure, he passed from her paper to the last of the number.

After twenty minutes had thus been spent, the professor turned to his notes and proceeded to his lecture on the life and work of Chateaubriand.

An hour later Jeanne and her mother stood again in the hall of their own apartment. Seating herself at the piano, Jeanne opened her Beethoven sonatas and resumed her practising until dinner time.

Anna Welles, '08.

SWANHILD

Fair rose sprung up amid the gloom And sordidness of kinsmen's strife, How cruel were the gods to doom Thy innocent and tender bloom To utmost tragedy of life!

Swanhild! what potent sweetness dwelt Within thee that thy death should be A heavy woe to her who felt No woe for other things; That we, Long ages after, weep for thee!

Louise Foley, '08.

SEPARATION.

Far up the heavens rose the sun To glorify the house of God, And all within that house (save one) Were joyful at the birth of day. Alone, apart, that one did stay, Seeking the most deserted ways. The saints, white-robed and silver-shod, Passed by in countless, holy bands. And angels, too, a shining throng, With spotless lilies in their hands, And chanting ever hymns of praise. But as each passed a mournful gaze He cast upon that lonely one Whose voice sobbed in the midst of song.

Within the shadow of a glade Of golden olive trees, the maid Withdrew and thus in secret prayed:

"Dear God, I am so young, forgive That I should think it sweet to live. Across the earth there swept last night (Across the moor and up the height) In angry mood a mighty wind, The whirling snow came close behind. Such nights as that, beside the fire We sat, and all my hair I flung Upon his neck and breast that he Safe from the bitter cold might be. For speech our hearts had no desire, But if we chanced to speak, 'twas thus: (Forgive, O Lord, for we were young!) 'If one should die, 'twould not be fair In God's own house until we twain Should once more be united there!' (Pity, dear God, my tears and pain!)" There fell on earth a silver rain.

Louise Foley, '08.

AN INCIDENT

"Oh, no, my dear; I must go, too."

Mrs. Stratton drew herself up straighter in her chair, her hands crossed primly before her, and closed her eyes for a moment, shaking her head.

"Aunt Lucy, you look just as if I had been asking you to let me stay home from church and look at my presents on Christmas Day."

Katherine went over, and kneeling down before the low chair, put her arms round the erect, smooth-haired elderly woman.

"Please, Aunt Lucy," she said, "Uncle Stratton won't mind being alone just one week. Really ——," Katherine rose, and walking over to the edge of the broad piazza, turned her back, pulling at a honey-suckle spray above her head—"Really, Aunt Lucy, I think you might stay this one week more with us, even without Uncle Stratton.

Dick and I have been disappointed so often about your visits—why, this is the first time you have been to Riverside since we have been married."

Mrs. Stratton looked out across the shadow-patterned lawn, way over to where a streak of yellow road shone through the gate in the vine-covered brick wall; and further away yet to the blue, hazy ocean. She smiled to herself without answering, the lines at the corners of her mouth softening away. Katherine turned toward her:

"Please stay," she said.

"My dear, I can't." Mrs. Stratton glanced out at the beautiful green country again. "Do you know," she added, almost as if she did not realize she was speaking aloud, "this is the first time I've been away from the city for two years."

"Aunt Lucy, I shan't let you go; the city will be unbearable." Katherine walked to the top of the steps and stood, her arms folded, balancing on the balls of her feet half over the edge. As she looked down the drive two figures came out from the pine trees:

"Here comes Dick with Uncle Stratton now," she said. "I'll ask him if he minds—"

"Katherine," said Mrs. Stratton, anxiously, "don't—please don't—say anything to your uncle about my staying longer without him. Please—"

"Uncle—Uncle Stratton—please come up and talk to Aunt Lucy." Katherine ran round to the back of Mrs. Stratton's chair, and held her tightly, laughing at her protests.

"Mrs. Stratton, shall I help you?" called out Dick from the drive. The two men came up to them—the younger, square, active, merry-

faced; the elder, thick-set, slow-moving, heavy-featured.

"Uncle Stratton," said Katherine, "don't you want Aunt Lucy to stay with us during the hot weather. She says she must go back to town to-day with you."

Mr. Stratton dropped down blankly into the nearest chair. The

situation was apparently unexpected.

"You must do as you think best," he said, addressing his wife. "Perhaps it would do you good to stay."

"Dear, I wouldn't think of staying," she replied.

His face brightened with evident relief.

"You must do as you think best," he said again.

Katherine pinched Dick's arm and scowled at him.

"Mr. Stratton," suggested the young man, "couldn't your papers be sent out here to you; and then we could have both you and Mrs. Stratton with us."

"Richard," said Mrs. Stratton, smiling at him, "you mustn't urge us. We ought to go—and it would be so easy to be overpersuaded."

Richard Downing walked over and stood beside her.

"Katherine and I are more sorry than we can express," he said. He paused, and then asked: "Has Katherine shown you those old pictures of her that I hunted up for you yet? No? Won't you come in the library with me—I'd like to show them to you."

Mrs. Stratton rose—"I'm so glad you found them," she said. She preceded Richard over to the door, her stiff skirt rustling as she walked. They crossed the broad hall, and entered the low, white-panelled library, where Katherine, as she talked to her uncle, could see them, through the open French windows, bending over a table together.

"I knew that Dick and Aunt Lucy would love each other," she said.

"O, yes," sighed Mr. Stratton, dreamily—he always looked off into space and sighed when he was at a loss in conversation.

Katherine clasped her hands before her and crossed her feet.

"Did Dick take you to the village to see the new school-house, which—" she began.

"Yes, yes—an excellent building. You see—" Mr. Stratton folded his arms and leaned back in a comfortable position with an air of having just begun at the beginning: while Katherine absent-mindedly watched the two in the library— "You see, in the first place, the location is admirably centralized with respect to the farther-away places within this district; then, too, in the second place, corporal punishment—" Mr. Stratton was feeling the full force of his subject. Pro and con, he proceeded. In the midst of his eloquence Katherine caught these words—

"Your aunt is very much interested in this subject, as well as I. We read all the school reports aloud together."

Katherine got up abruptly. "Uncle Stratton," she said, "shall we go into the library, too?" And she led the way, followed meekly by Mr. Stratton.

At the library door she paused. Her aunt and Richard had not heard them enter, and were laughing together over some queer oldfashioned family photographs.

Mrs. Stratton turned round quickly. "O, Katherine! Is it time

to be getting ready?" she asked.

"Auntie, have you absolutely made up your mind to go?"

"Yes, my dear, we must go." Mrs. Stratton walked over to her husband and slipped her hand through his arm. "You and Richard have given us a very happy week," she said.

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

ROBIN HOOD

Without the window, dripped the dreary rain;
Within, the crackling fire snapped warm and bright;
And I, in the dim room, read by its light,
The "Merrie Tale of Robin Hood" again.
In the spring morning, down a "greenwood" lane,
Strolled a "tall" archer, all in sky-blue dight—
A man with "yellow" hair, of "goodly" height—
Once Earle of Huntingdon, the Lion-heart's thane.
Robin, the world has all gone wrong to-day:
The glow of life has grown dull to me—
Take me to Sherwood's very heart, I pray,
And, on the sward, beneath the "trysting tree,"
Tell me a story of the forest gray—
Till through your "laughing" eyes the April sky I see.

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

IN MAUDE'S "UP GARRET"

I was still a very little girl when I came to realize the vast difference between an attic and a garret. Grandmother had taken me with her to spend the afternoon with some old friends of hers. Their cordial reception of me was somewhat chilled by expressions of regret that Maude, the little niece, had gone away the day before, and I should now have no one to play with. "But her toys are here, and all the dollies!" cried the youngest aunt, reassuringly. "Shouldn't you like to see them, my dear? Come, I'll take you right up garret, and you may play with them."

Her tone was most alluring, but "up garret" had an unfamiliar sound, and I hung back not convinced even by the thought of all Maude's beautiful toys.

"Why, dearie!" remonstrated grandmother, "don't you want to go up to the attic and see all the dollies?"

"Oh, the attic—yes, I want to go," and I skipped up the stairs with sudden alacrity born of joyous anticipation.

But Maude's "up garret" was not at all the place grandmother had led me to expect. "Up garret" at Maude's house was a big, bare place, all walls and roof, with no delightful little, low gables and corners in which to hide, no dusky niches, and no big, rough brick chimney in the middle where a very small person could hide and listen for Santa Claus on Christmas eve until mother summoned imperatively. "Up garret" had a row of trunks along one stiff wall, with another row on the opposite side of rattan porch chairs stored away here for the winter. A dark book-case with empty shelves, and the skeleton of a large mahogany bed occupied one corner. The only friendly spot was the space just in front of the two small windows where I discovered Maude's toys, but even these seemed to have suffered some unaccountable change. Everything was in a row against the wall, and the doors of the doll-house were closed, and the poor dolls in their cradles were covered up over their heads and tucked in tightly, so that to breathe must be impossible. Somehow I did not feel quite free to rescue them from suffocation. It was impossible "up garret" to break into the doll-house and wake up the inmates, to open the little trunks and array Harriet and Ethelinda in their blue and pink finery; it was still more impossible to roll the doll carriage about or to set up the big train of cars which ran along the floor on a great many yards of very uneven track. And the mere thought of playing "Ivanhoe" or "Uncas" or, worse still, "wild animals," was not to be entertained for a moment.

There were no swings dangling from the huge rafters in "up garret," in which you could soar up and back and sing as if you were in reality the bird you fancied yourself. There were no chalk marks on the floor where any one had played hop-scotch or prisoner's base or marbles. And there was not a single burnt place such as marked on the floor of my own attic, certain dreadful attempts to sacrifice my dolls at the stake of martyrdom or on the altar of a wrathful but imaginary duty. In my own attic there was a delightful corner by a tiny window where I used to nestle luxuriously amid pillows and tell myself unending fairy stories. In my own attic near the largest gable was a secret chamber, all boarded up, for once when I rapped on the boards it was all hollow inside, and no one could ever tell what might come out of that place. And there were innumerable strings of Rob's horse-chestnuts hanging from the attic beams, and on top of the two great chests were spread papers on which sage and mint and catnip leaves were always drying for the future use of cook and my cats. And the trunks in my attic were not dusty on top, because I used them so often for trains on which to make the most extended journeys. There was a whole boxful of old numbers of St. Nicholas, going back ever so far, and big bound volumes of Youth's Companion, and two book-cases full of the much-worn classics of babyland and childhood. My own attic was very often lonesome, but it was a lonesomeness that I sought and enjoyed, whereas the loneliness of this "up garret" was depressing and terrible. I retreated downstairs as if pursued by the spirit of the garret, and fled to grandmother in silent trouble. I asked permission to go and see the horses, and once out of doors, running after the coachman, and frisking in and out of the carriages, I forgot for a while the troublesome difference between my own attic and Maude's "up garret."

Mariam Louise Coffin, '06.

REALIZATION

I

It was nearly seven and all the guests had arrived but one. The drawing-room was filled with the soft, monotonous hum of conversation that usually precedes dinner. Evelyn Sherwood, in a gown of pale green, her cheeks flushed with colour, her eyes bright, was trying to talk to the tall youth beside her. But her ears were alert to the slightest sound, and her thoughts strayed far from the comic opera he was describing. "Everything for me to-night, goes the tune of 'Hail the Congeuring Hero,'" she said to herself, and almost laughed out loud in her excitement, as she thought of how soon she should see her cousin Tack and her long anticipation of his home coming should become realization. He had been in Egypt for six years; he had gone away as a "nice boy," and he came back as the reward due a successful business man. He had grown up with her, and always in some sense played the Paul to her part of Virginia. Her mother had fired them both with her own restless energy. These lost orphaned years when Evelyn Sherwood had fallen under the protection of opulent relations, who had required of her a luxurious laziness, she had looked to Tack's career for compensation for her own frustrated energy. "Hail the Conquering Hero," then, ran in her head to-night with long accumulated forcefulness.

At last she heard steps in the hall, and a moment later she turned swiftly towards the door as "Mr. John Archibald" was announced.

A gentleman entered the room with a puzzled expression of one who is not quite sure of remembering his hostess. He was a tall, somewhat stout man, with dark colouring. His face was cleanshaven and, on the whole, handsome. The forehead and nose were good, the eyes a rich brown, but the lower part of the face was too heavy.

He was shaking hands with Mrs. Hunter, and Evelyn knew that in a moment he would turn to her. She had recovered her first start of surprise at his changed appearance, and she was now scolding herself silently.

"Did you think he was a boy still, you little fool,," she was saying to herself. "Why, he's almost thirty, and you're twenty-three, so don't act and think like a schoolgirl."

"Jack! It's good to see you again," she said, heartily, as she held out both hands to him. He took them and there was surprise in his eyes also as he looked at her.

"It's good to be back again, Evelyn," he said.

Then he was introduced to the others. A moment later he was taking Evelyn in to dinner, and the hum of dinner conversation began. As the guest of honour he sat at his hostess's right, and all knowing of his long absence, did their best to lionize him a little.

"Are you going into the automobile races?" asked a man across the table.

"No," answered Jack, "I didn't do any motoring in Cairo. Now I'm back in civilization again I suppose I'll have to set up a car."

They fell to discussing the relative merits of different makes and the others joined in.

"Oh, stop!" pleaded Evelyn at last, "you know no one ever agrees on this question, and it gets more and more dangerous each time it's brought up. I'm sure some day there will be an explosion."

"It will be the Stanley that caused it, then," said one man, and there was a general laugh.

"I hate automobiles, anyway," exclaimed a tiny, piquant girl; "they are turning people away from my beloved horses."

"Oh, dear, no," laughed a sympathetic young man; "we expect to have a polo match within the fortnight, if the ground is any good."

While this announcement was being discussed by the others, Evelyn heard Jack making one or two engagements with the man opposite connected with automobiles and automobile clubs. The pretty, piquant girl sitting across from Evelyn heard them, too.

"It's no fun," she broke out, "here Freddie Stoddard's already roped Mr. Archibald into automobiles and none of you have said a word to him about horses,"

"That's all right," the sympathetic youth came to the rescue again. "We'll have him out at the polo club and he'll soon become a convert, I warrant," and almost without consulting him another engagement was made for Jack.

"Have you become a man of leisure, Jack?" asked Evelyn.

"By no means," he answered, "I shall be at the office every day, but I hope to have a little time for myself. I've been grinding long enough."

"Do you remember how you used to 'grind' for 'exams.' when you were at college, and I used to come in when mother was asleep and bring you coffee?"

He laughed at the recollection.

"Times have changed since those days, Evelyn," he said. Then, with a quick glance at the glittering table, the beautiful gowns of the women, "and somewhat for the better, don't you think so?"

Evelyn did not answer. She felt a lump rise in her throat which forced her to keep silent, but she kept her eyes steadily on Tack as he talked to the others and listened attentively to everything he said.

Conversation became centred on a man of considerable importance in the financial world, a man who was being spoken of as the possible president of a large manufacturing "combine."

"What do you think of him, Mr. Archibald?" Jack was asked.

"He was in Cairo last winter. Did you meet him?"

"Yes, and I should call him a mighty good man for the place." Jack answered. "He's clever and able and has the money they need to carry the stroke through."

"But didn't he make most of his money by 'graft'?" demanded Evelyn.

"I don't know how much truth there is in that report. Anyway. he's an able man and capable of leading the combination."

Evelyn was silent, resolutely keeping back an impetuous answer, and she followed the rest smiling, as her aunt rose to leave the room.

Outside in the drawing-room when she had seen her guests comfortably seated in chat around the fire, she sat down for a moment, alone, in a window seat, half hidden by a heavy portière. She pressed her hot cheek against the cold glass and looked out into the darkness. She sat there silently thinking, her elbow on the window sill, her head resting on her hand.

In a few minutes she heard the door open and the men come in from the dining-room. She waited, motionless, half-expectant. A second later Jack stood beside her, looking down at the pretty picture she made as she sat there, the pale green of her gown and the gold of her hair contrasting with the dark wainscoting behind her.

"Evelyn, what a little beauty you've grown," he said. startled when I first saw you."

She looked up at him and laughed.

"Is that the veiled way you have been taught to pay compliments in the East?" she asked.

"I have not learned very much in the East," he answered, lightly, "except the advantages of America. Not that I can complain against Egypt, it's done its best for me, but now I have come back to America to live."

"And you mean by that?"

"Oh, to enjoy life a little, to get away from the drudgery."

"Was it as hard as that?" she queried, sympathetically. Then suddenly, "Sit down, Jack. I beg your pardon," and she made room for him beside her on the window seat. "Now tell me did you really work so hard?"

"Well, compared to American men, I don't suppose I did. You see people aren't so extremely energetic in that climate as in this—it's a great comfort, too," he added.

"I don't believe you deserve my sympathy at all," Evelyn complained, jestingly. "I believe you really had a very easy and lucky time out there!"

A girl's voice was heard calling Jack's name. Evelyn looked at the group of young people around the piano.

"They want you to sing with them. Go along. Yes, I'll come,

too-in a moment."

She watched him cross the room slowly and join the group at the piano. The Eastern spirit of luxury and the Western aggressiveness had made a strange combination in his nature. He was not the Jack she had known.

II

"Yes, I'll sit it out if you want, Jack." There was a faint pleading in Evelyn's tone which Jack did not perceive. She had scarcely expected he would. She left the dance room with him and let him take her to a little alcove curtained off from the stairs, and made by the embrasure of a great bow window. But before she slipped under the curtain he held aside for her she gave one wistful glance through the open door of the bright room below her. She had striven hard of late to avoid this interview with him, but at last she had been obliged to yield. There seemed no other way out of the difficulty she had unwittingly made for herself.

The first few weeks after Jack's return she had accepted all his invitations to ride or drive. Several times she had let him be her escort to dances and she had taken all his flowers and candy as a matter of course. He was an old friend come back and a cousin besides; and he was a stranger in town, knowing not many men and fewer girls. She had done all she could to make things pleasant for him, but lately she had seen that she must not go on doing as she had done. She tried to see a little less of Jack herself, and give him more opportunity to see and know other girls. But to-night, with overwhelming conviction, she realized that she was too late.

She sat down sideways on the window seat and he took his place near by, facing her. There was silence for a time; he was looking at the ground, she at her hands tightly clasped in her lap. Finally, in a low voice:

"Jack, let me go," she pleaded.

"Nonsense," he said shortly. Then he began to speak.

"Evelyn, I think I must have loved you even before I went away, though I didn't realize it till I got back last month. It was lucky for me I didn't know it before; I had nothing to offer you then—as I have now—.'

"Stop, Jack; please stop," Evelyn interrupted, "I can't let you go on. You mustn't say what you were going to say—it's no use. I know I can't make you understand, but—you had a great deal to offer me before—before you went away, you have nothing now—that I want."

There was another moment of silence, then,

"What do you mean?" he asked, stupidly; "I don't understand."
Evelyn rose and passed her hand across her eyes, quickly as if
she were in pain.

"I don't love you, Jack," she said, simply.

THERESA HELBURN, '08.

A GAME OF CHESS

I. The Queen's Pawn Moves.

The firelight glowed on the chessmen and lit up the forms of the players. The girl was leaning back in her chair watching her opponent. He, on the contrary, was engrossed in his next move. The girl's small brother broke the silence.

"Why does your queen chase Alfred's king that way, Eleanor?"

he said.

It was the man who replied, for Eleanor, as if surprised in guilty thoughts, started and blushed.

"She's trying to corner him, sonny," he answered.

II. The Queen Moves.

Wednesday.

Dear Alfred:

Won't you come up to Riverton with us next Friday and spend the week's end there? The sleighing is glorious now, and we should have some fine skating by Saturday. We aren't going to have anyone but old friends, and expect to have a thoroughly good time, so do try to come.

Very sincerely yours,

Eleanor Westcott.

III. The King Castles.

Thursday.

My dear Eleanor:

It is not often that I am accused of losing my opportunities, but unfortunately a man is not always master of his fate. As luck would have it, Mr. Brower has been called away over Sunday, and I am left at the office in the unenviable position of his representative. I will not try to tell you how much I regret my anticipated visit to Riverton, for I am sure you will understand and excuse my necessary absence.

Very sincerely yours,

Alfred Fenton.

IV. Check!

The next day lower Fifth Avenue was actually looking fresh in the midday sunshine, with its white covering of snow. The sharp air reddened the cheeks of even the wizened stage drivers and the ancient horses lifted their feet an inch or so higher from pure friskiness. A girl muffled in furs, with face glowing with colour and animation as she bent her head against the sweeping wind, was just turning the corner out of a side street when she almost ran into a young man who was hurrying down the avenue. They stopped and greeted each other.

The driver of the next stage might have seen the two hastening together up the avenue toward a well-known restaurant.

V. Checkmate.

An hour later the same couple were again walking up town, toward the Grand Central Depot. The girl's face was touched with a new excitement as she turned to her companion and asked:

"I wish you would come up to Riverton this afternoon, after all—if you have time, that is?"

The answer came quickly. "I'll make time," he said.

DOROTHY FORSTER, '07. Julie Benjamin, '07.

"DULCI FISTULA."

FLIMSY

(With thanks to E. R. Mumford.)

Flimsy had a paper eye, It was of great service; And when he winked it crackled so It made the family nervous.

TRUE AFFECTION

When Mortimer fell off the roof It was a most convincing proof That he loved cabbages and pie. The question now is—did he die?

HER DREAM

She twined the hammock in her hair, Her thoughts went through her like a torch. Then like a wounded dove she hung Her best suit up on the back porch.

ANNIE KNOX BUZBY, '04.

LITERATURE AND DOGMA.

"What is our Rudyard getting at?" Mat Arnold's spectre said.
"It's up to him, it's up to him," said Browning (long since dead).
"Why are you, then, so mad, so mad?" Mat Arnold's spectre said.
"I'm thinkin' of his impidence," said Browning (long since dead),
"For he's set the devils guessin' and they're tryin' to think deep,
While Tantalus drains the cooler and Sisyphus goes to sleep.

Sordello clubs are broken up—those chaps are just like sheep,
And they're readin' Mrs. Bathhurst at the stokeholes."

"What then, I ask, do you conclude?" Mat Arnold's spectre said.
"I'm in the soup, I'm in the soup," said Browning (long since dead).
"Sulphur would be more accurate." Mat Arnold's spirit said.
"I am, alack, when he comes down," said Browning (long since dead).
"For they'll give the coolest corner to the fellow that wrote They, And your little Uncle Robert, I'm afraid, has had his day
Of bein' chums with Satan and gettin' asked to stay,
For they're readin' Mrs. Bathhurst at the stokeholes."

Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan, '07.



THE SONNETEERING OF HANNAH.

Young Hannah thought she'd be a sonneteer (For did not honour crown her first attempt?). Her reader's comment, "Honest though unkempt," Rare praise for General English, second year, Brought inspiration, drowning all her fear. Now dares she voice the visions she had dreamt, Paint Phoebus that in eastern morn sky gleamt, Or Bacchus quaffing his Arcadian beer. All Hannah's limericks of yesterday Must now be set in sonnet's fearful frame. Her friends declare their charm is gone away, And all their sunny jokes have grown quite tame For, while at sonnets, one may smile or sigh, A limerick makes one always laugh and cry.

Eunice Morgan Schenck, '07.

THE COLLEGE GIRL, OR AS WE APPEAR.

"Has all our bright talk since the year began Failed to produce a single epigram?"

moaned Margaret.

"Just talk in rhymed couplets a while longer," said Elise, "and epigrams will sprout up in your speech as inevitably as misrelated participles in my themes. Only keep up the mood and don't descend

to prose."

"Oh, I don't think much of that for a couplet," said Coralie. "Began and epigram is atrocious rhyming, and, as for rhymed couplets giving birth to epigrams, I don't put much stock in that. You might as well loiter along the streets of Stratford-on-Avon in the expectation of producing a second 'Hamlet.' Epigrams are made and not born."

"Don't be clever," drawled Bettie. "You startled me so that I've spilled the last drops of ink over my theme. Where is the

blotter, pray?"

"And where the blot?" asked Elise, coming over, blotter in hand.

"At it again," said Margaret.

"Well," said Coralie, "if we let you fish out archaisms like that, 'pray,' Margaret, you might allow Elise to drag in a literary allusion once a day, at least."

"Oh, for my part," said Margaret, "I'll grant Elise a monopoly of literary allusions. Bookishness doesn't count for much now-a-days,

anyway. It's originality that's wanted."

"Ah, but Elise can't help being original. Her remarks on the weather are fresher than other girls' newest ideas. And learned allusions always please those who catch the reference."

"'Not that we love wisdom less, but that we love wit more,' " said

Margaret.

"Ah," said Elise, "who's quoting now?"

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

THE SEA.

Over the sea where the sun first comes creeping Into the sky when the people are sleeping, Mother says wonderful things are in keeping Over the sea.

Castles and fairies and magical flowers, Acres of fruit-trees and sugar-plum showers, And beautiful ladies in cold, musty towers Over the sea.

But mother says all these very fine joys
Are only for good little, clean little boys,
Because children are pious, and don't make a noise
Over the sea.

It sounds pretty nice, but I don't think 'twould pay, I'd rather be bad and have mother all day
Than be good and go sailing and sailing away

Over the sea.

Anna M. Hill, '05.

IN THE LIBRARY

"This is the first rest I've had for three days. You can't imagine how my back aches. How I've envied you, Volsunga Saga, sitting here quietly on the shelf!"

"What's the matter, Edda?"

"Matter, indeed! Matter enough! Every one of those girls left me until the last minute, and in consequence I've been rushed almost to destruction. Last night I was up until one o'clock, promised from one girl to another. I thought I should get some rest while the creatures ate—they do eat, you know—but the girl that had me at dinner time never moved. She merely shut her teeth hard and gave me a vicious shake, saying, 'I can have you only two hours, you horrid thing.' Then she read me as I've seldom been read before, just tore my meaning out. It makes me shiver to think of it."

"Oh, let's talk of something cheerful, Edda. I've had great good fortune. Guess what it is?"

"I should think the best thing that could happen to any of us would be to be taken off this reserve. Then they would never think of us, you may rest assured."

"Something much better! In fact, a great honour! Behold

in me the subject for the next critical paper!"

"Well, I pity you, that's all I can say. My younger sister had something to do with a critical paper once, and it was her ruin. I don't wish to alarm you, but you'd better prepare yourself for the worst. Sister came back all ink-stained and tear-stained, and with a broken back. She is a few centuries younger than I, you know, and she is very foolish and sentimental. She told me that it was all worth while, for several girls were so affected by her that they wept."

"So you've had experience in your family?"

"Yes, and found out that it's possible to have too much of a

good thing."

"Daily themes, for instance, to take the girls' side of it. What is it Shakespeare says? 'One theme doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow.'"

"Nonsense. Shakespeare says 'woe."

"Well, I wouldn't split hairs. The words are synonymous. I heard one of my readers quote it, anyway."

"One of the girls?"

"One that was a girl, sir, but rest her soul, she's now a writer of dailies. Let's go to sleep. To-morrow they'll be after me before five. One day they won't look at me, and then for the next few days there's nothing in the world they want so much, and some of them can't get me for love nor money. Oh, my poor back! Why do they copy, copy? Why can't they read calmly, as other creatures do who don't wear black gowns? I wish you wouldn't keep asking me questions! I tell you, I'm in a quiz. If you would keep quiet I could get a little rest. Good-night."

IRENE S. ELDRIDGE, '07.

THE GOLDEN AGE

If you had jam each day three times
And stewed prunes only one day,
With nothing else but pickled limes
And chewing gum on Sunday;

If you could smash your brother's toys, And tease the cat and *pound* it.

If you could play with naughty boys
That smoke and say "confound it;"

If you could stay up late at night
And sleep out in the garden;
If you didn't have to be polite
And say, "I beg your pardon."

If all these splendid things were true,
I guess 'twould be a bother,
To think up things that you could do
To disobey your mother.

Anna M. Hill, '05.

EDITORIAL

The question of the college story is already an old subject with us all. The college magazines have seen its advent, both in the effort of the contributor and the discussion of the editorial, and we are all agreed that it is rarely justified. Its failure, however, has been sometimes puzzling, since any life that is interesting in the living should now and then succeed in being interesting in the telling. These days the failure of the college story is more puzzling than ever, for life has been even dramatic these last weeks at college. We have got some emotion of battle during the Mid-year period; or of being brought for our just deserts, before the last judgment bar. There may have been a constant fear besetting us, lest some accident might send us to our examination without preparatory closeting with our note-books; like innocents gone fresh from the convent to the rough independence of orphanhood, or mere neophytes sent to the stake. The conviction may have grown with us that stress of academic cares is as wearing as stress of worldly cares; or that the prospect of examinations and essays due at a prescribed hour is nearly as painful to us with the responsibility of a course-book, as the prospect of creditors' and debtors' prison ever was to Mr. Micawber or any other debtor with the responsibility of a family. Doubtless our experience has been poignant enough; but try hard as we may, to project it into fiction, it seems when put into the full light of literary representation, to be little more than a "tempest in a tea-pot." There is no inevitableness in the action, for with perfect foreknowledge we have heaped up our calamities for ourselves. In consequence our most stirring drama of college life would give a mock heroic representation at best.

It is wholly of such stuff as the Mid-year Period that college stories, as we have known them in general, have been fashioned. Such mock heroic action only has been judged characteristic of college life, and there are a whole host of matters of similar nature, by which so-called "college atmosphere" is added. The chief, the hazing incident, we have already rid ourselves of at Bryn Mawr. There are other elements still with us that are also of the sort that have been seized upon as "college atmosphere."

There are many things to be suspicious of in this connection.

LECTURES

Class spirit that would keep us apart or together by force of convention when natural forces are lacking; college spirit that cherishes the names of inherited traditions while careless of the realities; cheering by etiquette rather than by enthusiasm; habits of heightened expression indulged throughout college till we sometimes speak a college vernacular rather than the "Queen's English." It is true that all these could not make anything but an unpleasant appearance in stories. It seems also true that they are losing qualities of artificiality, and accordingly best done without. For they are all admirable matter for those college stories that appear to us as very nightmares. They must belong to the clap-trap college life, as they belong to the claptrap college story. The purer college life, which will appear in the purer college story, must lie beneath them, at their very roots, perhaps. Let us look to that and seek to develop another individuality by which "college atmosphere" may be labelled. It will lie, let us hope, not in any structure of college convention, etiquette and jargon, but in a depth of community feeling among us, and in a disinterestedness of purpose running through us all. Then and not till then, we may believe, shall we see the drama of college played in public, and be able to applaud something besides the excellence of the farce.

MR. HENRY JAMES' LECTURE.

The Lesson of Balzac.

It is a proverbial saying that lions are best not seen face to face and that the great man in the flesh does not seem such. It is the greatest satisfaction that Mr. Henry James seems generally to have fulfilled the magnitude of our expectations, and even to have paid us in splendid measure. During his lecture our realization never faded that we were actually listening to the great novelist, for the whole tissue of his style and turn of thought constantly recalled his novels. There was even added to the familiar spectacle of Mr. James "packing his thought tight for a long journey," the less familiar one, of Mr. James letting his taste run freely into metaphors and all conceits of expression. To an experience of Mr. James' intellectual keenness, which we expected, was added an experience of his earnest-

ness and his likableness, which we had not expected. Accordingly in retrospect the occasion of Mr. James' lecture at Bryn Mawr seems even more memorable than it had seemed in prospect.

Mr. James from the very beginning of his lecture displayed before us all the variety of amplification and luxuriance of phrase that made the unforgettable quality of his lecture. He treated his subject with what from another would seem reckless prodigality of matter. He has left us, in consequence, much else that is as interesting as his prime consideration of Balzac.

He gave first the characteristic judgment, that criticism is the only gate of appreciation; it is a luxury, he said, to meet with an author who fits into our categories with the squareness of a solid. Balzac can be tried by analysis as others scarcely can. In this connection to "make darkness visible," he recalled the case of other novelists. George Sand, Mr. James declared, because she is the exponent of her own personality, offers few points for analysis. She is like an Easter egg, as it were, which is the pride of a sweetshop but never the gem of a museum. Jane Austen leaves us hardly more curious of her process than the brown thrush who tells her story from the garden bough. This must be our confession, though Mr. James believes that Miss Austen is one of the shelved and safeone in whose favour discrimination has long since practically operated. There is even an extra grace in her facility; it is as if when sitting over her tapestry in the cool drawing-room of other days, she fell to woolgathering, and there picked up those bits of human truth that she wove afterwards through her masterpieces. For the Brontës there is the memory of their tragic history always present to affect our judgment; we read their stories with that other story in mind. As a result their place in the public recognition shows the high watermark of sentimental judgment.

When Mr. James came to Balzac's place in the public recognition he was most impressive, for he gave the lecture what one may believe to be more or less of a personal turn. Balzac, he said, is a classic, always adjudged such; a classic from whom in common nowadays everyone edges away. To know him such as he is, one must take his work *en masse*; he has few supreme felicities, and one must admire, not the single blooms, as the taste now is, but the clusters, the trees, and the whole forest. His achievement is of extraordinary

LECTURES

closeness and weight, and in these days of the cheap and the easy, the only way to popularity is by weaving a loose and thin fabric. But if he is not popular among readers, Balzac must be forever invaluable to novelists. He gives that best plea for the novel which lies not in any attempted philosophy, but in the actual achievement of some great practitioner. If we see much twaddle written in the name of the novel, we see also Balzac, and we may be content with the form. Moreover, what is the particular effort of the novel, finds its highest and purest example in him. He writes novels with none of that lyrical instinct borrowed from the effort of poetry, which George Sand or Meredith have used. He does not concern himself with his own image of life, but with the states and feelings of others; he is the very type of the projector and the creator, and thus of the novelist. This is why we can never quite rest from keeping about him.

When one comes to a particular exploration of Balzac's life and work, one comes, said Mr. Tames, to one of the great puzzles of literary history. Balzac himself is more extraordinary than any figure he created, and the fascination is endless of the unanswerable questions he raises. He died at fifty, worn out with thought and work and passion. At thirty he had found his feet and his voice in the conception of the Comédie Humaine; and for twenty years he worked at this huge divided and sub-divided picture of the life of France at the time bristling with information, facts, figures; a rank tropical forest of detail and specific information, but with the strong wind of genius circulating through it. How can one reconcile such dissemination with such intensity? The elements of the world are set before us, and they could not all have come by direct revelation, since life in such richness would take endless time. How could be have extracted and condensed so much if he had laboured and suffered as a private in the ranks? The wealth and strength of his temperament must give partial answer, and the answer must remain partially obscure. His imagination was always charging at every object that sprang up in his path. But he goes in for representation on the scale of the actual, and by what tugging slaves and marching elephants did the immense consignments reach him, necessary to keep him going? His experience must have come vicariously. We, too, live vicariously, said Mr. James. Our imagination opens dusty passages for us in life, but they are short, we come to a gate, the walls are without resonance,

and the candles go out. Balzac's luxury is in the extraordinary number and length of his passages, corridors and labyrinths in which he can lose himself.

Here Mr. James made a delightful digression and talked of the effect of light and shadow in particular fiction. He meant, he said, something that is not calculated and artistic, but springs from the spiritual presence of the author. Mr. James thinks of life in Dickens as always passing in the morning or the early afternoon, in a large hall of many unwashed windows; in George Eliot, when the shadows are long, the trees rustle vaguely, and the colour of the day is inclined to be yellow. In Balzac, said Mr. James, the colour is rich and thick, sun and shade are mixed. There is a luxury of colour concomitant with the sense of intellectual luxury—that which comes from the intensity of his vision, and the completeness of his interpretation.

Quantity and intensity then, Mr. James believed to be always Balzac's sign. He had more to spend on his art than others who do it "on the cheap"; who it may be, all helpless, are foredoomed by nature to the cheap. His art, like all convincing art, was quite ruinously expensive to the artist, but cheaper work shows all the marks of the machine when compared with his, the hand-made. And nothing counts but excellence; nothing exists for estimation but the superlative in its particular kind. Many may stray, but Balzac always remains. He is heavy and so he remains. We may move about him, but we do not get away from him. We had better keep him in sight, for his image is gilded thick, in the midst of those who will be gilded thin.

DR. BRIGGS' LECTURE ON DONNE.

Our debt of gratitude to Dr. Briggs is very great for presenting John Donne to us with such charm and eloquence. Dr. Briggs spoke to us of Donne and read from his works, with an affectionate admiration that must always be pleasant to think of. Hereafter, whenever we ourselves read Doune we can never quite forget Dr. Briggs' affectionate estimate of him, as in some ways among the first poets of the world.

Dr. Briggs from the first made full account of the Seventeenth Century temper in Donne that through all time has let him go misunderstood. Donne lived in a hyperbolic age of far-fetched conceits, when men used poetry as a grindstone whereon to whet their wits, amid a shower of sparks, brilliant enough but unsubstantial. He is, accordingly, said Dr. Briggs, sometimes what a student in Harvard College once called him, "that firecracker of a Chinese puzzle." But Donne alone almost in his generation made the far-fetched worth fetching, for he had not only the seventeenth century ingenuity but also the Elizabethan passion. "Every wild thing starting from the thicket of thought is worthy game to Donne." He "picks up pins on his way to heaven," has been said of his sacred poems (and he is forgiven, Dr. Briggs added). Extravagant language is the natural expression of his fiery imagination; his fiery imagination is the greatest thing about him-"a fiery imagination shining in dark places." Once got, said Dr. Briggs, the pleasure of his work is yours for life; at his best Donne says things more memorably than any other.

Dr. Briggs read to us many of these memorable lines in such fashion as to justify his praise. He spoke with the greatest admiration of the long passage, full of interesting thought, in the Third Satire, beginning:

"On a huge hill craggy and steep Truth stands."

He spoke of the surpassing felicity of diction in a line from the Elegies:

"No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace As I have seen in one autumnal face."

Other lines he praised for fullness of suggestion:

"Stately abbeys ruined long ago."

"And Virtue's whole sum is but Know and Dare."

At other times he quoted beautifully examples of Donne's own peculiar turn of expression:

"Her pure and eloquent blood Spoke in her cheeks and so distinctly wrought, That one might almost say her body thought." "Churches are best for prayers that have least light: To see God only, I go out of sight."

He quoted also lines to show the peculiar precision that, strangely enough, marked Donne's imagination as distinctly as the intensity. What poet, said Dr. Briggs, but Donne would have made the famous comparison of man to a pair of compasses?

It is this uncommon quality of Donne's work, said Dr. Briggs in conclusion, that makes it so extremely hard for it to be generally accepted. He is not exactly a singer, and in that sense not exactly a poet. But if Carlyle is right in saying that all deep things are poetry, then Donne is certainly a poet. At least we may truly apply to Donne these words taken from Carew:

That ruled as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit."

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB LECTURE.

On Saturday evening, January 1st, Dr. Miller, of Columbia University, addressed the Philosophical Club. The occasion was one of especial interest, since Dr. Miller was formerly professor at Bryn Mawr, and was, in fact, a member of the Faculty at the time when the Philosophical Club was founded.

Dr. Miller's subject was "Emerson"; he limited himself, however, to the theme: "Emerson as an American." The lecture began by reference to Emerson's greatest service to Americans. With his sound common sense and solidity he helps us, said Dr. Miller, to realize comparative values, to see things in the right perspective.

Emerson is himself an American in his fascinated attention to the spectacle of practical power. The "Essay on Civilization" is full of the pioneer spirit, the love of freedom and power and vast open spaces. This same daring and impulse Emerson carries into the region of ethics; he delights in paradoxes, and in crossing the boundary line between the ethical and the doubtful. It is his aim to suffuse morality with life and power. A thorough Romanticist, he craves excitement wherever it can be obtained. As a result of this craving comes his American love of liberty, of which he becomes the subtle interpreter. This idea of liberty Emerson carries into religion. He believes in perfect liberty, in liberty of the soul as well as of the body. Our will needs strengthening; we must make our choice calmly, and abide by it steadfastly. He considers man's deepest self in union with God, and for this reason holds that man lies open to all the attributes of God, perfect liberty among the rest.

Emerson is not, however, a philosopher; he propounds no system of his own; he has no accurate understanding of the system of others. He has no aptitude for the first step in philosophy, the art of analysis. But he has spirituality, which can reach much farther than analysis. He rivets our attention on certain facts of our experience. By God he means an influence that manifests itself in experience, the principle of good, a germ of which, at least, exists in all men. Thus we share in the grandeur and sublimity of the divine.

The same spirit of freedom Emerison infuses into his morality. Obligation is for him synonymous with divine freedom. He feels in all its force the dignity of perfection.

Another of Emerson's American traits is his feeling for the past and the future. He is intensely sanguine, intensely optimistic, but not, on the other hand, oblivious of the ills of the world. He fights evil by means of its opposite. He is an exponent of the doctrine of happiness and sympathy, that sort of sympathy which the suffering may feel for the strong, as well as the strong for the suffering.

Emerson is American also in the youthful quality of his spirit. All these attributes make him national, yet he is something more than merely national. He has all the refinement of genius; he is fit to be a leader, fit to shape influences toward a higher American civilization. He preaches no clear gospel, but admires what is great. These aristocratic tendencies he balances by a belief in perfect equality, a belief that has led to his being accused of upholding the doctrine of individualism.

Dr. Miller concluded by saying that Emerson has had no successor, a statement that recalls Matthew Arnold's estimate in his "Essay on Emerson." Emerson's "Essays," Arnold says, are the most important prose work of the nineteenth century, in England as well as in America.

HELEN Moss Lowengrund, '06.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

'97. Laurette E. Potts was married on January twenty-fourth to Mr. Arthur Pease, of New York.

'oo. Frances Rush Crawford has a daughter, Elizabeth, born Decem-

ber twenty-fourth.

'oo. Katharine Houghton Hepburn has been visiting at college.

Edith Houghton has given up her work at Johns Hopkins University for the present year.

Bertha Phillips has been visiting at college.

'or. Anne Archbald has written the "Fusser's Book" for 1905 in collaboration with two other authors.

'01. Elizabeth D. L. Sears has been studying for the past year at Leipzig University.

'02. Paxton Boyd, Elizabeth Stoddard, Jane Cragin, Frances Adams Johnson and Anne Todd were back visiting at college.

'03. Gertrude Price McKnight was back visiting at college.

'04. Lucy Lombardi, Marjorie Canon and Anne Buzby visited at college recently.

Mildred Focht was back at college for a short visit.

Annette Kelley has finished her work at Chicago University.

Helen W. Arny finished her work at Bryn Mawr College.

Mary James visited at Bryn Mawr recently.

Clara C. Case is doing work at Barnard College.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The regular meeting of the Christian Union was held Wednesday evening, January eighteenth.

On Saturday evening, January twenty-first, Dr. Dickinson S.

Miller, of Columbia, addressed the Philosophical Club.

On January twenty-third Dr. Le Baron Russell Briggs, President of Radcliffe College, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences and Professor of English at Harvard University, addressed the English Club.

There was no college Fortnightly Meeting on Wednesday even-

ing, January twenty-fifth, owing to the illness of the Rev. Charles E. Erdman, pastor of First Presbyterian Church of Germantown, who was to have made the address.

College examinations began January the thirtieth and ended February the tenth.

The regular meeting of the Christian Union was held on Wednesday evening, February the first. The work of the second semester began February the thirteenth.

The annual meeting of the Alumnæ was held on February the eleventh. President Thomas gave a luncheon for the Association at the Deanery. The chief matters of interst discussed by the Association were the reports of the Endowment Fund Committee and the Sub-Finance Committee.

The Finance Committee of the Alumnæ has definitely begun work in collecting the million dollar endowment fund which is to be used for academic purposes. Sub-committees have been formed in various cities. Among the local committees are: Boston, Anna T. Phillips, '03 Chairman; Washington, Edith Totten, '02 Chairman; Philadelphia, Marion Reilly, '01 Chairman. The Central Finance Committee consists of Mary V. Crawford, '96; Evangeline W. Andrews, '93; Anna B. Lawther, '97; Elizabeth Caldwell Fountain, '97; Emily Cross, '01.

The Academic Committee held their meetings on February ninth and tenth. (This committee is the official means of communication between the Alumnæ and the Trustees.) President Thomas gave a dinner for the committee on Thursday, the ninth, to meet the women of the Faculty; and a luncheon on Friday, February the tenth, to meet the Trustees. The Academic Committee consists of: Susan Fowler, '95, Chairman; Elizabeth Kirkbride, '96, ex-officio; Susan B. Franklin, '89; Mary Bidwell Breed, '94; Elizabeth Caldwell Fountain, '97; Marion Parke, '98; Marion Reilly, '01.

The new Inn, under the management of the Students' Building Committee, is open now for lodgers; and the tea-room will be open early next semester.

Ethel Bennett, '05, has announced her engagement to Dr. Arthur P. Hitchins, of Philadelphia.

Anne Müller, '05, has announced her engagement to Mr. Sidney W. Prince, of Philadelphia.

It has been learned that because of unavoidable delays in construction the scaffolding will not be off the Library by the first of May, nor the mortar boxes away from the front of the building. Since it seems, therefore, that the unsightly appearance of the Library will greatly mar the effect of the May Day fête, the Students' Building Committee have reluctantly decided to postpone the fête until next year.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association the Senior Class presented the Athletic Association with a silver loving cup, to be given each commencement to the Captain of the champion hockey team, and to be kept during the year by Trophy Club.

Several rules have been passed by the Athletic Association: Graduate students, who have not previously played four years on any team, may play on the Bryn Mawr 'Varsity teams; letters may be awarded for track athletics for any event mentioned in Spaulding's Official Guide.

Water-polo Captains have been elected by the different classes: 1905, Eleanor Little; 1906, Frances Lyon; 1907, Carola Woerishoffer; 1908, Ina Richter.

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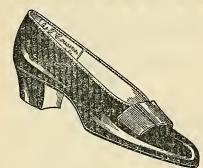
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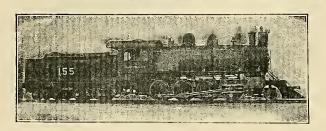
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MARCH

Behind the sharp, black profile of the boughs, Whose buds will swell in April rains, The wholesome winds at sunset rouse, Clear red lights in the West.

The bare, brown earth still hides the clean, Uncankered violets of May, But broken twigs are wet and green, And sparrows chirp at dawn.

Brown leaves lie in the sun-flecked shade, Blown roses fall apart in June,— Their hope, still hidden, cannot fade, From sap and seed in March.

MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN, '07.

HAPBOROUGH.

It was only a few hours after my arrival in Hapborough that I discovered the pie closet, a tall narrow cupboard, built, as was the custom in certain New England houses, by the chimney place in the front bedroom. It was filled with little shelves, a few inches apart, each just large enough to admit a pie—kept safely in this fashion, under parental supervision. But no haunting odour lingered there then, nor even a raisin in a dark corner, as I half expected. Instead the shelves were littered with Celia's paints and paint brushes.

Celia is only one of the many students who flock to Hapborough for the summer art course, crowding into its none too spacious quarters, and converting everything, even the pie closets, to their own happy usages. They have selected this little town, not because of any sympathetic stimulus offered by its inhabitants—practical, sober clam-diggers and small traders—but because its streets are winding and elm-lined, because its small houses are set irregularly with very much regard for the sun and very little for the street, because they were white once upon a time, and are half hidden by the holly-hocks of their tiny gardens, and above all because Hapborough lies some twelve miles south of old Gloucester, in that picturesque district where the rocky hill country runs into the flat levels of marsh and sea.

The little group of students that I met at supper over what was to many of them their first New England blue-berry-cake, was fairly typical of the class as a whole. There were some nine or ten young girls, among them my blue-eyed cousin Celia, a few college graduates, and a bewitching little southern lady in a leghorn hat to whom everybody was her "littl' playmate"; one young Canadian man who distributed his attentions with enviable impartiality; and a scattering of older women, drawing teachers and heads of departments from the West. But all alike were characterised by the enthusiasm and unconscious sang-froid with which they took complete monopoly of the village.

At every bend of the road you met them, portfolio in hand. A characteristic sight was a female figure in a large sun-bonnet sitting at her easel in the middle of the road, calmly obstructing the thoroughfare. She was surrounded by a group of barefooted, pinafored little critics

who do not hesitate to remind her of the exact number of doors and windows in their particular abode, if that is the matter in hand. Here and there parties of the students saunter through the streets jotting down, with undisguised eagerness, a group of idlers, an old-fashioned doorway, or an effect in light and shade. At first it must have been rather disconcerting to any of the older inhabitants to look up from his morning paper and find a mushroom-like row of umbrellas sprung up on the pavement, the occupants of which were making studies of his front porch. But the townspeople have come to bear this with tolerance, and if needs be, they charge it in the board-bills.

Indeed it is wise to be tolerant towards the students, it is wise for my good woman to look at the tall clock in silence, when her boarders rush out at eleven o'clock to do "moonlights" on the door step (five o'clock "sunrises" fall far less under her disapproval); it is wise, I say, because the students bring trade. Besides actual board and lodging (always obtained separately in Hapborough) there are other demands. The tinsmith's little shop is filled all day with gayly singing students, who pound away at their sheets of tin and brass, evolving all manner of sconces and candle-shades. The old man who weaves the much-needed, round-cornered clam-baskets, just as he did fifty years ago, is kept busy now making baskets for hopeful young people to take away in the bottom of their trunks.—Poor young people! they have not yet learned that a brand new clam-basket, even when adorned with a pink bow, is out of its native element as a scrap basket. It is only when it has been drenched with mists and brine and grown weather-beaten in service, that it has an odour of romance.—The drug stores, too, do a thriving business in sodawater, artists' materials, and the fragrant, hand-dipped bay-berry candles. Even the men who rent canoes find their income increased during the months when parties of students cut through the moon-lit grave-yard down to the river, to paddle there for miles among rush-grown islets and dancing stars.

The prevalent, the approved attitude of the townspeople towards their invaders, is, as I have said, one of tolerance. Yet once in a while, as it were on the sly, they break through their reserve to show some kindly attention. The sharp-featured little librarian had the reputation of frowning upon students who would saunter in with sleeves rolled upond sun-bonnets pinned coquettishly on; nevertheless she once so far relented towards Celia as to invite her in behind the desk to view her

most cherished *objects d'art*—two huge "hand-painted" china vases. Again, when Celia called for her finished clam-basket, and praised his garden, the bent old weaver shyly offered her a bunch of sweet-peas and an additional little toy basket. Your black-eyed Creole dealer of the south would have twisted you a cornucopia of bonbons, and presented it with a flourish, as a *lagnappe* for paying your bills. The manner differed, but the spirit was the same.

But especially at the end of the term the more alert of the townspeople show their appreciation of benefit by climbing the hill to view the exhibition. Strangers were always lost before they reach the studio, for they must cross hilly pastures, climb stiles, and zig-zag in and out among overhanging bushes and sprawling clumps of bay-berries. It is a beautiful breezy spot for a studio, when you do come upon it, commanding a wide view past vivid green marsh lands in which the marsh streams wind letter S's, out to the sand dunes and the sea. Walking in the grass you see several of the instructors surrounded by adoring knots of students, and by the door a Jap is wood-blocking bits of cloth for the visitors. Inside the low room is aglow with tablesful of brass work, and on the walls the townspeople recognize their familiar white houses, and river and bay-berry grown hills transfixed into all possible shapes and sizes, oblongs and squares, at noonday and at sunset, in charcoal and in paint.

So it is, I say, that all good residents who adhere to the old customs fill their pie-closets in November with the winter's supply; but with the beginning of warm days they move down into the new wing and leave the upper story and its cupboards to the complete possession of the students who find there a convenient storing-place for brushes, paints and paper.

GLADYS CHANDLER, '06.

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TO THE WINGED VICTORY

With wings wide spread, and garments floating free In days long past, before the world was old, In peace, in war, in search of fabled gold, Wild sailors followed thee across the sea.

What struggles hast thou seen for victory,
What wide new lands before thee were unroll'd,
Still, striving ever, thou thy course didst hold,
Nor could great storms, nor calms a hindrance be.

Adèle Brandeis, '07.

JUNE-TIME

Child-heart, child-heart, whisper me low, Where shall I find me the wayside you know, Find me the way to the sunniest path, Must I go far for the secret it hath?

Child-heart, child-heart, sing to me true, How do the June skies bring gladness to you, Name me the birds from the joyland of June, Thou lovest best for their roundelay tune.

Child-heart, child-heart, lead me awhile,
Home through the pasture and over the stile,
Show me the glen and the rose-strewn way,
Sing me thy June and thy summer-time day.

CAROLINE N. E. MORROW, '05.

WITH OPEN EYES

"She's coming on the four-thirty," Mrs. Maxwell called down the steps to her husband. "Don't bother about what she looks like. She'll know you. She can't help it, if she's engaged to your brother."

Then she closed the door, and went back to her place by the fire. She was a woman of thirty-two or three. The exact number of her years, however, was not distinctly evident. The casual observer, indeed, misled by her laugh and the assertive energy of her mannerisms, unconsciously flung away the last five years. She was not pretty, but, replacing the blankness of mere good looks, she had an irregularity of countenance

that made a definite impression in the memory. One voluntarily treasured up her image with the purpose of solving, should occasion permit, the prediction of its facial inconsistency. Her hair, a little too sleek in its fall over her ears, was brown, matching the perpetually interrogative triangles of her brows. And beneath their arches, her eyes gleamed dark and whimsical. Save for the lines of humour at the corners, they would have seemed quite sad, possibly of watching the unattainable. But then, in contrast to this hinted gravity, her nose tilted decidedly, though not offensively, and her mouth in its large eager curves, betrayed a childish petulance. Now a dubious half-smile played about her lips, and her whole attitude, even to the long slim hands which hung limp by her side, was indicative of perplexity. She was not quite sure of the part she was playing.

"It isn't as if Albert-could ever guess that I'm holding him up to ridicule," she said to herself. "He can't, he's mentally incapable of imagining such a possibility. Still I don't see that his stupidity excuses me. I'm not even sure that it doesn't make me more disloyal. But I like Ethel so much, and to think of that nice girl throwing herself away on Albert's brother, of going through, what I've been through, it's too bad."

This statement, however, did not convince her of the complete justification of her course, and she sat, her chin resting on linked hands, as she went critically over her whole plan. She began with her husband, dissecting him with an accuracy that had its elements of daring. (She had avoided doing it intentionally in the past.) First, his virtues. She raised her chin, and numbered them off on her slender fingers-"justice; integrity; strength of character." Her train of thought stopped with a break that startled her. There was nothing else, unless a fanatical love of duty, and a prodigious one of self. "Duty," she repeated softly. "He has glorified it into a mental idol, it's the directing principle of his existence. Why it's the reason that he gets up early, that he dresses each night for dinner, that he married me." Then she thought with a mirthless laugh, of how he carried it into the little things of life; even into his habit of reading books. For he set apart one hour of the day when he read novels, which did not amuse him, and whose humour caused a prolonged and puzzled contraction of his eyebrows. And though he confessed he derived no pleasure from the occupation, he did it regularly because he felt it, in some way incumbent on him. What most irritated her, however, and bruised the sensibilities of her assertive personality, was her husband's love of self. He was a man stupidly incapable of rising to any great heights of emotion, yet this well set up egoism inspired him with a tranquil affection for anything that was his; his wife or his pocket handkerchief. She felt, when she went out with him, that he was continually exhibiting her as a prize, not because of her own personal traits, but because she was his, and superlative on that account. His attitude was that of a salesman showing a piece of cloth, extra fine weave with selvedge on both sides. She remembered that, at first, it had amused, possibly in the first blushing moments caused her no little pride, but now that her originality had become subjected to his egoism, it was a different matter. She paused and stared aimlessly at the fire. Then she went on with the unravelling of her mental knitting. There were still his good looks to be considered. She wondered first whether to call them, a virtue or a vice, and decided on the latter choice, for though they were perhaps the cause of her first attraction, and subsequently of her marriage, her eyes had been focussed on them so long, that she found the perfection of his features too tediously handsome. Clearly her marriage had not been a success. She had not kicked against the pricks. On the contrary, her husband had found her exactly what he had sought; a woman capable of assuming his domestic and social duties. Still the pricks were there, in her consciousness, and despite her utmost cares to avoid them, they sometimes made themseves exasperatingly evident. She longed for freedom; for some life beside that surrounded by four walls and her husband's prejudices.

"And to think of Ethel marrying Ned. He's precisely like Albert," she went on. "Fate was indecently unkind to their family. I'm glad I asked her. It may be mean and underhanded and sneaky. But she's got intelligence. She can't help seeing Albert's stupidity, of recognizing what her life would be like with Ned. She must see that they're practically synonymous. I'm not sorry I've done it," she concluded with the vehemence born of a yet unconquered doubt.

Then rising, she went to the window, and leaning her cheek against the cool of the pane, she waited for her husband's return.

II

"That heroine's exasperatingly perspicacious and quite right," Mrs. Maxwell closed her book—it was Chautepleuse's *Sphinx Blanche*—with a smile of satisfaction. It had given her just the opening that she wanted for the talk which she had mentally formulated for some time.

"Ethel, you really should read it, and take advice." She opened its last pages again to quote. "The heroine says that she's going to live *now* in order to keep herself and be worthy of the man in the foreseen *then*. If they'd only drill that into the head of every school girl, the world would be made happier. It's the fine flower of a woman's education, just that!"

Ethel Kelton looked up from her book, and met Mrs. Maxwell's glance inquiringly. She was a girl of four and twenty, slim and flexible, as though in an earlier youth. Her hair was light, a little lacking in gold, her nose thin and aquiline, her mouth superficially hard in its delicate, down drooping curves. Each line and feature of her face betrayed an innate cleverness. The eyes confirmed this opinion most of all, for they were quick, clear-flashing, full of a comprehensive intelligence.

"I don't see what you mean," she said with a trace of irritation, half concealed, as though by effort, in deference to an older woman, possibly to a hostess. "You always forget, Mrs. Maxwell, that I'm going to

marry your brother-in-law; that my then is now."

"Oh," Mrs. Maxwell returned carelessly. "I was only giving advice impersonally, to the world at large. You were the only one at hand, so you came in for your share. Girls never realize the gravity of marriage. Why when you marry Ned, you'll have to let him call you Ethel."

Mrs. Maxwell was well aware, through the acquired knowedge of several weeks, that for some reason or other, the girl was deadly in earnest about her engagement. In such a case, her words had in them a light banter, a tone of frivolity, which she felt well calculated to provoke irritation. And she saw her aim accomplished in the change on the girl's face, in the exasperated lift of her under lip. She felt for the moment a bit guilty, for she knew uncomfortably, that in her position as a relation and a married woman, the girl's gravity should beget a like seriousness in her. Still she had a half formulated idea, born of her marital experiences, that the way to set people thinking was to imitate them, no matter by what means. Quibbles, paradoxes, half truths seemed to offer the best weapons in this crisis. They were, moreover, her prerogatives as woman, and she determined to hurl a few mental burrs, in whose tenacity she put no little faith. She began, however, with a straight question. "Why are you going to marry Ned Maxwell?" she asked simply.

"Because I am willing to be his wife."

"Oh, don't equivocate, don't be afraid of me," the older woman

returned. "I shan't try to rub the bloom off. There's nothing I like to see more than the adorable enthusiasm of a girl's love, so often read of in the pretty fiction of to-day, so seldom seen in real life. I'm beginning to believe you're absurdly in love with Ned."

There was silence for a moment, broken only by a little clock on the mantel that ticked obtrusively. Ethel's foot tapped the floor impatiently, the outward expression of an inner exasperation, then she leaned forward

eagerly.

"Mrs. Maxwell," she said, "I have a confession to make. I haven't been playing fair." She paused. "I know why you asked me here to visit you. I guessed it after the first few days. Sometime ago (two years, wasn't it?) you met me in the summer, at my aunt's. And during that time you conceived a very pretty notion of me; that I was a young unsophisticated girl, full of ambitious ideals and beliefs. So when you heard of my engagement to your brother-in-law, you felt what was in store for me. Broken ideals, all that sort of thing, and you determined to ask me here. You even let me into your innermost sanctuary, with no little sacrifice to your self-respect, I should imagine. You let me see your husband as he was, even enlarged on his stupidity, that through his resemblance to Ned, I might see what was in store for me. Am I right?" she questioned, stopping abruptly.

Mrs. Maxwell bowed in assent. "Well," she said, "is my sacrifice

of any avail?"

The girl shook her head. "With anyone else it might be. But with me, there's a difference. You see I had already found in Ned just the qualities that you tried to show me in your husband."

Mrs. Maxwell showed her surprise. "And yet you are going to marry him?" she asked. "It can't be money." She felt that there must be some concrete goal in view, in order to tempt one into the known

difficulties of such a path.

"No," the girl said proudly. "It's not money. You couldn't possibly guess, for you have never known anything about me. It all hinges on circumstances. Till I was twenty-one, I led the life of a Bohemian. We never had anything. My father was an artist or a dilettante. My mother was the same. They never did anything worth while. My mother was intended to be practical, but she just missed it. Instead she was always waiting for her ship to come in; always thinking of the things that she could buy then—or that she wouldn't. Nobody did

anything respectable. We lived on my father's wit—and our friends. Our rooms were always thronged with brilliant men, men who had no toleration for stupidity. I was brought up on the principle that to be clever was to be everything. That there was really nothing in the world any way, but futility or opinion."

The girl paused, as Mrs. Maxwell put a kindly hand on hers, then

she continued:

"When I was twenty-two I went to visit my aunt where you met me. You know her. You know what it's like there. Everything regular, everything on time. I loved the long, lazy days there, doing nothing but being tediously respectable. I loved the dinners, that entailed such an accurate knowledge of the right fork. And in the evening, when we sat before the fire, I thought of the gay unhealthy existence at home, and sighed with sleepy contentment. I fell in love with conventionality."

Again there was silence, and Mrs. Maxwell waited patiently for the girl to continue. She did not quite understand, even yet, the meaning

of her words.

"Then I met Ned Maxwell," the girl went on at last, throwing at her companion a wonderful smile. "He couldn't see a joke, and my stories put him all at sea. Like your husband he was absolutely incapable of understanding the point. He was always unruffled, even urbane; it was such a contrast to the 'artistic temperament.' And in addition, he had the immense advantage of being a gentleman, for he was the epitome of conventionality."

A look of dawning comprehension came to Mrs. Maxwell's face.

"Soon after I met him," the girl began again, "I went home, and some time later, he came to see me at my father's house. I will never forget," she laughed, "how out of place he looked. I must confess I felt a little guilty. And when I saw how dreadfully uncomfortable he was, I began to think that he was just the man I wanted. My father was absolutely intolerant of his stupidity, and that confirmed my opinion."

She ceased as though she had finished her discourse. Mrs. Maxwell took up the thread of conversation. There was still a trace of bewilder-

ment in her voice.

"Why," she exclaimed. "You really are marrying him for just the qualities that I wanted to show you that he had."

The girl nodded. "That's just it, I wanted to be made respectable, to be hemmed in by conventionalities. I'm sick of freedom. You see, I

truly am in love with stupidity, Mrs. Maxwell. I'm doing it with my eyes open."

Eleanor Maxwell gave a philosophic smile. "You seem to know what you're doing," she said. "I confess though, I don't quite understand your attitude. It's heroic, maybe, but not intelligent."

MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY, '07.

THE PUBLICAN

The City of Day is a City of Dread
And I a stranger therein,
For men look askance when they pass me by
And remember my ancient sin.
(These men of the scornful eye,
If the truth were known, are they better than I?)

The City of Night is a City of Peace
And I am welcome therein,
For men clasp my hand when they pass me by
With a laugh at my ancient sin.
(These men of the friendly eye,
Know they would not have done other than I.)

Louise Foley, '08.

A DOORSTEP DIALOGUE

On a stormy night between twelve and half past in the year 1904, Miss Molly Hennessey and Mr. Ignatius McCarthy, a "native son" of California, just returned from a meeting of the "Gaelic Club," are standing on the steps of Mrs. Brewer's house in a fashionable part of San Francisco.

Molly (talking very fast and with animation).—Aw, Mr. Mc-Carthy, ain't it awful! I must 'a' forgot my key. I don't know what you'll think of me, and me meetin' you fer the first time to-night. I says to Kate, she's my sister, Kate, I says, hold me key while I'm agettin' on my things; I'm agoin' home with Mr. McCarthy, I says, that tall, good-looking man, I says, and she must have——

Mr. McCarthy.—That's all right, Miss Hinnissey, I don't mind waitin' with you, till you can raise the folks.

Molly.—I dasn't ring the bell. (A pause. Molly shivers and glances timidly at Mr. McCarthy.) I don't mind the cold for mesilf. What's botherin' me is, what you must think of me. Me mother, she keeps wan of the swellest public houses, in County Limerick, Mr. McCarthy, she would turn green in the face if she thought wan of her dotters was out on the steps at this time o' night with a strange gentleman. (Giggling nervously.) I dasn't do it, Mr. McCarthy.

MR. McCarthy.—Well, I guess I kin stand the cold if a little slip of a girl like you can. (Bashfully.) I ain't patrolled this beat for

nothing. I says-

Molly.—Aw, go 'long, Mr. McCarthy. D'ye think I believe that? Mr. McCarthy.—Sure, it's the truth; just listen to that wind, will ye? Say, Mis Hinnessey, don't ye dare to ring the bell?

Molly (sighing).—Lord, Mr. McCarthy, Mrs. Brewer is a holy terror, she is. I'm scart near to death of her. I have an awful hard time of it. Yisterday I was readin' Married at Midnight, in the pantry. Have ye iver read it? It's grand.

Mr. McCarthy.—I don't have much time for literytoor, now.

Molly.—Well, Mr. McCarthy, it's one of them sweet, sweet stories full of Jukes and Marquises and all the rist of them. I was just at that lovely part where Lady Isabel, with a look of scorn and rage sweeps from the grove, leaving Lord Castlewood on the edge of the precipice. I was cryin' for all I was worth, when Mrs. Brewer she comes in. "Molly," she says, in that pokery v'ice of hers, "kindly stop that foolishness and bring some tea to the drawing-room immejately, Molly," she says. Aw, Mr. McCarthy, if I could swape around that grand, I wouldn't call the Queen my aunt. When I see them kind o' people (sighing), I'm jist that dissatisfied with meself. (Pause.)

MR. McCarthy.—You'll pass in a crowd, I guess all right. Thim high and stiff like ladies are all right, but I'm not for them. Say, you're shiverin' turrible.

Molly.—It's awful good of you to say so, Mr. McCarthy. When I seen yer name on me draw card, to-night, I says to Kate, I says, I jist know it's that fine lookin' gintleman with ——

Mr. McCarthy.—Say, Miss Hinnessey, what are you givin' me, anyhow?

Molly.—I couldn't give ye a lie, could I? What do you think Father Murphy would say to me if I was to do such a thing?

MR. McCarthy.—Father Murphy had bitter not say anything to ye, that's all I've got to say. Miss Hinnessey, ye're freezin'. Take my coat.

Molly.—I couldn't think of it, Mr. McCarthy. No matther how cold I am, I always try to be a perfect lady. You go 'long home, and I (dolefully) will stay here till mornin'. Perhaps in the mornin' when Mrs. Brewer open the door she'll be sorry that ——

MR. McCarthy.—Don't take it so hard, Miss Hinnessey. I

wouldn't leave a slinder little gurrl like you-

Molly (on the verge of tears).—Aw, I'm big enough, Mr. Mc-Carthy. I work so ha-a-a-rd that I don't have time to—to—think of things. (Bends her head.)

Pause. Wind howls. Molly raises her head, and steps nearer Mr.

McCarthy. Her face brightens.

Molly (in a whisper).—Mr. McCarthy, ain't it lovely? It's just like the weddin' night of Lady Isabel and Lord Castlewood in the book I was tellin' ye about.

Mr. McCarthy.—Is it now?

Molly (still whispering).—Yis. It said, "The moaning of the wind chilled the marrow in their bones." Oh, I'm so cold! You go on and leave me alone!

MR. McCarthy (excited).—Now, Miss Hinnessey, don't talk like that. It makes me feel awful, it does for a fact. Just let me take off me coat and put it around ye. (Starts to pull off coat.)

Molly (hastily).—No, no, I couldn't think of lettin' ye do such a thing. Me mother would—well, I don't know what she wouldn't do. It's so dark here, Mr. McCarthy, where are ye?

Mr. McCarthy (gently).—Here.

Molly.—I don't know what's got into me, but I'm that scared and nervous.

Mr. McCarthy (*moved*).—Don't you be scart, Miss Hinnessey—Molly—don't you cry.

Molly.—I can't help it, you're so, so (gets more and more embarrassed), so Divil take it! Look at me! I've been holdin' that key here in my hand al the time and din't know it. (Holds up key.)

GENEVIEVE THOMPSON, '07.

THE PRINCESS

Maidens to wait on her Morning and night, Lace up her silken gowns, Bind her braids tight.

Maidens to sing to her—
All these she had—
Treasures in store for her,
Still she was sad.

Slender and tall she grew,
Pale as a nun.
"Ah, for one day," she sighed,
"Out in the sun.

"Out where the butter cups Nod as I pass, Out where the daisies grow Thick in the grass.

"Where I can wander all
Day in the breeze,
Where cool, brown wood streams slip
Under the trees.

"Out of my prison walls
Under the sky,
Far from the castle's cold
Vigilant eye.

"Tear off my gems, let me Romp, let me run; Ah, for one long, sweet day Out in the sun." Maidens with idle hands
Sit all alone,
Up in her empty room,
For she is gone.

Fled through the castle door Down the long stair, Over the court-yard stones Into the air.

Off through the meadow land, Laughing aloud, Dancing o'er clover tops, Free as a cloud.

When the old king goes
Forth on a ride,
A snowy-white horse
Runs close by his side.

The horse knows no bridle, Leaves no faint track, He bears a gay fairy child, Light on his back.

Anna M. Hill, '05.

IN THE LAST DAYS

At the forking of the road, Roger hesitated, resting his hands in his pockets, and all the while whistling absent-mindedly to himself. One way, the village street led on in a straight line between two great rows of trees arching overhead; at regular intervals were immaculate little white and green houses. The other was a blind lane ending in a marshy field, which rose gradually to the higher ground beyond, that lay at the entrance between two low hill ridges.

As Roger looked down the lane, his favourite way, round the corner of the hill ambled a great clumsy ox, followed blindly by another and

then another, and another, all moving leisurely toward the pool where the stone causeway crossed the swamp. A small boy in a muddy white sailor-suit, a red cap on the back of his head, followed them, shouting, and brandishing a short stick. Roger laughed as he saw the procession, and he turned down the lane, calling out at him:

"Bob; what are you doing, Bob?"

The small boy stopped short and looked up, dropping his stick.

"Hello, Roger," he shouted; and started toward the lane.

"Is Christopher Henry at your house?" asked Roger.

"No; but Elizabeth sent me down to tell you that he would stop for you there this morning."

"Oh, I see: you were just coming to tell me? Now, will Elizabeth go, I wonder?"

"Yes," replied Bob solemnly, his eyes twinkling.

"I'll go back this way with you, then;" said Roger with alacrity, and the two started off together.

When they reached the way between the hills, Bob stopped:

"What are you and Christopher going to do?" he asked.

"Bear-shooting," said Roger.

"Are there any bears in the woods?" He stiffened up as he asked the question. "Take me, too." Then he looked up at Roger's face and laughed, walking on again. "You were fooling me," he said.

In a few minutes they came to a cut in the ridge at their left, through which they could see the village street a stone's throw ahead. The rugged, wooded ravine behind them was separated only by one field from the neat little square-plotted garden toward which they were walking.

"Elizabeth's in the library," said Bob as he climbed over the low brick wall, and ran, shouting like mad, toward a gardener who was busy weeding peaceably.

Roger crossed the stile, pausing on the top step to cut a crimson rose from the tree twining over it, and wandered on alone toward the broad white house. He went up the wide steps, through the open door, and across the cool, dark hallway to the library.

At a low table, a great bowl of roses beside her, was a woman of about twenty-eight or thirty, reading. As Roger entered, she looked up, taking the rose which he held out to her silently, with a smile as she slipped it into her book to mark the place, and put the book on the table.

"Good morning, Roger," she said. "Bob really got the message straight?"

Roger laughed. "Yes," he said, sitting down opposite to her, and leaning forward a trifle stiffly, resting his elbows on the arms of his chair.

"Have you decided to go with Christopher and me, Elizabeth?" he asked, soberly.

"No," she said, shaking her head.

"We're going to drive way up the river."

"No," she repeated, adding, after a moment with a half laugh, "I'd be perfectly sure to come back and find that Bob had burned the house down if I left him alone—and no one else is home to-day."

There was a pause; then Roger suggested, hesitatingly:

"Wouldn't you be willing to take him with us?"

"I'm afraid I can't go this morning, Roger," said Elizabeth. There was a sudden scramble from just without the low French window which opened on the porch:

"Oh, you meanie," cried Bob, knocking over a chair in his precipitate

entrance, "that isn't nice of you, Elizabeth."

"Bob, I'm ashamed of you," said his sister. She glanced at Roger, who was looking up at Bob with an absent-minded seriousness, and they both laughed.

"Elizabeth," said Roger, "you're going away so soon; and it's just the kind of a day to go up the river—we may not get another chance, you

know."

"Yes, Elizabeth, you're going away so soon." The small boy came over and hung on the back of her chair, slipping his arm about her neck.

She put her hand on both of his grimy ones: "Bob," she said, "I want you to go out in the garden and cut those roses that you promised to get for me."

Bob was on the verge of tears; he ran hastily out through the window.

Elizabeth turned to Roger:

"It's just possible," she said, with a slight embarrassment, "that Andrew may come this morning."

"Andrew? I thought that he had gone West last week and wouldn't be back until just in time—" Roger hesitated, "for the wedding."

"No, he didn't go there, after all. He is still East."

Elizabeth picked up the book which she had been reading when Roger had come in, and pulled out the rose marking the place, breaking off the end of its long stem.

"Roger," she said, putting it down on the table again, "I'm going to tell you something that no one else outside knows yet—not even Christopher. Andrew wrote that, when he went, he might have to be West for a year, or even two: we—I am going to be married very quietly from here week after next."

There was a long, heavy silence. Elizabeth pulled off the petals of her rose one by one, and Roger watched her steadily. Out in the garden he heard Bob shouting at someone. The morning wind made the honey-suckle vine on the porch flap noisily. Then came the sound of steps across the hall, and Bob's voice:

"Yes; he's waiting for you. He's awful mad because you kept him —he's in with 'Lizabeth."

"Good morning; I'm sorry to be so late," said Bob's companion. "Roger's persuaded you to come with us, Elizabeth?"

"Elizabeth feels that she can't come." There was a formal little tone in Roger's voice. Then his face changed; he turned to Elizabeth. "Since you can't come, why don't you let us take Bob anyway?" he said.

"Oh, yes! yes! yes!" Bob jumped up and down in an agony lest he

again be refused.

Elizabeth put her arm about him, smiling at Roger: "That's very good of you and Christopher," she said.

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

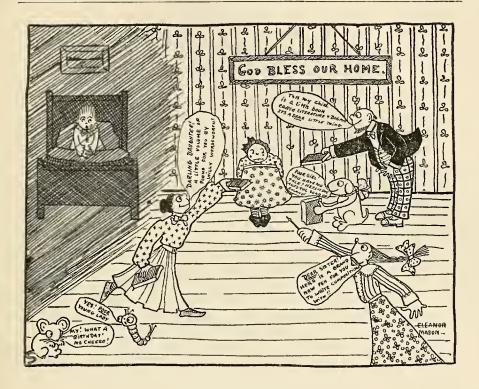
"DULCI FISTULA"

EDITOR'S DREAM

(With Apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

She thought she saw contributors
Rush to her in a stream;
She looked again and saw it was
A sugar-coated dream.
"Poor me," she said, "poor silly me,
Who will give me a theme?"

GLADYS CHANDLER, '06.



AFTER MIDYEARS

I am a Senior at Bryn Mawr, And twenty-one to-day, And oh! I must be *very* wise, My family always say!

But late last night I had a dream,
A dream that scares me still,
I wish I could forget it, but
I guess I never will.

I thought it was my birthday, I was feeling very pleasant, Knowing my family soon would come Each with a splendid present. "Now mamma's gift will be a hat, And sister Jane's some honey, And pa 'll pull out his pocket-book, And give me lots of money."

And then, I dreamed, they all came in,
They looked so kind and good,
I hoped they'd give me even more
Than I had thought they would.

No grief nor torture Job endured, Could possibly be worse Than mine! I cannot tell you more, For sobs impede my verse.

Envoi.

But should you wish to know my fate, The picture will elucidate.

P. S.—Then suddenly my roommate spoke,
My! I was thankful when I woke!

Eleanor Mason, '05.

A PSALM OF EASTER, OR WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG WOMAN SAID TO THE PROFESSOR

Tell me not in scornful numbers
That it's forty once again
For the flunked one's spirit slumbers,
And flunked once is flunked again.

Cramming's real—and expensive,—
And flunk notes are *not* its aim,
Try again!—with heart how pensive!—
It's the only road to fame.

For our tutors all remind us,
We can turn our flunks to pass,
And, departing, leave behind us,
That we went out with our class.

Then, I'll send the bills to Father,
And, with heart for any fate,
Cramming still—though I'd not rather—
Learn to scribble and to wait.

M. I. O'SULLIVAN, '07.

ONE SUMMER EVE

The Katy-Did said to the Fair White Moth, ('Mid the silvery gleam of the Moon) "Ah, my milk-winged lady, be cruel no more, But say 'yes' to my pleadings soon." (Touronn! played the Frog on his big bassoon.)

Said the Fair White Moth to the Katy-Did, (While the Elm Leaves whispered low), "I like the sheen of your pale green wing, So I think I shall not say no." (Ah-ho! shrilled the Owl from the wood below.)

Then the Katy-Did and the Fair White Moth (By the West Star's shimmering light),
Their wing-tips kissed and plighted their troth
For a future all peaceful and bright.
(Good-night! chirped the sleepy old Robin. Good-night!)
FRANCES M. SIMPSON, '06.

BALLADE OF A MIDDLE-AGED LOVER

I have gossiped with ladies of fame,
I have hob-nobbed with grandes dames of state,
I have dined with the noble in name
And have supped with the wives of the great;
Every one has some ravishing trait,
And they all have been charming to me,
But the one who can best fascinate
Is the Person who brews me my tea.

Horace lauds Roman feasts without shame, And the bowl, flowing early and late, Omar feels, in his way, much the same, And quaffs wine at a similar rate.

Let them call my path stupidly straight, For all them, I can happier be

At my plain afternoon tête-à-tête,

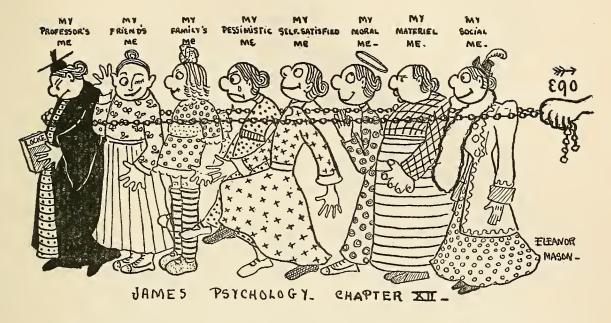
With the Person who brews me my tea.

If life seems a one-sided game,
And I am the loser to fate,
If my Pegasus sometimes goes lame
When I'm trying to show off his gait,
Still, my most profane feelings abate
And my notions of suicide flee
When I'm offered a cup and a plate
By the Person who brews me my tea.

Envoi.

Her manners are far from sedate,
And her frock only comes to her knee,
But I know it is worth while to wait
For the Person who brews me my tea.

Anna M. Hill, '05.



GENERAL PSYCHOLOGY—LECTURES, MARCH 12, 1905

Case of Miss X.

A young girl, studying at Bryn Mawr awoke one morning when the triangle rang. Owing to the shock her I felt peculiar, but on arising she came into breakfast as usual at fourteen minutes and fiftynine seconds after eight o'clock. Her I still felt peculiar and she noticed with some anxiety that her Me's were beginning to act in an unruly fashion, tugging at the leading strings and even mixing up their proper places. By nine o'clock her I was in a completely exhausted state and could no longer control her Me's. During the morning she took her self-satisfied Me (after a tremendous struggle) to Psychology, where she completely lost it; her social Me to Major English Critics, her material Me to a college luncheon, where it expired of malnutrition. In the afternon she took her pessimistic Me to a wedding, her moral Me to a theatre party, her professor's Me to an afternoon tea (where she soon found herself the only remaining guest) and returned to college in

the evening with her family's Me. The latter was immediately fallen upon and beaten to death, and her I being exhausted by its many mutations succumbed also. Her I together with her friends' Me was shipped home by package delivery for funeral, but repudiated by family and buried by Town. Find out for next time, whether she died of I diotic Me-lancholia or I steric Measles.

ELEANOR MASON, '05.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN COLLEGE WORK

The other day I received a catalogue of a "Ladies' College," situated near Baltimore, which offered to prepare for "the duties of wife and mother." There was one course which excited in me not only admiration but helpless envy. I will quote:

"A two-hour course in the lighter form of English verse will be required of all Freshmen. As the female mind is often unable to comprehend the great manifestation of genius and as the duties of woman do not render such comprehension necessary, this course may be substituted for any part of the course in Shakespeare. It consists of one hour's reading in class of selected portions of the works of Lewis Carroll Lear and others, and one hour's consideration by the lecturer of the relation borne by literature to a woman's future duties. Parents need entertain no fear," and so on.

Well, no matter how incapable we are of comprehending Shakespeare, I think we ought to have to make the effort. And yet we are told in chapel that we are not going to form any new brain cells after we leave college. Life without calculus cells will surely be more endurable than life without Lewis Carroll cells; we have plenty of chances to develop Calculus cells and not even a fifteen-minute elective in Nonsense Verse. It seems therefore that as the college grows, this department should be added. Just think how it would look in the catalogue—under Modern Languages.

Nonsense.

 twenty-five hours of lectures and recitations per week and includes five hours a week of Matriculation Nonsense; ten hours of undergraduate major and minor work, five hours of post-major work open only to graduates and undergraduates that have completed the Major Course in Nonsense; and five hours a week of graduate work in Classical and Romance Nonsense and Nonsense Philology.

A class for beginners in Nonsense under the direction of Dr. ——, five hours a week throughout the year is provided that those students whose matriculation examination did not include Nonsense may with less difficulty obtain the reading knowledge of it they must possess before receiving a degree. By great diligence such students may receive sufficient knowledge to be admitted should they desire it, into the first year of the major course in Nonsense.

Consider the horrors of a quiz in Nonsense Philology—of remembering the definition and Anglo-Saxon roots of "slithy" and "beamish" and Carroll's own definitions in comparison; of giving the date and circumstances of the composition of "The Pobble who has no toes," and of classifying him in the Nonsense arrangement of animal life; of contrasting the psychology of Aunt Jobiska, in her tender solicitude for the welfare of her nephew, with that of old Hecuba when she gave the wine to Hector. Consider the daily themes and the critical papers,—the midnight hours spent over "Character Drawing in Sylvie and Bremo," and the "Romanticism of Peter Newell,"—or "Delineations of Passion in the Brownie Book."

Yet this toil will have its abundant reward. The students of the future will carry through life a keener appreciation of the ridiculous, a finer, more critical taste for the sublime in poetry and in life, and a power of instantly detecting shams and pompous pretension.

MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN, '07.

THE MAY-DAY FETE

In the happy days of yore, Now centuries and more Out of date; People loved a holiday And chose the first of May For a Fête. Lads and lassies on the green, Following their fair May-queen In merry state; Gay pageants, May-poles, bliss, Were the elements of this May-Day Fête.

But in the modern age
Our campus is the stage—
With Owl-gate,
With scaffold, too, and tower
Whereon is acted our
May-Day Fate.

MARGARET G. HALL, '05.

"WHEN THE CRICKETS SING"

When the crickets began their evening song in the twilight of a summer day, the little girl always slipped softly out of the long window, and clinging tightly to the vine-covered rail, peered into the shadows below. There was no sound save the chirp of the crickets in the hedge and the lapping of the water against the sea-wall. One by one the gleaming lights came out in the harbour and cast quivering lines of brightness over the water. The little girl came nearer the top of the steps and listened. Down below a path led around by the hedge, past "the corner" and back to the house again. Over there the crickets were very noisy. One step after another she went down. Will "It" be in "the corner," she wonders? She had never seen "It"; she did not know what "It" is; but she felt with a terrified certainty that "It" was there.

Every night she must go along the path. She could not help it. Now the darkness was growing deeper and with a gasp she unclasped her moist little hand from the railing and started. She went slowly at first, and then faster and faster as "the corner" was near. There was a thick darkness, a loud chirping of crickets close to her ears, and she was safely by. Panting and happy she sank on the steps. "It" was there, she knew, and after all she had not been so very cowardly.

The crickets still chirp in the twilight of a summer day, but the old house is dark and empty and a street lamp flares down into the inmost recesses of "the corner." Yet the little girl coming softly down the steps into the garden always seems to belong inalienably with the crickets and the twilight.

MARGARET M. WHITALL, '05.

MINUTES OF THE CONFERENCE OF STUDENT GOVERN-MENT REPRESENTATIVES, HELD AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE, DECEMBER, 3, 1904.

The meeting was called to order. Miss Poynter, President of the Wellesley Association, was elected chairman. Miss Lynde, President of the Bryn Mawr Association, was elected secretary.

The questions to be discussed were brought up in regular order, and reports were given by the representatives as follows:

I. The organization of the Associations.

A.—Nature of the original charter (extent of jurisdiction of the Association and the power of protest of the Faculty).

VASSAR.—Charter gave control over three things: 1. Quiet in buildings. 2. Order on campus. 3. Social engagements (including intercollegiate relations). The college has control of college entertainments.

SIMMONS.—No charter. The students have not yet thoroughly developed their system of government. It is dependent on the will of the Dean.

Woman's College of Baltimore.—No charter. The Faculty have authorized the students to act along certain lines. Steps are being taken to get a definite system.

Wells.—The charter was in the form of an agreement between the Faculty and students. It gave the students control of: 1. Quiet hours and the retiring hour. 2. Chapel attendance. 3. Athletics. 4. The College Magazine.

WILSON.—Charter gave control of: I. Quiet hours. 2. Order on the campus. 3. Fire drills. "Quiet hours" includes quiet in the dormitories, near the Infirmary, and in the dining room.

Brown.—The charter granted by the Faculty gave the students control of: 1. Matters of conduct. 2. Social life (including formation of societies). 3. Cheating in college work. 4. Absence from recitations. 5. Absence from chapel. 6. Quiet in the halls.

CORNELL.—No charter from the Faculty. The warden allowed to students to adopt a form of student government in the dormitories. They control: 1. Quiet hours. 2. Fire drill. 3. Dances.

BARNARD.—No definite charter. The students control matters not academic.

Mt. Holyoke.—No charter. The students control: 1. Church and chapel attendance. 2. Quiet hours and retiring hour. 3. Fire drill. 4. The College Monthly. 5. Several social functions.

Bryn Mawr.—Charter granted by the Trustees and the President. The Association controls all matters of conduct. The college authorities reserve control of: I. Academic matters. 2. Public entertainments. 3. Household management (controlled by warden).

Wellesley.—Charter granted by the President and the Faculty, with the sanction of the Trustees. The Association controls all matters not strictly academic. The Faculty reserve the control of: I. All entertainments and organizations. 2. Publications. 3. Matters pertaining to public health and safety. 4. Matters pertaining to household management and college property.

B.—The officers. Their duties and powers.

Vassar.—President; Vice-president (President of main building and chairman of off-campus committee); Secretary; Treasurer. Self-government Committee—13 members: President, Vice-president, 2 seniors, 4 juniors, 3 sophomores, 2 freshmen. House-presidents—Vice-president, and the 4 junior members of the Self-government Committee. Proctors—about 40 in number, including off-campus proctors.

SIMMONS.—President, Senior; 4 Vice-presidents, Juniors (representing different departments of college); Secretary, Senior; Treasurer, Senior; Executive Board, (appoints an advisory board of Sophomores to look after the Freshmen).

Woman's College.—President, Senior; Vice-president, Senior Secretary, Sophomore; Treasurer, Junior; Executive Board—President, Vice-president, and one member from each of the three other

classes. Proctors—(Sixteen in number) who carry out the will of the Executive Board, and levy fines for infringement of rule.

Wells.—President; Vice-president; Secretary; Executive Board—President, Vice-president, Secretary. Self-government Committee—President, as chairman, 2 Seniors, 2 Juniors, 1 Sophomore, 1 Freshman and such representation from outside buildings as is deemed necessary.

WILSON.—President, Senior; Vice-president, (secretary of the Executive Board) Senior; Secretary, Junior; Treasurer, Junior; Executive Board—President, Vice-president, I Senior member, 2 Juniors, 2 Sophomores. House President, (responsible to Executive Board). Proctors, (responsible to House President).

Brown.—President, Senior; Vice-president, Senior; Secretary and Treasurer, one office, Junior. Executive Board—President, Vice-president, Secretary-Treasurer, two members from each class. Direct power to carry out the will of the Association.

CORNELL.—President, (Chairman of Executive Committee). Executive Committee—elects its own Secretary and Treasurer. Has legislative power.

BARNARD.—President, Senior; Vice-president, Senior; Secretary, Junior; Treasurer, Sophomore. Executive Committee—five: I Senior (chairman), President of Undergraduates, I Junior, I Sophomore, I Freshman. Student Council—nine: President, Vice-president, Secretary and Treasurer of Undergraduates, Chairman of Executive Committee, and the four Class Presidents. Has control of all matters not strictly academic.

Mt. Holyoke.—President, Senior; Secretary, Senior; Treasurer; Executive Board of seven: President, I Senior member (chairman of Village Committee), 2 Juniors, I Sophomore, I Freshman, I recent graduate. House Chairman, nominated by Executive Board, and elected by halls. With proctors enforces quiet and ten o'clock rules. Meet with Executive Board. Village Committee, Seniors. Has charge of village students.

Bryn Mawr.—President; Vice-president; Secretary; Treasurer. Executive Board—President, Vice-president. 3 members chosen from two upper classes and the graduate students. Advisory Board of 10, 2 from each class and 2 from the graduates. Advises with Executive Board. Proctors, 3 or more in each hall. Head proctor elected by

the proctors in each hall, and responsible for them. Proctorial Board,

consisting of all the proctors.

Wellesley.—President, Senior; Vice-president, Senior; Secretary, Junior; Treasurer, Junior. Executive Board—President, Vice-president, Secretary, Treasurer, and I member from each of the 3 upper classes. Constitutes lower court of Association. Advisory Committee of 10 members, 2 from each class and 2 from Association at large. This committee consults with Executive Board. Joint Committee—President (ex-officia), 2 members from Association at large. Consults with a committee of the Faculty on questions concerning the jurisdiction of the Association. House Committee—I. House Presidents, elected by halls. (Vice-president of Association is House President of Village.) 2. Chairmen of floors, elected by halls. In the village, chairmen of village houses. Responsible to Vice-president of Association.

C.—1. Regular meetings of Association.

VASSAR.—Two regular meetings, one in the fall to explain system of government, one in the spring for election of officers.

SIMMONS.—Two regular meetings, one in the fall, with the Vice-presidents, one in the spring.

Woman's College.—Monthly meetings for discussion of general questions.

Wells.—One meeting in the spring to elect officers.

WILSON.—Two meetings, one in the fall to explain system of government, one in May for elections and reports.

Brown.—Monthly meetings for general discussion.

CORNELL.—Two meetings, one in the fall to explain system of government and to allow Freshmen to sign constitution, and one in the spring.

BARNARD.—Two meetings, one in November and one in May.

Mt. Holyoke.—Two meetings, one in September to explain history of League and to give opportunity for signing constitution, and one in May for elections and annual reports.

BRYN MAWR.—Two meetings, one in the fall for reading of constitution and explaining system of government, and one in the spring for annual report.

Wellesley.—a. Annual meeting in the fall for reading con-

stitution and by-laws. b. Monthly meetings for reports from Executive Board and House Presidents and for transacting any other business.

2. Signing of constitution.

In Cornell the signing of the constitution means choosing whether the student will be a member of the Student Government Association or under Faculty rule.

Vassar and Woman's College also have signing of constitution.

II. Rules and Regulations:

A.—Ten o'clock rule (for lights).

VASSAR.—No ten o'clock rule (abolished).

SIMMONS.—Lights out at 10.30 p. m.

Woman's College.—Lights out at 10.30 p. m.

Wells.—Lights out at 10 p. m.

WILSON.—Lights out at 10 p. m., in dormitories. Lights out at 11 p. m. in library. Lights out at 11 p. m. in Senior Hall.

Brown-

CORNELL-

BARNARD.—No ten o'clock rule.

Мт. Ногуоке.—Lights out at 10 р. m.

BRYN MAWR.—No ten o'clock rule.

Wellesley.—No ten o'clock rule (abolished when Student Government was adopted).

B.—Quiet hours, how enforced.

VASSAR.—Quiet in morning and afternoon during recitation periods. Quiet in evening. Students report breaking of rules to proctor. Proctor reports to House President as higher authority. House President reports to President of Association. Sunday quiet maintained without proctoring.

SIMMONS.—Quiet from 7.30 to 9.30 p. m.

Woman's College.—No control of quiet hours.

Wells.—Self-government Committee acts as proctors.

WILSON.—Quiet hours morning, afternoon and evening.

Brown.—Quiet in corridors and in library.

CORNELL.—Quiet except one hour before and after each meal. Absolute quiet after 10 p. m.

BARNARD.—Quiet maintained in recitation halls by Student Council and Executive Committee.

Mt. Holyoke.—Quiet in morning and afternoon during recitation hours. Quiet in evening. Enforced by proctors.

BRYN MAWR.—Monday to Thursday, quiet from 8.15 a. m. to 1 p. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 7.30 to 9.15 p. m., and after 10 p. m. Friday, no evening quiet hours until after 10.30 p. m. Saturday no quiet hours until after 10.30 p. m. All maintained by proctors. Quiet in lecture halls enforced by Executive and Advisory Boards.

Wellesley.—Quiet hours in dormitories, 7.30 to 9.30 p. m., 10 p. m., to 6.30 a. m. (absolute). In recitation halls during recitation periods. Quiet in dormitories and recitation halls kept by chairmen of floors and by proctors and personal responsibility.

Proctors have substitutes while away from halls except at Vassar, where it is considered better to leave the matter to personal responsibility.

C.—Penalties.

Vassar.—I. Loss of visiting privileges. 2. Loss of privilege of being on committees. 3. Position on campus changed. 4. Removal from campus.

SIMMONS.—No penalties.

Woman's College.—Power for inflicting penalties has not been used.

Wells.—I. Student's name brought before Student Government Committee. 2. After warning, a written reproof. 3. If this is not effectual, suspension used.

WILSON.—I. Student brought before Board. 2. As last resort, brought before Association.

Brown.—I. Reproof by President of Student Government Association. 2. Written reproof from Student Government Association Board. 3. Summons to appear before Executive Board. 4. Recommendations to the Dean.

BARNARD.—No penalties.

Mt. Holyoke.—No penalties have yet been used.

Bryn Mawr.—1. Fines for purely mechanical faults such as forgetting to register. 2. Remonstrances verbal or written. 3. Serious reprimands by Executive Board. 4. Suspension. 5. Expulsion.

Wellesley.—1. Registration privileges taken away. 2. Personal reproof by House President. 3. Different degrees of written reproofs. 4. Personal reproof from President of Association. 5. Expulsion from college buildings. 6. Posting notification on Student Government bulletin board, with or without name of student. 7. Expulsion from Student Government.

D.—Church and chapel attendance.

Vassar.—Compulsory by Faculty.

SIMMONS.—Compulsory by Faculty.

Woman's College.—Compulsory by Faculty.

Wells.—Compulsory by Dean.

Brown.—Compulsory by Faculty.

WILSON.—Compulsory by Faculty.

Barnard.—Not compulsory.

Mt. Holyoke.—Compulsory, under control of League. Honor system.

Bryn Mawr.—Not compulsory.

Wellesley.—Not compulsory.

E.—Self-government control in academic work.

Vassar.—No cut system.

SIMMONS.—Cut system by Faculty.

Woman's College.—Cut system by Faculty.

Wells.-No cut system.

WILSON.—No cut system.

Brown.—Thirteen cuts allowed. After that, Executive Board legislates. This power given to students by Faculty. Legislation regarding cheating in examination.

BARNARD.—Cut system by Faculty.

Мт. Ноцуоке.—No cut system.

BRYN MAWR.—No cut system. A tacit honor system exists in examination by which a student will report any cheating she sees.

Wellesley.—No cut system.

The meeting adjourned owing to the lateness of the hour, and the subjects which remained were left for informal discussion the following day.

ISABEL A. LYNDE,

Secretary.

An informal meeting was held December 4th.

It was suggested that copies of these minutes be sent to the President of each Association represented in the Conference; and that each President send copies of the constitution and by-laws, charter, resolutions, etc., of her Association to each of the colleges represented.

It was moved and seconded that this conference recommend to the student organizations represented that they meet next year to consider the forming of a permanent organization of Student Government Associations in women's colleges. The motion was carried.

The meeting adjourned.

ISABEL A. LYNDE,

Secretary. -

LAW CLUB DEBATE

On Tuesday evening, February 27th, the Law Club held a debate, open to all members of the club. The subject was, Resolved, "That the theatrical syndicate makes for the best interests of the theatre." Amelia Montgomery, '05, leader on the affirmative side, opened the discussion by defining the term "best interests." She said that the syndicate was by no means faultless, but was better able to satisfy the demands of the public than any other system. Margaret Morison, '07, leader for the negative, then spoke of the all-powerfulness of the syndicate. The sole purpose of theatrical management, she said, should be the education of the public, and such a purpose the syndicate certainly does not fulfill. She was followed by Grace Hutchins, '07, for the affirmative, who showed the advantages of the syndicate's system of booking plays, as compared with the old system. Mildred Bishop, '08, for the negative, spoke of the effect of the syndicate's power upon the public. Lydia Moore, '05, then showed that the trust had made possible productions which could not have been played under the conditions existing formerly. Margaret Ayer, '07, followed with a description of the deterioration of the drama during the last few years. The rebuttal on the negative side was then made by Margaret Morison. She said that the syndicate must be considered from a literary as well as a business standpoint. She repeated that it did not

provide, as it should, for the education of the people, and suggested that the Endowed Theatre would better fulfill such a purpose. Amelia Montgomery closed the debate with the rebuttal from the affirmative. Why should the deterioration of the drama, she asked, be attributed to the syndicate, which attempted only to meet the demands of the theatre-going public? Critics had deplored the deterioration of the drama before the syndicate was started. As for the endowed National Theatre, it was, in the first place, unlikely that the amount of money required to start it would be given. In the second place there was no proof that such a system would seek only the improvement of the drama.

The judges, Dr. Jones, Frances Hubbard, '05, and Frances Simpson, '06, decided in favour of the affirmative.

The Law Club has instituted the custom of having an extemporaneous debate on college question—the subject to be announced beforehand—during the interval in the meetings while the judges have withdrawn. The subject for the next discussion is, *Resolved*, "That complexity of college interests interferes with the character of the academic work."

GRACE HUTCHINS, '07.

THE GRADUATE ENTERTAINMENT TO THE SENIORS

The Graduate Entertainment to the Seniors on Saturday night, March fourth, passed off with great pleasure to everyone. The staging was most picturesque, the wit phenomenally fresh for a college play, and the conception of the whole entertainment was most refreshingly original.

We were presented on Saturday night with that most moving of all spectacles, "What Might Have Been." It was something given to cheer us from our sober countenances,—"sober because they are all come to the scaffold?" it was asked. "No, because the scaffold has come to Bryn Mawr." Our last May-Day fête was enacted before us, in poignantly accurate realism. The unfinished Library loomed behind the reprodution, boxed in scaffolding, with flags, banners and garlands flying from every beam, in the fashion we were heard to declare desirable in that first disappointment when we were ready to choose the May-Day fête, scaffolds and all. The usual tedium of the entre-actes was enlivened by observation of the workmen who munched their noon-day lunch-

eon by the fence in front of the rising edifice. But the reproduction of the *fête* passed with a success far exceeding realism. Those great gentlemen, Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller themselves, appeared in the festal throng and produced their magic check books to good effect, conquered—and no wonder—by the entreaty of their hostesses.

The entertainment began, of course, in the fashion of a real May Day. The picturesque procession of actors came in through the audience and onto the stage, and danced around the May Pole and the May Queen, Miss Boyeson. Then followed the play of St. George and the Dragon (which the graduates were to give at the May-Day fête). Miss Hicks was St. George, and played her part stirringly. Miss Hedges was a convincing Dragon. The King and Queen of England (Miss Branson and Miss Schaefer), were most picturesque and splendid. All the motley groups—the Doctor, King Cole, the Giant, played their parts well. After the performance of this play, Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie consulted the Ouija Board for advice as to the next play they should attend. The Ouija Board promptly spelt out "Robin Hood," the play of 1905. Then followed a most amusing college version of "Robin Hood," written by Miss Brownson. After the Robin Hood, came dancing and fortune-telling by the May Queen under the May Pole.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

- ⁹93. Susan Walker Fitzgerald, of the Richmond Hill House, N. Y., has been obliged to resign her position and go to California because of the ill health of her husband.
- '95. Mrs. E. A. Loomis, of New York City, spent the week ending February eleventh at Bryn Mawr.

²96. Mary Flexner, New York City, is studying at Barnard.

- '97. Elizabeth Gilford spent the summer in Paris studying book-binding.
- oo. Alletta Van Ruypen, of Washington, Grace Campbell, of West Orange, N. J., have visited college within the past fortnight. Frances Wehle De Haas is traveling in Algiers.
- or. Helen Converse has announced her engagement to Mr. Warren Newbold Thorpe, of Philadelphia.

Edith Edwards, of Rhode Island, visited college this month.

'02. Jane H. Cragin was married to Captain D'Arcy H. Kay, of the Fourth Worcestershire Regiment, on Wednesday, March first. Frances Allen was married December eighteenth to Mr. Frank Hackett. She is living in New York.

'o3. Ethel Hulburd has announced her engagement to Mr. Paul Johnson, of Chicago.

Charlotte Morton is visiting Mable Norton in California.

'04. May Frace, of Clinton, N. J.; E. H. Gerhard, of Harrisburg; Martha Rockwell, Ruth Wood, Sara Palmer, Mary James, Sara Briggs, Jane Allen, Katharine Scott, Katrina Van Wagenen, Clara Case and Isabel Peters have visited college within the past fortnight.

COLLEGE NOTES

On Wednesday evening, February fifteenth, there was a meeting of the Christian Union in the chapel.

On Thursday evening, February twenty-third, there was a meeting of the College Settlement Association in the chapel. The address was made by Mr. William O. Gaston, secretary of the United Charities of Philadelphia. His subject was "Social Reform; What it Means; What it Demands."

On Wednesday evening, March first, there was a meeting of the Christian Union Association in the chapel to consider a constitutional amendment. It is proposed to unite with the Bryn Mawr League for the service of Christ, on a membership basis of Evangelical Church membership.

On Thursday evening, March second, there was a meeting of the College Settlement Association in the chapel. The meeting was addressed by Edward T. Devine, general secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York.

On Saturday, March fourth, the Senior orals were given.

On Wednesday evening the regular college fortnightly meeting was held in the chapel at 7.30.

On Thursday evening, March ninth, there was held a formal meet-

ing of the Law Club. The address was made by Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte.

On Wednesday evening, March fifteenth, there was held the regular

meeting of the Christian Union in the chapel.

On Wednesday evening, March fifteenth, the Record Marking contest was held in the gymnasium.

The elections of officers for the Undergraduate Association were held on Thursday, February twenty-third. The results were as follows: President, Jessie G. Hewitt, 1906; vice-president and treasurer, Margaret Augur, 1907; secretary, Lelia Wodruff, 1907; assistant treasurer, Martha Plaisted, 1908.

ATHLETIC NOTES

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, held March first, it was decided that the dates for track athletics be March fifteen and twenty. The class winning the most points is to have its banner hung above the alcove of the gymnasium.

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April, 1905

Tipyn o' Bob

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THE CHARM OF THE SILVER FALLS

Long, long ago, before any dragons had been killed or any maidens rescued from tall towers, there dwelt out in that twilight land which lies between the realm of the fairies and the real world a mortal princess. Of course she was the most beautiful princess there ever was, because she was the first of them all. Her hair was soft and black as the cloudy sky at night and hung like a mist around her face; her skin was creamy white and smooth as ivory, her lips were crimson; her eyes—and this was an unusual thing even in those far-away days—her eyes were a clear green like the depths of a great sea wave where the sun shines through it.

The princess spent her life in a charming castle on the edge of a stream. Her royal father, the king, visited her once a fortnight, coming from the great city many miles away to see if all was well with her. Companions of her own age had she none, save the shepherd boy, Lance, who tended the flocks by the edge of the stream. She grew up like a flower in the sunshine, for, being a princess, she had no need of that troublesome thing called education; and, best of all, she did not know that she was wondrously beautiful.

One day, upon her sixteenth birthday, her father came on a visit, bringing her many costly gifts, golden balls and tops and rare jewels. And after they had had supper together on the lawn, for the king put off his royal state when he came to see the princess, he drew her on his knee and said:

"Little daughter Star, you are now a child no longer. I must very soon find a husband for you. Three powerful princes have sued already for your hand. How would you like to be a queen?"

This idea frightened the princess exceedingly, and she hung her head till the dark clouds of her hair fell over her face and her fillet of diamond stars slipped off and fell to the ground unheeded.

"I am too young, father," she said. "I don't want to leave this castle, and I like you best of anybody." In fact, she gave every reason in the world except the right one, for, though she could neither read nor write, she was a wise little princess in her way and knew well that the time was not ripe to tell the king that she and the shepherd boy wished to build them a cottage on the edge of the stream and live there together forever and ever.

The king smoothed the hair from her forehead and kissed her lovingly. "Star," he said, "you shall never be made to marry anyone you dislike—you shall come home with me now and live at court and choose for yourself." And Star, still frightened, and thankful for any delay, made no objection. The next afternoon she ran out into the meadows and, calling the shepherd boy from among his sheep, she told him all about it.

"Dear," she said, with her arms around his neck and her cheek against his, "I must go, but I will never forget you and never marry anybody but you."

"Of course I know that, Star," he answered, for he was a simple youth and trusted the princess as he trusted himself. "But I shall be lonely here without you."

"In a year you may come," she answered, "and then I shall have found some way to marry you," And then, like the two children that they were, they forgot the coming separation and commenced to pelt each other with daisies and buttercups till Star had to run in to supper.

The next day the king took Star back to the town. As she rode out of the courtyard on her white horse she spied Lance sitting on the bank with his face hidden in his hands. The sun, filtering down through the

branches of the trees, made his soft mop of curls glitter like gold. Star had always admired them and hated her own dark locks, and as she caught sight of Lance sitting there all alone a lump rose in her throat and she sobbed outright. Her father, believing it to be sorrow at parting from her old home, endeavored to distract her mind by describing the gaiety of the life she was to lead, and Star listened dutifully, but sorrowfully, and thought that she would never, no never, enjoy anything half so much as a daisy and buttercup fight with the shepherd boy on the bank of the stream.

A year went by at the palace and Star grew to know and to understand many strange things. The more she learned of court and courtesies, however, the more she longed for Lance and the green meadows she had left behind her. Meanwhile prince after prince sued for her hand in vain. Indeed, she refused so many that the king, her father, grew angry and anxious, and finally spoke seriously to her:

"Star," he said, "I said I would never make you marry against your will, but when I promised that I never imagined that you would refuse everybody. Now you must make a choice. I am growing old, and I cannot leave you alone and unguarded."

Star knew that he was right, and yet her heart ached for Lance as it had never ached before. Finally she said: "Father, I will do as you wish, but the man who gains my hand must possess one thing—provided he has this it matters not to me whether he be prince or peasant."

"Your condition is granted beforehand," replied the king, for he knew Star was dutiful.

And so the princess had it proclaimed throughout the land that she would wed the suitor whose eyes were as green as her own. You see, she had such infinite faith in her shepherd boy that she believed he could do even this thing for her sake.

When the proclamation had been made, applicants came to the court by throngs. Their eyes were all shades of brown, grey and blue, but never a green eye among them all. What they came for I know not, unless, wild with love for Star, they hoped to change her harsh decision. But the princess was obdurate; no choice would she make, although each morning her sad green eyes swept the assembly in search of Lance. At last he came, in his same old homespun tunic, with his sheepskin sandals and stout staff, and when the princess saw him she dismissed the rest and flew to his arms. "Oh, Lance, Lance," she cried, "why didn't you come sooner?"

"I came as soon as ever you told me to," he replied; "but now I must hurry away and find someone who can change my eyes for me." The princess hung her head. "I like yours best—blue," she faltered. Supposing you just stay anyway, and I'll beg my father."

"I'd best go," said Lance, cheerfully. "You must keep your promise, you know." And so Star let him go, and loved him all the better for it; but before he started out she gave him a horse and armour and a great deal of gold—men of arms he would have none of.

"Where two can't get through, one may," he said.

The princess watched till he was out of sight, and every day she mounted the highest turret and strained her eyes toward the straight white highway, awaiting Lance's return. She grew so pale and wan that the people spoke of her as the "White Star."

Meanwhile Lance journeyed valiantly onward. All were friendly to him wheresoever he went, for his brave smile and honest blue eyes won every heart. But he came no nearer the object of his desire, for each person to whom he put his question, "Do you know any one who can turn my eyes green for me?" looked at him pityingly and begged him to come with them and rest, for they thought his wits had surely gone astraying.

Finally one day he came to a clearing in a dark forest where an old woman was trying to hew down a fir tree.

"Good mother, you do man's work," he said, and jumping down from his horse, he took the ax from her hands and went at the tree with such a will that it was down in no time. The old woman looked at him gratefully, and he saw that her eyes were very deep and very wise.

"Thank you, fair son," she said. "Is there aught that I can do for you in return?"

There was something so kindly in her voice that Lance forthwith found himself relating to her the whole tale. How he and Star had loved each other! how she had been taken away from him and how he could win her back. She listened sadly, and then said:

"Son, the fates have woven a bitter lot for you. I know of only one who can perform what you desire. She is the white witch, and dwells many leagues from here in the Silver Falls. When the moon shadow of the pine tree falls across the white stone you must bend over the falls and kiss the white witch. Then your eyes will be as green as your Star's. But before you go I warn you that bitter misfortune will come to you of this. What it will be I know not, but whosover kisses the white witch must pay the price."

Then Lance replied: "No price would be too great to pay for this, my desire. I am not afraid. Thank you and fare you well, good dame," and so saying, away he rode.

After many leagues, following the directions of the wise woman, Lance came to the Silver Falls. It was a cascade of water which fell sheer twenty feet from rock to rock. On the bank stood a tall, straight pine tree and fifty feet away across the stream a white stone. There was no sign of the white witch, but as evening was drawing near and it bade fair to be a clear night, he sat down on the bank and drew his evening meal from his knapsack. Twilight deepened. The silver sparkle of the falls grew whitely grey; the night noises began to sound and the wind creaked the branches of the pine tree high over head. The moon appeared over the hill top, and Lance sat motionless as if mesmerized by the splash of the water, watching the shadow of the pine tree steal nearer and nearer the white stone. The torrent gleamed brightly in the pale light, and as the moon rose higher and higher Lance saw a shadowy face shine out from behind the falls—a face of infinite sadness and infinite beauty, from which there gazed two great mournful green eyes. Lance leaned forward and gazed tensely. They were so like and yet so unlike Star's eyes. Star's eyes had always been laughing and childlike, while these seemed to hold all the stored-up sorrows of the ages. The shadow crept near and nearer the white stone, the face grew clear and clearer. Finally it emerged entirely and Lance, bending over, kissed the white witch full upon the lips. The wonderful green eyes turned on him for a brief second with a mournfulness more than mortal and then the whole face melted back into the falls. Lance looked down at a quiet pool at his feet and gazed at his reflection, showing dim in the moonlight. He saw there a strained white face surmounted by a halo of ruddy gold hair, and two staring green eyes. He sank back on the bank and buried his face in his hands. Alas! he knew now the price he had to pay—whosoever kissed the white witch must love her forever and ever. Neither honor nor loyalty could withstand the charm. Lance clenched his hands and tried to think of Star. He tried to see her sweet, laughing face: the face of the white witch came instead, and yet he knew that he really loved Star all the while. He felt numb, drugged, and sat there wrestling with himself till morning.

When the dawn came he went to where his horse was tethered and mounted him. "Star," he cried, "I am faithless and disloyal, but

you shall never know it. I shall come back to you and make you happy." All day long he rode without food or drink. When evening came and twilight began to gather down, the face of the white witch appeared in every cloud; it looked out at him from behind the trees, it gazed up from the clear pools—always with that expression of infinite sadness. Twice Lance found himself unconsciously retracing his steps, and twice he turned back again. When finally the moon rose over the hilltops, his strength deserted him. He wheeled his horse round and urged him madly back again, fearful of one thing only, lest he should not be there when the shadow of the pine tree fell across the white stone. When he came to the Silver Falls the face was gleaming behind the water. The green eyes gazed at him sorrowfully, pitifully, and Lance stood on the brink unconscious of everything in the world save that he was to kiss her again. Slowly the face emerged. Lance bent forward and pressed his lips to the cool, soft lips of the white witch.

And so the weeks, months and years went by. Each morning Lance started back to Star, each night the charm of the Silver Falls drew him back for one last farewell. And as for Star, she sat forever after in the turret, gazing down the white highway for her shepherd boy who did not return, for princesses never grew old in those faraway days.

Eleanor Mason, '05.

THE JESTER

I am the Jester to the King: I play the Fool; I dance and sing. A stone there lieth in my breast, And on my lips a merry jest.

This King hath wrought most violently, His people curse him silently. If only I might reign instead, Never should they know aught of dread.

For sooth, this cannot come to pass, For people all are fools, alas! And this the taunt that they would fling: "A Fool shall never be our King."

L'Envoi

I am a Fool by circumstance:
I please the king; I sing and dance.
I thank Thee, God; I'll not repine,
Since I the King's Fool am, not Thine.

Louise Foley, '08.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COWARD

I am a coward—a hard word, is it not? but one to which I am well accustomed; ever since I can remember I have heard it applied to me, so that by my twenty-first year, surely, I should be able to hear the name without a shudder. I complain of no injustice, for I realize that I deserve all the scorn and contempt that is my lot, and I do not—I almost said I do—care; indeed, for myself I do not, but for the sake of one other, my mother, of course, to whom my honor and my happiness are dearer than her life, I should like for once to be called a brave boy. She has done all she can for me, and it is not her fault that she has failed to help me overcome what she calls my weakness, but what really is the foundation stone of my nature.

How well I remember that first night after father had said I was old enough to go to bed alone. Mother turned out the light and left me alone relentlessly in the darkness, although she pitied me, I knew. I lay there, my eyes starting, my ears strained, and every nerve tense, fearing some wild, mysterious evil, with which to me the night was always pregnant. Even then reason told me I had nothing to fear in my own little room in father's house, where I could plainly hear his voice from below in conversation with some of his old army friends. But who can reason away the terrors of fancy? Certainly not a born coward. My fear increased every moment; hands seemed to be clutching at me from the air; untold horrors lurked under my bed and in the corners; and

weird, uncanny noises grated on my ear. I could not move or utter a sound, my limbs seemed paralyzed by fright. Suddenly I thought of mother in the next room, and knew that if I could but reach her I should be safe; she would protect me from the horrors of the darkness. The idea lent me strength, and slipping out of bed, I started toward the door—very softly and quietly to deceive my tormentors. At first I walked slowly, then I seemed to feel them coming after me, pursuing me, trying to seize my ankles, and quickening my step I rushed faster and faster, until at last I reached the door, and, throwing my weight against it. thrust it open and fell fainting into the room.

After that mother sat with me every night until I went to sleep, holding my hand and reading to me, or occasionally telling me stories of great generals and of brave deeds of women and children, and of animals, too, sometimes—the story of Hector seemed to be her favourite. She seldom mentioned my cowardice (you see how well I have learned to make use of an ugly word), but I knew well enough why she told me these tales, and although I felt that she pitied me and defended me from the anger of my father, who is a military man and intolerant of my failings, I knew I was a cause of great sorrow to her.

When I was eight years old I was sent to school, where I was so utterly wretched, my mother in pity begged my father to remove me. The boys had become aware of the fact that I was afraid,—afraid of the teacher, of them, of my shadow, everything in fact—and they amused themselves by teasing me and, in every way they could, arousing my terror. They jumped out at me from behind trees as I walked home through the woods; they tied tin cans to the tail of Prince, my dog, and laughed when I wept; they even threatened to kill before my eyes Charlotte, the little girl who was my sole companion. Seizing her hand, I ran with her, followed by shouts of derisive laughter, and poured out all my sorrow to my mother—how wretchedly unhappy I was, not only because I lived in constant terror of physical harm, but because, at that time, I was afraid of being called a coward. I am braver now in that respect, braver and happier; that is, I was happier until yesterday, when father's proposition came like a thunderbolt from heaven.

After all, I was not permitted to leave school. Father said the discipline would make a man of me, and he instructed me to fight my tormentors, especially if in any way they abused Charlotte. "A gentleman, my son," he said, "will kill a man rather than see a lady injured." But

I never fought the boys; instead I avoided them, going home by a long, circuitous path with Charlotte. Dear little girl! She has always been my constant companion, never through all these years despising me, or showing impatience with me. She and I are going to be married some time, next year possibly, after my twenty-first birthday, but probably not until after my father's death, when I shall receive his fortune. We will go far away then, Charlotte and mother and I, to some tropical island, or uninhabited country region, where we will spend the rest of our lives seeing only each other, hearing only the washing of the waves, and fearing only God.

But what am I doing? Planning for a future of endless happiness, and forgetting the horror of the present hour? Am I perhaps growing courageous, that I am unconscious for a single moment of my impending calamity? But no! realization of what lies in store for me brings to my poor, wretched heart sickening despair; I must not, cannot, will not, go to war.

At the breaking out of hostilities my father, conceiving the idea that campaign service would be good for me, procured a commission entitling me to the office of captain in Company G in General Lee's volunteer regiment. A young man properly, I suppose, should swell with pride to wear on his uniform the stripes of office; I am a young man, and, by the love of heaven, I hate those stripes; they mean pain, and suffering, and death. I know what battle is: bullets whistle about the field, mowing down ranks of living men, who fall shrieking, praying, cursing, and lie there, trampled and bleeding, until the buzzards pick the flesh from their bones; horses rear and prance, and then, groaning in anguish, fall dead among the heaps of slain. I cannot endure the torture; I will not go. I will tell my father that I am a coward, and turn faint and ill at sight of blood. I will lie, threaten or weep, anything to escape such fate. But what will he say? What will he do? Immortal gods, I cannot approach my father; I dare not, for I am afraid.

But what of mother? Happy thought! She has pleaded for me always; she will help me now. I will beg her to intercede for me with father; she can influence him with her eyes of heaven's blue, and the tone of half-conciliatory pleading she always uses when she speaks of me. We can yet be happy, the three of us, mother and Charlotte and I. But would mother be happy? I remember now the look that came into her eyes when father told her I had received my commission. Her face

shone like an angel's, and taking my hand she said, "Lewis, we are going to be proud of you," then seeing the expression of my face gloomy, I suppose, and dispirited like my heart, her eyes dimmed, and turning her back upon me she walked to the window. Have I a right to force my mother to plead with her own lips the cause of cowardice? Can I take from her the one happiness that has ever lain within the power of her son to give? Even my coward's heart rebels at the thought of subjecting her to what she thinks is shame. I believe I am afraid to give her pain.

St. Augustine, Fla., July 21, 18—.

MAJOR-GENERAL LEE.

My Dear General: With great regret I must inform you that my son, for whom you so kindly secured a captain's commission in your regiment, is dead. As you knew my fears with regard to the boy, and were good enough to be interested in my experiment of letting him win his spurs, I will explain to you briefly, in so far as I can, the cause of his death. He was struck down and trampled by a runaway farm horse. The bystanders tell me he was crossing the street just as the animal dashed around the corner; they saw him run a few steps forward before he fell. Whether he meant to rescue the occupant of the wagon, a village maid named Charlotte, or whether, like a man on the brink of the precipice, he became crazed by the proximity of danger and flung himself headlong to his death, I cannot tell. God grant his motive may have been the former one!

Thank you heartily for the kindness and interest you have shown me, and believe me, my dear General Lee,

Very truly yours,

J. Hotchkiss Ferguson.

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

OF A MAY MORNING

"Aren't you getting ready to stop, Florridale?"

"Are you, Persephone? Are you?"

"Yes!" said Persephone decisively, smiling at him from beneath her gauzy bonnet bows.

"You're not!" Florridale accused her in dismay, pointing a dried

dandelion stalk at her. "You're not!"

"Oh, yes I am!" Persephone was complacent. She swung herself up onto a plantain leaf and elaborately spread out her ruffled skirts, with a care to the embroidered edges.

"Are you, on your word of honour, Persephone?" Florridale insisted, and held his breath.

"No," Persephone smiled at him, with a pretty air of penitence.

Then she hopped down, adding softly, "Come along, Foolish!"

"You do talk such a lot of rot, Persephone!" Florridale grumbled comfortably, puffing as he trotted after her. For she was fleet of foot, and he, having had other interests at heart this season than the making of the royal football team, was not in training. "Just keep on and you'll drive a fellow to drink someday."

"Better not, Fatty!" Persephone taunted him, disappearing behind the buttercups.

In and out among the grasses they wound, Florridale lagging always behind and vainly seeking to catch more than the glimpse of white skirts vanishing around corners. Once he lost her completely, till a shred of pink chiffon veil, caught on a bramble, put him on the track again.

Suddenly she peered back over a violet bud. "Florridale," she

begged him gravely, "is my hat on straight?"

"You bet it isn't," he assured her. "It's all over one ear and your hair's coming down and there's a smutch on your left cheek. Just wait a second and I'll come and fix it."

"Oh, no you don't," Persephone laughed him to scorn. "I didn't ask you until I had looked in the brook to make sure that I was quite charming. Quite charming," she repeated for emphasis. "You needn't think you can catch me up that way." Then, blowing him a kiss from her fingertips, she was gone again.

Florridale had an idea. "By Gorry, I'm a stupid idiot," he muttered. "Why didn't I do this before?" Then he turned off to the left.

"How did you get here?" Persephone questioned him. "Didn't I

leave you way behind back there near the acorns?"

"Cross-roads, smarty!" he told her. Then in his pride he giggled. "Think you're pretty funny, don't you, Florridale?" She had evidently nothing better to say.

"Sure," he grinned, and in careless bravado flicked at an anemone blossom with his tasseled cap. "By the way, I wasn't joking about that smutch, you know."

"Have you found it, Florridale?" she questioned irrelevantly.

"That I haven't." Florridale of a sudden became grave, almost solemn. "No! I haven't found it, and I'll be damned but I'm tired of waiting."

"What's the matter with you two? You're peevish, aren't you? Florridale, I heard you say you'd be damned. What's the row? Do tell me." The newcomer looked inquiringly from one to the other as she slid down from her white horse, and ran and put her arms affectionately about Persephone's waist. The wind had blown her hair into fluffs of curls, and the exercise had flushed her cheeks pink and white. She smiled adorably at Florridale, while she waited for one or the other of them to speak. Persephone somehow was not so glad to see her as usual. "Well, hurry up, someone talk. Don't both be dummies! What's the row?" she repeated.

"Well, you see," Florridale rose to the occasion, feeling his responsibility as a gentleman, while he wasted his eyes on no one but Persephone, "you see, I want her to marry me."

"Yes, Jessica," Persephone mocked, "he wants me to marry him."

At the communication, Jessica's arm slipped from her friend's waist. "Well?" she questioned, hoping that she had not lost the color in her cheeks; "well, what's the matter then?"

Persephone was fussing absently with the bonnet strings, untying them and tying them again. Florridale would have no help from her.

"Well, she won't--"

"Won't?" Jessica's voice for an instant held a note of hope.

"No-she won't marry me until I find it."

"It? What?" Jessica pressed, now against hope.

"Until he finds me the moonbeam mother lost last spring from her

coronet," Persephone finished for him. It's been gone twelve months. Mother's worried, for it's a keepsake that she had from an old beau, and she has a sentiment about it." And seeing that Florridale had taken it upon himself to look aggrieved, she added tartly: "Why should't he get it back for her? What's he for? He ought to be willing to do that much for his mother-in-law, if he isn't for me."

"Oh, Persephone," Florridale accused her.

"Aren't I being perfectly charming to him?" she went on, paying no heed. "Aren't I amiable? Aren't I pretty? Aren't I wearing my next to best frock? Do I send him out to hunt alone? Don't I come along with him to take care of the poor dear? Has he anything to complain of? And like's not, I'll have to find it for him in the end," she pitied herself, "he's that blind!"

"He's that much in love!" suggested Jessica, making a discovery.

"Talk all you want—of course, girls always do," broke in Florridale, "but the truth of it is that I'm that much peevish. You'd be too if you were I and she, like a woman, kept about three flowers ahead of you all the time. I'm sick of this chase she's leading me. It's a waste of good, precious time. Not but what I'm glad to hunt till the doom if she'll marry me then," he added, "but I'm never sure of her."

"Fie upon you!" Persephone scolded him. Then she made him happy by reaching out to smooth back one of his long curls. "Let's run along and see if we don't find it in the next Queen's Lace."

"Bye, Jessica!" called back Florridale already off.

"Bye, Jessica! You can be a bridesmaid," called Persephone, making all haste after him.

"Horrid thing!" muttered Jessica, meaning either the one of them or the other.

No moonbeam in Queen's Lace! On they went again, skipping past grasses tall and feathery, grasses short and thin, primroses and pink arbutus.

By and by Persephone gave a moan and sank down on the tuft of a mossy bank, weeping in clear, sweet little sobs that shook her slender frame while she rocked back and forth. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Florridale could not reach her quickly enough. "What's the trouble? Are you hurt? Speak to me, Persephone, dearest!" he besought her.

Persephone was hunting distractedly among her ruffles for a pocket.

"Here, take mine," he begged, brandishing a huge pocket-handkerchief, two by three inches, with his initial in violet lettering in one corner. "Use mine."

For answer, Persephone peeked at him betwen her fingers, and laughed aloud.

"What's the matter? Aren't you crying?" he asked her.

"No," she answered.

"Weren't you crying?" he asked.

"No," she answered. Then she jumped up and kissed him on the forehead. "But where's the moonbeam?"

Florridale let his arms drop. "Oh, drat it all," he sighed, "I'd clean forgotten about that."

"Florrie, darling, what's this I've got in my hand?"

"Where did you find it?"

"I didn't find it."

"Where did it come from?"

"I've had it all along."

"Persephone!"

EMILY LOUISE BLODGETT, 1905.

VILLANELLE

TO THE FIRST HEPATICA

Hepatica, it was not planned To wrest you from your grassy lies, Forgive my rude and prying hand.

'Tis you who bring the weary land The first sweet glimpse of summer skies, Hepatica, it was not planned.

I would not harm your starry band, I would but envy spring her prize, Forgive my rude and prying hand. Your buds, poor dears, can scarcely stand, So young are they—I sympathize—Hepatica, it was not planned.

I'll keep your secret, posies, and I'll hide you safe from searching eyes, Forgive my rude and prying hand.

Your life, I know, is swiftly spanned, Too soon your blossom fades and dies; Forgive my rude and prying hand, Hepatica, it was not planned.

Anna M. Hill, '05.

REDIVIVUS

Some years ago in the course of a discussion on life and death and on the impossibility of drawing an exact line between the end of life and the beginning of death, a queer story was told by a young Englishman who had been ranching in Minnesota. He attempted no explanation for his tale, and the bewildered faces with which his hearers received it showed indeed that an explanation would have been difficult..

On a cold winter night a ranchman came into the house, flinging upon a chair a heavy, feathered object, saying:

"That owl is a remarkably fine bird. I think I will keep the skin and have it stuffed."

His wife, who was a frail-looking, timid-eyed woman, turned to look at the bird. The sight of a dead animal always filled her mind with grave doubts as to the exact nature of death; she could never see why it should be impossible to restore the breath of life to something which had so much the appearance of life.

On this occasion, however, the huddled lump of draggled feathers on the chair had so little semblance to any living creature that she was turning away with a feeling of relief when her attention was caught by the owl's great, round yellow eye. She went to the bird, and bending over it peered more closely at the eye. The thick, short head was partly curled round under the wing in an unnatural fashion, but on closer inspection she was satisfied that there was nothing unusual about the creature. She could, nevertheless, not quite rid herself of the impression that the glassy, yellow eyes were fixed on her as she went about the kitchen. Something in their deep yellow fascinated her, and several times in the midst of her work she found herself rooted to the spot staring at the unseeing owl. An idea kept growing upon her that there was something caged up within the bird that was struggling to reveal itself through the yellow eyes In despair she finally decided that she was growing nervous and left the room.

Sometime later her husband was startled by a light tap on his shoulder. His wife was standing beside him with a queer look on her face and her voice trembling a little as she said:

"Come into the kitchen a moment. I want to show you something."

In a few moments the man was rubbing his eyes as though to brush away a mist. On the table beside the chair where he had left a draggled heap of feathers sat a splendid gray owl, whose yellow-brown eyes blinked at him somewhat sleepily out of the fast gathering twilight. Rousing himself with an effort and shaking off a feeling which had passed over him at the sight, the man remarked:

"Apparently, my shot is not so deadly as I had thought."

He surveyed the bird reflectively, and then, admiration getting the better of a desire to despatch it by the knife, he produced a piece of cord, saying:

"It would be a pity to spoil such a fine plumage. I will try the method of the Turkish assassin and strangle it."

He was soon able to assure his wife that there was no cause for alarm, the bird was really dead this time and was again lying peacefully upon the kitchen chair waiting to be skinned.

After supper, when, with a sigh of content, the ranchman was settling down to the peaceful contemplation of a golden future smiling at him from the blazing logs, a shrill cry fom the next room brought him with a jump to his feet. When he reached his wife's side he found himself again confronted by the owl which was sitting as before upon the table. This time its feathers, instead of lying smoothly upon its thick, stumpy neck, were bristling like a ruff around its head. Was it fancy or was there an angry red gleam in the eyes that seemed to look him through

and through? The man could not repress an uncomfortbale shiver as he met the baleful stare. Thoroughly exasperated, he drew out his knife, intending to make an end of the bird, but a second glance at the thick and beautiful feathers which glistened in a thousand different shades made him pause. Determined, nevertheless, to put a stop to the uncanny proceedings, he forced upon the owl a monstrous dose of strychnine.

Having administered this he departed, reassuring himself with the reflection that in this way he had surely finished the bird and at the same time had preserved the plumage, for which he had a hunter's true admiration.

As the evening wore on an uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong stole over him. An idea possessed him that somewhere a pair of vicious, malevolent eyes were fixed on him, and whatever way he turned he could not lose the sensation. His wife, too, appeared nervous and moody, talking to him at random, and by fits and starts. Although he tried to believe that it was merely the effect of the recent shock to her nerves, her mood added to his uneasiness, and he was glad when she proposed shutting up the house for the night. When she had been gone for some time, attending to her various household affairs, he began to wonder that all was so silent. The unseen eyes goaded him into restlessness, and finally he went in search of her.

The kitchen was so dimly lighted by the dying embers that at first he could see nothing, but as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness the faint red glow of the coals seemed to suddenly leap into brightness, being concentrated and intensified on the figure of the owl sitting upon the old carved wooden clock on the dresser. Every feather on its body was bristling stiff and erect; its claws were clasped as stiffly over the quaint carving as though they were a part of the clock. All the light in the room seemed to glow and burn in its round, unblinking eyes, which had lost their natural brown in an angry red glitter. As the man stumbled forward in the dark his foot struck against the body of his wife, who was lying upon the floor. Possessed by a wild desire to blot out the angry meaning in the deep set eyes, he reached across her and seized the bird around the neck. He noticed unconsciously as he did so that the hands of the clock had stopped.

When his wife recovered consciousness, a little later, the owl was lying outside upon the snow. The beautiful plumage was hopelessly draggled and splotched with blood, the eyes were dull and sunken, and

a dark red gash across the throat showed how the man had finally put out the light of those evil orbs. A burden seemed to fall from his mind when the bird had finally gone from the house. Nevertheless in the morning he went out to gaze once more with a lingering regret upon the remains of what had once been a marvelously beautiful specimen. As far as the border of the neighboring woods in a zig-zag line extended the irregular tracks of a bird's claws in a narrow red trail upon the snow. Of the owl, not a single feather remained.

E. F. Bliss, 1904.

"DULCI FISTULA" -LA VITA NUOVA

(With apologies to Dante.)

Having occasion recently to attend a certain social function to which also my lady was moved to come, I was given the supreme satisfaction of tendering my chair to my lady, the which—she being a Senior, and I but a Freshman—passed unnoticed by the other ladies of high degree there assembled. Thereupon my lady, yielding me most sweet salutation on the way—the which being doubly gratifying to me, since my proud lady so seldom deigns to notice my insignificant self,—chanced, through some lucky slip of my lady's ankle, to tread with all her sweet force upon my foot, so that I, at the time suffused with rapture, was later constrained to doctor myself with witch hazel until the ninth hour. Whereupon Love, coming to me in the guise of a reporter, ordered me to tell of my most sweet lady, the which I did, and I wrote at Love's dictation after this manner:

"When my lady smiles at me I scarce can eat my dinner; When my lady speaks to me I'd pardon any sinner; When my lady treads on my toe
And prays my pardon
'Tis heaven below."

This falls into four parts. In the first I tell of an occasional smile my lady sends me across the dining room, and of its effect. In the second I tell of the chance word my most sweet lady deigns to give me when I hold open the door for her, and of its effect. In the third I tell of the particular incident, and of its most sweet effect. In the fourth I speak of heaven vaguely, in fear of naming the locality wherein this most sweet adventure occurred. The first begins, "When my lady smiles"; the second, "When my lady speaks"; the third, 'When my lady treads"; the fourth, "'Tis heaven."

MARY KINSLEY, '08.

There was once a class called D. E. Whose members I never could see Without thanking my stars (Neptune, Venus and Mars)
That they were the members—not me.

N. Fairbank, '05.

MOONRISE IN VENICE

The poet sat on the pantry door,
And fed the snake peaches and beer,
The parlour-maid painted the cellar floor
To look like an angel's tear.

The ash-man was playing a pink guitar,
Soft the melody breathed o'er the sea;
The wall-paper ad. in a Ninth Street car
Groaned, "'Tis nobler to seem than to be."
MARY O'SULLIVAN, '07.

She took great pains to eat it all, From griddle cake to bacon, And shortly after breakfast felt The pains that she had taken. A thief once ran off with a maid,
And her nerves were most horribly shaken
Until to her utmost delight
She discovered that she was "Miss"-Taken.

SAUNTERINGS

It is rumoured that Flaxie Frizzle was seen automobiling last Friday with William Ashe. Flaxie was looking unusually fit in a blue chiffon gown and mauve furnishing.

Robinson Crusoe has been wintering at Palm Beach, where, we understand, he has been quite in demand among the smart set as leader of cotillions. It is said that he is never seen without his monocle and a fresh gardenia in his buttonhole. Dainty little Miss Minchin goes regularly every afternoon to watch the polo games in which Robinson, we hear, is the chief attraction.

Last Thursday evening Mrs. Dinsmore gave a récherché theatre party for her daughter Elsie. Among the invited guests were Amelia Sedley, young Ivanhoe, and Lord Chesterfield with his cousin, Uriah Heep.

It has been hinted during the past few months that Mrs. Micawber is about to sue for a divorce from Mr. M. Who would have

guessed it? Nancy Stair is mentioned as the co-respondent.

Sweet Kitty Bellairs is entertaining Hepzibah Pyncheon at the Bellairs mansion in town. Hepzibah is a typical Boston girl of the more attractive sort, and, though very young, has made the most of her first season. She has, it is said, knocked young Lord Fauntleroy quite off his feet. Fauntleroy, by the way, is an importation of the handsome Mrs. Wiggs, with whom he expects to remain till September.

Several dinners have been given recently in honour of the Duchess of Towers, who is the house guest of Mrs. Sarah Gamp. Perhaps the smartest of these functions was that given last Monday by the Peterkins.

Sam Weller is reported to be engaged to Clarissa Harlowe. What has become of David Harum? At last accounts David was in the lead, but Sammy has been in love with Clarissa for

years, and we are glad he has succeeded after all.

What were you doing at Morris Park last Saturday, Maud Muller? And if we were not mistaken we detected in your conpanion a certain young scapegoat habitué of the racing stables. Do you dare risk Lady Kitty's vengeance when she learns that Eug-ne M-rchm-nt has succumbed to your rather school-girlish charms?

Minna van Barnhelm is cruising in the Mediterranean on the Pecksniffs' yacht. Cherry and Minna are old schoolmates and devoted friends, but does that explain the presence of Rawdon Crawley? Be careful, Minna, and remember that Rawdon is nothing but a boy, and very susceptible at that.

It is too bad that Lancelot Gobbo has resigned from the Italian Embassy. We hoped that his devotion to Beatrix Esmond would come to something, but since his resignation he has apparently been quite forgotten, for Captain Cuttle has been seen with the fair Beatrix rather often of late. The Captain is good-looking and sits his horse like a general.

Poor Sherlock Holmes! We could have told you that it was

useless to try for Julie le Breton. It has been plain to us for some time that she, the little minx, is very much interested in a certain Billy Baxter. And Billy is, after all, not such a bad fellow with his twenty millions.

Princesse Maleine is dressing her hair this season with two flat buns behind each ear. Prudy Parlin's piquante little sister Susie has introduced the coiffure at Hot Springs, and we gather that it is to become *la dernière vie* among the fashionable.

Almost any fine afternoon Adam Bede may be seen tooling his four blue-ribbon hackney up the avenue en route for Ardsley. Adam is a good whip, and it is no small advance in the ascent up the social ladder to be asked to grace his coach. Fanny Price, the charming step-daughter of old Major Pendennis, finds the trip more than ordinarily pleasant.

John Ridd has been doing some heavy speculating in Wall Street, and, if one can believe the papers, lost about all he had in the world during the last flurry. Poor John, we hope it won't completely ruin his chances with Lorna, who is a nice girl and rather pretty

EMILY L. BLODGETT, '05 ANNA M. HILL, '05

MR. BONAPART'S LECTURE

In the present day we are all a little prone to think that the old ideas of college girls and their tendencies to masculinity have entirely passed away; that we no longer have to meet contention in that quarter. But Mr. Bona part, in his lecture to us on the college girl, showed us that though this attitude is forgotten by many, it is still existent; may still be brought to light. And casting aside our own "pride and prejudice" as to the matter, we must indeed admit that Mr. Bonapart has on his side all the dignity of past traditions.

He began first by saying that he did not believe that there could be a new woman, or that at least such a contingency could never occur until man ceased to be man. It is true that in the place of our grandmother's portrait, as she twined wreaths of myrtle, or rocked the cradle, we have now a picture of a girl at the telephone, in an automobile or an electric car. But, nevertheless, though all these things look new, if we but search carefully we will find human nature the same beneath.

"There is," he reiterated, "no new woman. Eve may have said to Adam, 'I'm the new woman.'" (If our mother did not, she lost her opportunity.) For even Solomon must have admitted that then there was something new under the sun. But with her the demand ceased. Woman may act differntly, she may disguise herself, but even though she gain new fields of usefulness in the future, she cannot rid us of her presence.

Here Mr. Bonapart paused to say that he did not see community of occupation between men and women; that he saw in its place specialization. Women bid fair to obtain the monopoly, he said, but even so, though a woman may work beside a man, she must always work as a woman. There are moments when the world ceases to be a stage, when we act as we feel, because we cannot do otherwise. And it is then that a woman will know in her heart that she is, after all, like her mother or her daughter. The women of this century, he said, are you who go forth college graduates. If there is anything unworthy, there is no little responsibility resting on you whom the college has prepared for the labours and duties of life.

Here Mr. Bonapart made a digression, and paused to point out the meaning of the bachelor of art, not logically or chronologically, but in the meaning which the term conveys to the ordinary man or woman. To

LECTURES

Mr. Bonapart, he is a man whose character is developed by college training, but who has no special knowledge; a man who is a gentleman and a scholar. The end of scholarship is, he explains, to make man a gentleman. Its aim is often defeated, for a little knowledge is indeed a dangerous thing, which may result in pedantry, possibly borishness. And it is such an attitude which a college graduate should learn to avoid. He should, Mr. Bonapart asserted, learn the humility of learning and the humbleness of a gentleman." The meaning of college life to us is that it teaches men to be like gentlemen, and us like ladies; and that our degree warrants that we are the highest specimens of a Christian civilization.

Failing, as he said, to see why he was presumptuous in so doing, Mr. Bonapart ended his lecture with a climax, its subject being woman's dress.

There is, he affirmed, no subject in which physicians or moralists have made such little progress. Dress to look well is indeed his advice to us, nor can he see why we insist upon dressing like other ladies, or being always in fashion, for to him every woman ought to look pleasing, feeling as he does that her beauty is like other powers, a way to be used as the source of happiness and righteousness. To look well is indeed, in Mr. Bonapart's opinion, a part of our duty, for our duty is to console human life; to care for the wounded and the sick; to cheer each man, for he declares that a man after he has seen all day selfish and sordid faces, needs to see graceful forms, needs to find relaxation, that all may not be to him vanity and vexation of spirit. We are, as Mr. Bonapart stated with much certainty, trained for this at college. As we fulfill such obligations, he concluded, so will we be judged. And feeling deeply the importance of such a duty, he urged us to dress carefully. thoughtfully, in perfect charity to our neighbours, and with the fear of God before our eyes.

MARGARET F. BAILEY, '07.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB LECTURE

On March seventeenth Dr. Edward A. Pace, of the Catholic University at Washington, addressed the Philosophical Club on "Substitutes for Soul."

After briefly considering psychologists who do not concern them-

selves with the soul, Dr. Pace turned his attention to the other side, which has always firmly believed in the existence of the soul. Its argument, the traditional one, is as follows: Our mental life consists of a series of states of mind; there must be some agent of all this activity; there must be some cause, moreover, for the unity and the permanence of our mental life, for memory and personality. To this cause, this agent, is given the name of soul.

Against this argument various criticisms have been urged. First of all, more recent psychologists say, the so-called soul never appears in consciousness; we merely discover processes in aggregation, and nothing more. Secondly, there is nothing permanent, nothing abiding, in mental states, nothing but ceaseless change. Thirdly, it is only by a false analogy with the physical world that we need to support consciousness with a soul "substance." Again, the soul has no substantial being; the words "soul substance" do not help to explain the mental life. Last of all, this substance of soul is, after all, unknowable.

Then comes the question: What are we to substitute for soul? Some have offered as a substitute the brain, which has at least the virtue of tangibility. Others, going to the other extreme, have adopted the pantheistic view, and offer an all-pervading, divine substance, virtually God himself.

Between these two extremes there are various compromise positions. The soul, say some, is the aggregate of our conscious states. One or two difficulties arise to confront this view. This aggregate, or series, is never present to consciousness, and it is at best fragmentary and subject to frequent interruptions. The very idea of such a series is merely an abstraction on our part; all that we have at any time is just what is passing through our thoughts at that moment.

Another substitute is to be found in the "psychic dispositions," the register of the past. When a thought or a state of mind disappears from consciousness there is left as a residuum a psychological disposition, which facilitates the reappearance of the thought. A psychic disposition is, however, never present to consciousness. Even if we could detect such a thing, where could it reside? Thirdly, if we cannot know these dispositions except when they reappear, we can make but little progress in the matter.

Dr. Pace concluded by condemning the modern tendency to subnew government, therefore, was an experiment; but an experiment which was successfully carried on for three generations.

stantialize things, a tendency which might almost lead one to suspect that there is something substantial in our mental life. If we consider the idea of a soul as something necessary to complete our thinking, then the idea of a soul substance may be useful; otherwise it is not.

HELEN Moss Lowengrund, 'o6.

MRS. MEAD'S LECTURE

On Thursday evening, March 23d, Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, who, with other delegates from the International Peace Congress, visited the college last October, addressed the students in chapel on "The End of International Dueling." In developing her subject, she compared war to dueling on a large scale; warlike dueling is an out-of-date method for settling disputes. Peace can be obtained by organizing the world and by building up a code of international law, enforced by international militia. Mrs. Mead closed by urging the students to form a Bryn Mawr College Peace Society as an independent auxiliary of the American Peace Association, the members of which should devote one hour a month to reading on the subject.

GLADYS CHANDLER, '06.

THE FOUNDER'S LECTURE.

The founders' lecture was delivered in the chapel on Thursday evening, March 30, by President Sharpless, of Haverford College. President Sharpless' subject was "A Government of Idealists," his theme, the demonstration practically by William Penn of certain ideal conceptions of Quakerism. What characterized the Quaker was that he did not stop short with his belief in these ideals, but made the actual carrying out of them his life work.

The fundamental doctrines, then, of the Quaker creed, President Sharpless went on to say, were peace and freedom of conscience. At the time of the founding of William Penn's colony these doctrines were denied, not only in England, but in the other American colonies. Penn's

This "Golden Era" of peace was followed by the Indian uprisings. The French forces were threatening the colony. War was declared by the Governor; the Quaker members of the House resigned their seats; and William Penn's "experiment" was at an end.

These men, said President Sharpless, had principles by which they stood—they were not "opportunists." President Sharpless expressed his opinion that 'Early Pennsylvania as an experiment, deserves more attention than it has received." Failures were made undoubtedly during its period of success, but the ideals for which it stood are being more and more accepted to-day by the world at large.

Margaret Morison, '07.

THE FRESHMAN PLAY

1908's Freshman play to 1907 was given in the gymnasium on Saturday, March 25. 1908's class animal, the blue heron, and the class motto, "EM Π E Λ O Σ ," were made known for the first time on the programs.

The time of the play was 1925, the place, a room in the Students' Building, and the problem which is to confront the Undergraduate Body "When the Students' Building is Done" was worked up, through seven scenes, to a grand finale in the last, where, all other methods having proved inadequate, these Bryn Martyrs of 1925, by dagger, by poison, by rope, sacrificed themselves on the altar of the Students' Building for the number of \$500 policies requisite to meet its financial obligations.

Before taking the last fatal step other means were not left untried. The irate workmen, demanding their wages, were led in to witness many scenes of heroic effort.

The Romeo and Juliet parody met with round applause, as did also a glimpse at another phase of college life, to the truth of which some of the audience, at least, could testify. I allude to the scene in the editorial room of the Tipyn o' Bob, and the vision of the "Dailies"—Balanced Sentence and her equilibriumnal efforts, and the trials of The Theme Without a a Name.

1908 has left with those who were present at her Freshman play the remembrance of a particularly delightful evening; and she has shown the college at large what she can do.

1908 to 1907

Here's a cheer for every Sophomore,
For each one, great and small;
They have taught us college customs,
And a deep respect for all.
And we'll reverence them always,
Such wonders they all are;
So cheer again for 1907,
The Sophomores of Bryn Mawr.

1907 to 1908

Tune: "The ghost that walked at night."

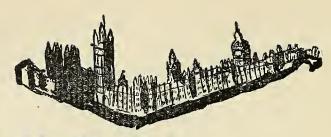
1908, you're a show
That will live in song and story;
1908, you're an art
That makes us all sing glory, glory, glory for thee.

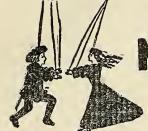
Freshmen, freshmen— Your acting we admire; In you we all see a novelty Of which we never tire.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

- '97. The marriage of Mary Levering to the Rev. Joseph E. Robinson took place in Baltimore on the fifteenth of March.

 Grace Albert has returned and is now doing graduate work.
- '98. Elizabeth Nields visited college March twenty-first.
- 'or. The engagement of Edith Houghton to Donald R. Hooker, of New Haven, is announced.



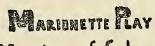


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'02. Kate du Val sails for Europe in June. She expects to be abroad at least a year.

Jane Cragin Kay and Lieutenant Kay visited college in March.

Paxton Boyd visited college in March.

'03. Dorothea Day, Agnes Sinclair and Margaretta Stewart visited college in March.

Louise P. Atherton sailed for Europe March twenty-first. She

expects to go to India in September.

Isabel Andrews, '98; Mary Bright, '98; Elsie Andrews, '99; Helen MacCoy, '00; Beatrice McGeorge, '01; Helen Arny, '04, are to give plays for the benefit of the Students' Building, Friday, April 28th, in the Gymnasium.

COLLEGE NOTES

A formal meeting of the Philosophical Club was held on Friday evening, March seventeenth. The Rev. E. A. Pace, of the Catholic University, Washington, spoke on "Substitutes for Soul."

On Wednesday evening, March seventeenth, a regular fortnightly meeting was held in the chapel. The sermon was by Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D., President of the Union Theological Seminary. His subject was "Religious Doubt."

Mrs. Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, spoke in the chapel on March twenty-third. Her subject was "The End of International Duelling."

At the meeting of the Self-Government Association, held on March twenty-third, it was decided to have a Self-Government Conference at Bryn Mawr next November. The conference is to consist of delegates from the women's colleges represented at the Wellesley Conference. President Thomas expresses a great interest in the plan and will help the association in entertaining the delegates.

On Saturday evening, March twenty-fifth, the Class of 1908 gave an entertainment to the class of 1907.

A regular meeting of the Christian Union was held on Wednesday evening, March twenty-ninth.

The Founder's lecture was held on Thursday evening, March thirtieth. President Sharpless, of Haverford College, spoke on the "Government of Idealists."

A regular Fortnightly meeting was held on Wednesday evening, April fifth. The Rev. William R. Richards, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, of New York City, addressed the meeting.

A meeting of the Mission Study Class was held on the evening of April sixth. The address was made by President Josiah Strong and Dr. William H. Tolman, of the Institute of Social Service.

Dr. T. E. Sandys, public orator of the University of Cambridge, gave an address in the chapel on Monday evening, April tenth.

The collegiate and matriculation condition examinations began on April tenth.

A regular meeting of the Christian union was held in the chapel on Wednesday evening, April twelfth.

The officers of the Bryn Mawr League for the Service of Christ for the year 1905-1906 are as follows: Phæbe S. Crosby, President; Margaret Reeve, Secretary; Caroline McCook, Treasurer.

The officers of the Christian Union for the year 1905-1906 are as follows: Esther M. White, President; Helen W. Smith, Vice-President; Grace Hutchins, Treasurer; Jacquelyn Morris, Secretary.

A collection of photographs of famous paintings of the Renaissance is on exhibition in Merion Hall. The collection has been loaned Miss Mary E. Garrett for the especial use of the Class in Major English Critics.

The Mary S. Garrett European Fellowship was awarded to Helen E. Schaeffer, a graduate student.

The President's European Fellowship was awarded to Edna Shearer, Bryn Mawr, 1904, a graduate student.

The Bryn Mawr European Fellowship for 1905 was awarded to Emily Shields.

The ten students who hold the highest averages in the Senior Class are: Emily Shields, Bertha M. Seeley, Lydia Moore, Margaretta Wilson, Hope E. Allen, Francis Hubbard, Margaret B. Nichols, Elizabeth P. Henry, Alice M. Meigs, Avis Putnam.

1907 CLASS SONG.

Tune: Written for the Class of 1907.

In praise of thee, oh, 1907,
Thy daughters' voices true shall ring,
To thee we give our loyalty,
To thee all praises bring.
Nor love alone we give to thee,
But work of head and hand and heart,
That in the glory of Bryn Mawr
We, too, may have some part.

And though we may disheartened be,
Our failures always we'll despise;
With purpose strengthened by each fall,
Our hopes again shall rise.
And when in future years we come
Back to these halls time cannot mar,
With undiminished love we'll sing
To 1907, Bryn Mawr.

1908 CLASS SONG

Tune: INTEGER VITÆ

Bryn Mawr, the many happy days thou givest Fill us, thy daughters, with gratitude unending. Take now the thanks that come to thee in chorus From 1908, our class.

O may the beauty of thy fair green campus, Of thy grey halls and of thy stately arches, Enter our hearts, and purify our spirits, And keep us true to thee.

ATHLETIC NOTES

The results of the indoor track meet held in the gymnasium on March 15 and 22 were as follows:

The Class of 1905, Bryn Mawr College, holds four world women's records:

Standing high jump, 3 ft. 6 in., by T. Bates. Running high jump, 4 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in., by T. Bates. Standing broad jump, 7 ft. 8 in., by L. Marshall. Hop, skip, jump, 25 ft. 6 in., by H. Kempton.

The greatest number of points in the contests were won by 1905, and are $59^1/_3$. 1908 came in second with $35^1/_3$ points. Theodora Bates, 1905, has the highest individual record of $20^1/_3$ points; Helen Kempton, 1905, has the second highest individual record of 19 points. After the announcements of results were made on March 22, Esther Williams, the Vice-President of the Athletic Association, presented a cup purchased with money given the association by Miss Applebee, and named after her, the Constance M. K. Applebee Cup, to Miss Bates.

The result of the swimming contest held on March 28 was as follows: 1907, 20 points; 1908, 9 points; 1906, 8 points.

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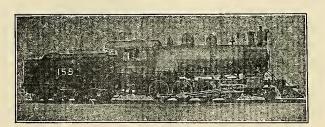
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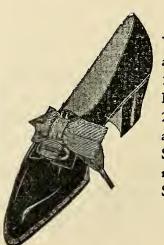
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May, 1905

Tipyn o' Bob

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Tipyn o' Bob

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MAY, 1905

No. 8

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MISS COPE'S BROTHER

Miss Sarah Cope's kitchen was a pleasant place on a sunny afternoon. In the west window stood an asparagus fern, growing luxuriantly in a tin tomato-can. Its indistinct shadow lay upon the red table cover and stretched waveringly over the worn, golden-brown oil-cloth. The neat rows of copper pans and kettles flashed brightly, and even the black stove gave out a dull radiance. But neither Miss Cope nor her servant, Fanny, were thinking of the familiar charms of the old kitchen, though they had both been silent for a long time.

As Miss Cope stood before the stove, stirring a corn-meal gruel for her newest brood of chickens, she was trying to decide whether her brother would prefer apple pie or frozen pudding for dinner. She was a very tall woman, dressed with an eye to durability and comfort, rather than to beauty. Her waist fastened tightly in front with countless knobby buttons, not because she liked them, but because she happened to have them. Her sleeves were rolled up, and her skirt was carefully pinned so as to get it out of the way, disclosing a stout drab ankle and a heavy shoe. There was one incongruous thing about Miss Cope's costume—

the very delicate, oddly, shaped crystal brooch, which pinned her collar. But she wore it clearly for use and not for ornament. Her large, strongly-marked features and obstinate mouth proved her as indifferent to people's opinions as her dress implied. In marked contrast to both, were her kindly, humorous eyes, which had a trick of staring very hard at nothing at all. She was staring absently out of the window now, with her mind intent on her brother's dessert.

Fanny was also thinking of Mr. Cope, but of something far more important than his dessert. She rocked briskly to and fro, glancing up keenly now and then from her sewing, to surprise a meaning expression on Miss Cope's face. Fanny was not very much in awe of her mistress—indeed, it was against Miss Cope's principles to have any social distinction between mistress and maid—but, nevertheless, it needed a good deal of courage to broach the subject of her thoughts. Finally, however, her curiosity conquered her slight embarrassment, and, fixing her bright, inquisitive eyes on Miss Cope's face, she said, "Well, Miss Cope, I suppose, I may as well ask you right out—when is Mr. Tom going to be married?"

Miss Cope turned her attention from dessert to marriage with good-humored swiftness. "Why, never, I guess," she said, laughing. Then sharply, realizing for the first time the significance of Fanny's words and expression, "Why, what do you mean?"

"What I say," said Fanny, pertly, "Everyone's been asking me about it, but I didn't know anything, so I said to myself, I'd ask you."

Miss Cope straightened herself, the stern lines on her face deepening. "Better mind your own business, Fanny, and not listen to silly gossip."

Fanny tossed her head, but did not reply. She was now convinced, not that the rumor was false, but that Miss Cope knew nothing about it.

Though Miss Cope was outwardly unconcerned by Fanny's insinuation, except in so far as it was impertinent curiosity, yet at heart she felt a little troubled. To be sure, her brother was getting on in years and he himself, had never mentioned such a thing as his marriage to her; but her jealous, almost maternal, love for him made her quick to fear anything. Suppose what she had always dreaded were to come true? Angry at herself, she whisked the sauce-pan off the fire and poured the gruel into a yellow bowl. "If it were true," she thought, "I should have heard it from Tom, himself, before it was public property. I am ashamed of

myself for having believed such a thing of him for a moment. I will think no more about it." Having come to this conclusion, she went out to feed the chickens, resolutely intent on other things.

It was easy for Miss Cope to keep to a decision. All her life she had done unflinchingly what she thought was right, and now, when she determined that she was wrong to suspect her brother, she stopped suspecting him. She even forgot Fanny's suggestion, welcoming her brother with an undisturbed mind, when he returned from business.

After supper the brother and sister sat in the parlour reading. Mr. Cope looked like his sister. His face, too, was obstinate, but whereas hers was strong, his was weak. His eyes were cold and stupid, but, like hers, a good gray-blue. Just now, unobserved by Miss Cope, they were studying her. Slowly he folded up his paper with unnecessary noise and laid it on the table.

"Sarah." She looked up. "I have something to tell you," he went on. "I am going to marry Theresa Moore four weeks from to-day." The color faded slowly from her face, but she said quite steadily, "When did you decide that? How long have you been engaged?"

"A few days over three months."
"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"It will only be announced to-night."

There was a long silence, during which Mr. Cope unfolded his paper and began to read. Miss Cope picked up the *Bookman* from the floor, and for fifteen interminable minutes, turned over the pages at regular intervals, without reading a word. Then she rose.

"I am going to bed now. Good night."

"Can't you at least wish me happiness, Sally?"

"I have wished you happiness all my life," returned his sister, gravely.

She went upstairs to her room, without any hurry. It was dark, except for the half-light of a summer sky, and she seated herself near the open window, letting the soft, damp wind flutter the curtain against her cheek. She was quiet for a long time, gazing straight ahead of her, as was her habit, into the night. Her profile, black against the gray out-of-doors, looked sterner and more obstinate than ever, for she was very angry. It seemed to her that her brother had cruelly and selfishly deceived her, in not telling her before of his engagement. She thought that he did not consider her worthy of his confidence, and that she was worth it;

that he had acted meanly towards her, and she had never acted meanly towards him. "How little he has ever done for me, anyway," she said to herself, and her bitterness against him was touched with pity for herself. She rose and lighted her lamp. "It is time I began to look at things sensibly. I am too old, I suppose, for blind devotion. Well, at any rate, I can behave with dignity." She pulled down the shade with a jerk and then paused a moment. "How I shall miss him!" she said, huskily.

The next morning Miss Cope's feeling of anger towards her brother had become so firm and impersonal that she fancied it would never change. She would not talk to him at breakfast, but sat behind the coffee pot, looking stonily through his head. Though her brother felt himself to be rather in the wrong, he assumed an injured attitude, because his sister had not been sympathetic. He was surprised his sulkiness did not soften her, as it usually did. Towards the end of the meal he remarked, coldly, "Will you call on Theresa to-day?" To which his sister snapped out, "I'll see." With an exclamation he pushed back his chair and left the house.

His sister went about her morning duties with more zeal than usual, and her thoughts were as busy as her hands. She explained to herself that she regretted her brother's angry departure from the breakfast table, merely from force of habit, but nevertheless her weakness in the matter bothered her a little. She took down one of the tall china vases from the parlour mantel and dusted it carefully. As she put it back she said, aloud, "I suppose I shall have to be polite to that Moore girl, but it will end there. Once I would have tried to like her for his sake, but it can never be the same again."

Just then the door bell rang with a wheezy clatter, and, duster in hand, she stalked to the door. "Oh, good morning, Molly," she said, coolly. "How cordial you are!" said her friend, laughing. "Never mind, only let me sit in the sun and chat with you and I will let you dust or sweep, as you please." "Of course, you have nothing to do. How do you manage to keep house without lifting a finger?" asked Miss Cope, as they walked arm in arm into the parlour." "Things always seem to turn out better for you when you sit still or run away from them than for me, when I work like a slave over them! It's just luck on your part!" "Not at all," retorted Molly. "It is policy—pure, unadulterated craft. Like Little Bo Peep I let things alone and they are all right!" They

laughed over the joke, which was a favorite one, and the talk turned to other subjects.

For a moment Miss Cope forgot about her brother and Theresa Moore, but suddenly it all came back to her and she said impulsively, thinking only that here she would find sympathy:

"Tom told me last night he is going to be married."

"What, told you only last night?" cried her friend. "Why not?" demanded Miss Cope, quickly.

"My dear, I will speak now. Do you mean to say Tom never let you know till last night that he was engaged to Theresa? Well, of all selfish, cold-blooded—" She stopped suddenly at the sight of Miss Cope's face.

"I don't understand you. Surely, if I am fool enough not to see which way the wind blows it would be absurd for Tom to tell me before he had to," said Miss Cope.

"Forgive me, Sarah," said Molly, humbly. "I never stop to think, you know. Tom should be congratulated. I admire Theresa very much."

"I am sure I shall like her, too, when I know her," said Miss Cope. "Tom's and my tastes are very much alike."

That afternoon she went with a light heart to call on her future sister-in-law.

ELLEN THAYER, 1907.

RETRIBUTION

"Say, Lee, this is just about right, ain't it, after the kind of work we've bin doin'?"

The other nodded and went on smoking. The two men were seated on a bench near the large stove; both were enjoying the time of day, the warmth of the crackling fire and especially their tobacco.

Black Tom continued: "I declare it's damned mean of the boss to leave us here without a drop,—a little whisky would make this affair about complete."

Lee looked up quickly, "Where's that ye got from the boys when they was leaving."

Black Tom laughed and answered, "You're a bright one! What do

ye think I'm made of? It's six weeks since then if it's a day—and worse luck there's no telling when I'll get some more."

"You're right there," said the other man," this snow's here to stay: I'll bet we don't see the tail end of a wagon till February anyhow."

"And it's December now," groaned Black Tom, "Oh Lord! What a fool I was to get into this. If I'd only jumped the Boss, I might have been at Mooney's place this minute, taking a drink with the boys.

"But as long as ye did stay," put in Lee rather sharply, "you've got to brace up and do your share of the work; for it's mighty little you've done so far.

"Aw there's plunty o' time," Black Tom replied, "now that the boss ain't here. You're the worst ole cuss I ever saw; leave a feller go, can't ye, I'm sleepy."

"Well then," said Lee, "you agree to do your share. To-morrow I'll finish trimming the lumber we was cutting last over near the lake. 'Taint far from here, you know the place." Tom nodded, and Lee continued, "You'd better fix up things round the camp, and cut a lot of fire wood."

Black Tom grunted a sleepy reply, and then going lazily to his bunk behind the stove, tumbled in.

For some minutes more Lee sat in front of the fire. Although it was bitterly cold outside, there was no wind, and except for the loud breathing of his sleeping companion, nothing broke the silence in the room. The place seemed very lonely to him, as he looked at the empty bunks, and then through the window at the cabins, which a few months before had been filled with sounds of life. Outside all was deserted, dreary and covered with the deep chill snow. Strong and hardy as he was, he shivered a little, and drew closer to the fire.

The next morning dawned clear and intensely cold. About 10 o'clock, when the sun had begun to warm things a little, Lee started out on his day's work calling, as he left, "You'll be sure to get that wood in. I'll be back in a couple of hours to warm up."

Black Tom stood in the door-way for some time watching the other, as he briskly walked to the grove of pines, at the right of the camp. Then he turned and went inside. At first he began to clean the cabin; the place seemed stifling to him, and he decided to chop wood. Taking up an axe he started toward the door. But then suddenly, as if thunder-struck, he dropped it, and fairly lept toward Lee's chest. His eager,

trembling hands were soon unfastening the lock, and with feverish fingers, he began to pull out the contents. At the bottom of the chest he found a good sized flask of whisky. With shaking hands he grabbed it and after some fumbling withdrew the cork. He found that the whisky was untouched and the bottle full to the top. So great was his craving for the drink, which had been for some time denied, that after a long gloating look, he drank it all. Then perfectly happy, but every minute becoming more dazed, he sank upon the bench. As time went by, his under lip dropped down, his arms and hands became limp and nerveless, and his eyes grew dull. Finally, losing his balance, he fell to the floor and lay there, a small disjointed heap, lost in a sodden drunken stupor.

The short afternoon had gone and both in the cabin and outside was the dreary grey of the winter twilight. For some hours the cabin had been in perfect stillness, except for an occasional sputter from the fire, and now that too was silent. Suddenly the man on the floor moved; and a few minutes later, after many futile attempts, he pulled himself to his feet. With a dazed expression his eyes wandered over the room. Then mumbling a few inarticulate sounds, he staggered heavily to the window, and stood there gazing vacantly through the glass, his forehead pressed against the frosty pane.

Little by little a kind of intelligence came to his face, and with that the power of speech. "Lee," he called, "where are ye, man?" There was no answer. He flung open the door, shuddering as he met the icy air, and called again. His voice, rapidly gaining in strength, filled the small clearing. From far away came back the echo "Lee, where are ye?" Still no answer. A vague elusive fear of the loneliness, of the silence, of disaster overpowered his mind. For a time he stood rooted to the spot, unable to move. He could not shake off the sudden horror which made every nerve quiver and his whole frame tremble. At last he turned and went into the cabin. He did not yet grasp the situation, so deadened and stupefied was his mind; and half whispering he muttered over and over again, "Lee, where is Lee?"

But after a while the meaning of the whole thing rushed in upon him. It was late. Two hours later, at least, than they were accustomed to stop working, and Lee had not returned. With trembling hands he at last managed to light a lantern and to tie on his snow shoes. Soon he was covering the short distance between the camp and the grove of pines where Lee had been working. He found him lying frozen to the ground, his right leg pinned down and broken by a heavy tree. He pulled the tree away by an almost superhuman effort, and breaking the ice around the man, he raised him in his arms and began to move slowly and painfully toward the camp. Hard as was the physical pain he endured it was nothing to his mental anguish. Remorse and horror at himself were mingled with an unreasoning dread which before had been unknown to his sound and healthy mind.

When he reached the cabin he laid Lee down on the floor in front of the stove, and quickly built up a roaring fire. He then tried every possible means of reviving his companion, and at last was rewarded by a gasp from Lee and a quivering of his eye lids. Finally his eyes opened; Black Tom, hardly daring to breathe, bent over him and saw that his lips were moving. Perceiving that the other man did not understand, Lee, after an agonizing effort, feebly moved his arm and pointed toward the chest. Then Black Tom understood. He turned away from Lee with a sick convulsive movement. The wild horror and dread, which he had fought down while tending his companion, overmastered him. When he turned again he found that Lee was dead.

HELEN DUDLEY, '08.

TWO CHILD SONGS.

THE CHILD SPEAKS

"Mother, the skies smiled down on me."
"Heart of my Heart, this cannot be."
"Mother of mine, the night wind said:
'Fair are the gardens of the dead.'
This little child shall play therein."
"Eye of my Soul, such words are sin."
"Nay, mother mine, I speak ye true."
"Thus, my son, have I taught ye, too."
"See ye his wings so great and dim?"
"Mother of Sorrows, care for him!"

A SONG AT MORN

Awake! thou little Drowsy One,
For long ago our Lord the Sun
Enkindled all the sky.
The dew will soon be off the grass,
And all the lovely morn will pass,
While yet in bed you lie.
Where black-haw blossoms spread a cloud,
I hear a swallow piping loud.
Oh! me, I hear him mock
The lazy child who will not rise.
Come, let him see your open eyes,
Mother's little Four-O'Clock.

Louise Foley, '08.

GREAT POSSESSIONS

Jonathan Strong characteristically divided inheritances as he did everything else in the world—into the genteel and the plebian. former, to which he found himself heir, as easily to be inferred from his very habit of classification, consisted of the lumber-yard of old things, ancient furniture, an ancient pedigree and an ancient religion, all inherited, if possible, from dear knows where. The other class, the plebeian and remotely distant, was that of transferred clothing, diaries and deathbed confessions. He acknowledged that good-will often accompanied them; admitted even that in his own rather poverty-stricken case it would be convenient to have good-will count, but, brought up, as he had been, to maintain ceremonious reserve even with his family, this class of inheritances seemed calculated to make its heir too vulgarly intimate with any personality, even though dead. So it was that when Strong found himself in possession of a bundle of obtrusively ornate diaries, he had the same feeling that he would have had in finding a gilt easel among the Chippendale or a crayon portrait of his grandmother among the Rembrandts. His one impulse was to regain his dignity by tossing the books into the fire. This, however, was impossible, for along with them had come a prayer, transformed by death into a command, which rendered their reading obligatory, and further necessitated that their message, and there

was a subtle hint that it might be unpleasant, should be conveyed to Lida Rigby, the woman whom they most concerned. Strong would have been irritated at the puerile egoism of a man who expected his diaries to be laboriously waded through had it not been for the last clause, which struck him as vastly pathetic, for, having pulled the curtain and being, as he considered himself, behind the scenes in this separate chapter of Wilsey Linear's life, he felt that he knew more of its true pathos than did the man himself. He saw Linear again, with his pale, tragic face, and remembered that he had once felt a distinct satisfaction in its low brow, from which the hair grew in one great careless wave, in the dark eyes that held in them a fire as of inspiration, in the finely chiseled, sensitive features that were sharpened by the man's habit of tilting his chin, thrusting it forward, as if continually battling with opposition. It was a satisfaction which arose from the exact correspondence of the man's appearance to his work. Both stirred the mind, set the pulses working. Strong acknowledged to himself that his own easy-going blood had had a throb, but he felt now, in the light of later years, that both the man and his work had been unsatisfactory, had had their little flourish and then fallen to the ground like a rocket stick after the explosion. He had never liked Linear, had always recognized that a mutually grasped antipathy lay between them, but he felt now that it was his duty as an heir, even if his being made so had been the last pathetic play to the gallery on the part of the dead man, to light one memorial candle at the tomb, where there were so few to drop a tear. "Poor Pope will grieve a month, Gay a week and Arbuthnot a day," he quoted sadly. "I shall be Arbuthnot. I wonder if there will be other mourners."

In the retrospective light of this determination to mourn, even if the effort resulted only in intention, Strong began going over the past from the time of his first meeting with Linear. Both of them had been young and ambitious, both eager to thrust their illustrative powers into the public eye; but, while Strong had been content to lumber slowly up Parnassus by the safe aid of a car or herdic, Linear had striven to gallop there post-haste in a fiery chariot. But, despite this difference in aiming at one objective point, they had both of them recognized that for the start they needed a manipulating hand, and this was offered frankly, generously by a young novelist, Lida Rigby, whose influence put them, as the phrase goes, "on their feet." It was not that she was a woman content to be a catspaw or a guide post to point the way to fame. On the

contrary, she had won for herself no little reputation, for the newspapers had done their best for her, both by lavish flourishes and brutal condemnation; but, in her inordinate craving for flattery, she demanded it in the concrete, not collectively from the public, but individually from men. This fact was so well known among her circle of acquaintances that when these men heard it they counted their well-administered praises as a safe venture, one harmless to all concerned, and set to work with a deftness and skill which had bought for them the woman's good-will and the impartial publication of their illustrations with her books. That such a yoke-fellowship should continue, however, was quite impossible. The men both fell in love. Strong told himself that Linear had quite characteristically lost his grasp, been completely bowled over, and he affirmed to himself later that the man's subsequent departure was the result of defeat. He himself quite as characteristically had measured his own pulse to make sure, had debated whether marrying a novelist implied any such disgrace as did marrying one's housekeeper, had decided that his own inviolable position must render him impregnable to opinions of such vulgarity, and, after having hovered, at it were, for some time about the temple and easily convinced himself that he had the key, went away for a while on business, confident that on his return it would fit the lock.

He now undid one of the packets of diaries written at the time of Linear's first meeting with Miss Rigby, and as he read he felt vividly the impression that she had made on the dead man, the delight he had felt in a view so vivid and various, the wonder at a wit so clever, along lines other than those of denunciation. There was no stress here on the relationship as one being unconventional or needing an explanation. It was merely a fair bargain made between friends, and Strong caught the spirit of an easy, delightful "comaraderie," which had existed between them. Later, however, he felt that the pages showed an increase in friendship, a deepening into intimacy. Moreover, he told himself that throughout, the influence of the woman's personality on Linear was evident, for in place of the man's pessimistic optimism was her buoyancy, bravery, her joy in her body and her right to live.

Strong skipped through a volume, dipping into pages here and there until finally he stopped with a start, as if he had suddenly and surprisingly been hit a blow from behind. He could not help laughing, it was such an overwhelming instance of the dead man's assininity, but before him lay Linear's startling assertion that he felt that Lida Rigby had fallen

in love with him quite irrevocably. There was no doubt that the man believed sincerely in his affirmation, for the after-pages had in them a convincing amazement and tenor, as of one who, thinking himself to drift in the quiet currents, had reached rapids from which he saw no return. Or, as Linear himself fantastically phrased it, he had brushed Aladdin's lamp with a careless hand, and found before him, unasked for, a feast for which he had no relish. These were pages of bitter self-disgust, in which the man complained to himself that, instead of aiming boldly at the stars, he had sat placidly in the gutter, while this woman mapped his career; lines of reproach at his sordidness and brutality in using her for his ends, and in so doing inflicting a hurt which he felt he could not remedy. Strong's mouth tightened as he read. His own egotistical belief in the woman's love for himself had had a shock, but as yet. founded as it were on a rock, it had not tumbled. There were more pages of the same ripe reflections, and that to Strong's irritated mind seemed foolish platitudes, until there came the final genial statement which so overwhelmingly capped the climax, for here, Linear affirmed, that, despite his desire to fling all scruples to the winds and leave the havoc wrought to the healing hands of time, he had sacrificially payed his due and stood ready to face the music. But the irrevocable words once said he had added also a "nunc dimittis," buying a present freedom with a promise of what must be to him future slavery.

Strong closed the book with an increased disgust at diaries and a sickening repulsion at the message which he was so evidently meant to convey. He couldn't, of course, guess whether Linear's story was true or the result of a prodigious imagination. But, after all, if he told the woman, would he not be putting the fat on the fire, be getting himself well mixed up in things, for, false or not, the message unquestionably bore with it an "inuria spectæ somnæ." And if, on the other hand, he were silent, and the whole tale was true, the woman not known would, of course, erect a memorial tablet, and the belief in the dead man would forever separate her from the living, a belief which, with the help of the diaries, Strong felt himself quite capable of overthrowing. Clearly he must sail for New York to see her, and await developments.

II.

"One who went away sorrowing, leaving great possessions." Strong repeated the phrase softly, as he closed the pages of a slim brown volume.

While he had sat waiting in this little library, which seemed so completely stuccoed with books, whose walls stood out with gilt copies of the Immortals and fat little leather volumes to which time had attributed a markedly substantial personality, his wandering gaze had been arrested by a novel entitled "Great Possessions," and bearing the author's name, Lida Rigby. The title had at first struck him as absurd and meaningless, but when he turned to the last page for the keynote and read the final phrase, he felt that it significantly expressed all the Weltschmertz that had involuntarily possessed him for the last month. Then as he stood reflectively looking out the window at the ragged edges of buildings that cut with sharp outlines into the sunset sky, he heard the click of heeled slippers, the shiver of silk, and a queer, droll, familiar little laugh that stirred memory.

"Well, I am glad to see you."

He waited a moment before turning. What he found was a woman in deep red, with a face which, as it simultaneously recognized and welcomed him, was all a-twinkle. Her eyes, deep under the recesses of her arched brows and shaded by the dull droop of her hair, held in their glow a welcome effectively expressed, and one that was accentuated by the curved mouth, which Strong remembered vividly as slipping so easily into smiles. But determined by the influence of the diaries to see nothing in her manner which did not blatantly thrust itself upon his vision, and suspecting insincerity, he even tossed the balance to the other side, and not finding anything indicative of fervour, love, enticement, told himself that even her apparently frank joy at seeing him must be feigned. Of course, he had been an egregious ass to ever think differently, but how was a man to guess from her glowing little face, with its little chin and broadly plebian nose, that so much hypocrisy lay beneath its surface expression. Clearly, she was over subtle.

"Well," she said, as they seated themselves near the fire, "What in the world have you been doing with yourself this year? I've been expecting that some day you might drop down out of the blue."

Strong paused, feeling that the span of time covered by the events of a year was far too great to be bridged, and that conversation must omit such details and begin on an old basis.

"Not much of anything worth while," he answered. "I went, you know to study; then the war offered me a chance for illustrating in our miscalled Pacific."

The desire to get his message over, or at least, to find the truth of Linear's statements, made him nervous, and his grasp for subjects which might bring him nearer to his object left great holes in the conversation, which even the woman's able remarks could not fill in. Something seemed to keep him at arm's length. He felt that he could never trick her unknowingly into giving herself away. In his perplexity his eye fell again upon the book at which he had glanced, and it came to him welcomely as a subject near to hand, which might possibly lead to an intimate discussion, possibly let fall a hint as to how relations stood.

"I'm quite at sea," he said, "about your book. I haven't, to be sure, read it, but the glimpses I had of it gave me the idea that it's vastly like your others. I mean I don't see how, while the rest of us poor mortals allow hope only as long as we may escape such unavoidable things as loneliness, disgrace or the dentist's chair, you run along on a

strain of sustained optimism quite superb."

She smiled at him. "Man proposes, God disposes, and woman poses. Don't believe a word of it."

He shook his head. He felt that she was delicately putting him off the track. "I refuse to believe it's a pose on your part. It's a too elemental part of your works, and, any way, I don't want to be undeceived. There's too much to and fros written, any way, about the unstability of human affections. I prefer to think that there's one woman who thinks otherwise."

This, he felt, in the light of her past evidently superficial relations to him, was a hit from the shoulder, but she met it placidly.

"L'amour qui ne se croit pas eternel est infame," she said. "It's a hard saying, but, put in polite terms, I'm in agreement with it."

Clearly, she meant it truthfully. Strong felt himself baffled, but determined to trick her out of a revelation at last.

"And you think people should purposely avoid experiences, so called? There are awful shipwrecks made by the people who never have them."

She considered. "Of course," she said, "but, after all, isn't there plenty of food for imagination in books and the life about one? I can't help thinking that flirtations, all that sort of thing, are more or less of an attack on the sacredness of affection, that they subtract something from a gift one means to make superb, complete. I'm not so very much in favour of any 'experience' qui ne se croit pas eternel." She had been

sober, but now she visibly brightened. "How prosy this sounds, but, after all, it's founded on the very spring of all poesy."

Strong considered again her apparent past relations to both Linear and himself, and the hypocrisy of her remark stung him into brutality.

"You must have changed in a year," he threw at her.

"I have." She seemed to wonder at him at first, but went on: "I had the theory when you knew me; since then I have put it into practice."

Her remark left it a little vague to which man the fine fidelity of her keeping true applied, and, as he considered awhile, his egoism recovered itself through misconception. "Lida," he said, "some man influenced your work through his love for you."

She glanced at him as if wondering at his comprehension. "Yes," she answered, softly; "one did. All the others were just experiences. I don't mind telling you, because you knew him, and, after all, you were just one of the others. You know how it was," she continued. "You all just liked me because I was amusing, or because you could get something out of me. But with him, you see, it was different. He likes me because I'm myself."

She unconsciously changed into the present tense, as her face, lit by memory, glowed into a wonderful smile. "It's not much to be wondered at that I'm idealistic," she said. "He's not, of course, a great success yet, he hasn't 'arrived,' but when he comes back, together we're going to at least set one corner of the world on fire. And, any way, trite as it may seem, love counts most of all."

"But the man," stammered Strong; "his name was-"

"Wilsey Linear." The words dropped sweetly from her lips.

Strong felt a crisis at hand, and he braced himself to meet it.

"Have you heard from him lately?" he questioned.

Mistaking the drift of his words, she answered: "No; not for two and three weeks; but, of course," she said, with a trace of vanity in her voice," we don't need to write."

Strong paused for a minute; then the words shot faster:

"Lida, Wilsey Linear is dead. He died two weeks ago in England."

The room became quite still with an oppressive quietude that seemed to last an eternity. The woman sat motionless in her chair, her hands hanging limp at her sides, her eyes dim, seeing far into the light of memory. Then, at last, she said, softly, "You were with him. His last words for me, please?"

Strong paused just one moment. "His love," he said. "He died suddenly; there was no time to say more."

He had sealed his own fate. He knew that now the memory of the dead man must always be paramount in her mind, but, at least, he had saved her from sinking to the grade of the customary cynical woman. He had haloed her ideal, and as he left her to her grief he went away exalted, as one sorrowing, but having great possessions.

MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY, 1907.

THREE WOMEN

I.

Philippa took the book into her hand and meditatively traced the title with her finger. Then she looked up and said slowly:

"Well, Christina, what do you think of it?"

"I think," answered Christina, "that Eustacia has written a great book. But it could not be otherwise, for it is the expression of Eustacia's self."

"The expression itself, that is, the mere mechanical expression, is typical of Eustacia, I think. Don't you adore her vaguely precise way of saying things?"

Extravagances from Philippa were always delightful. Her low voice, the gestures of her small, energetic hands, her earnestness, all gave charm to whatever she might say.

Christina laughed.

"Your phrasing is descriptive, if erratic, Philippa. To return—it is refreshing to listen to Eustacia after listening to the very bold conversation of some other people. The sort of point that sticks one is disagreeable. I quite prefer subtlety to simplicity, the abstract to the concrete."

"You mean, for instance, that you prefer discussing a theory, an abstract conception of"—Philippa hesitated, "well, of love and the application of that theory to the world at large to discussing an individual case."

"Infinitely. There are so few people that one can be personal and

exact with and not feel futile and ordinary, and there are so few that one can be the other thing with, too."

Philippa laughed. Her laugh was as distinctive as her beauty and her voice.

"There must be few people to whom you care to talk, Christina."

"Oh! very few. I don't at all believe that every one can give you something, as they say."

"True. Still, I do not require my friends to be interesting—of course, I don't mean that they are to be stupid—I can care for them because they are good or sincere or any number of other things."

"I like to hear you say that, Philippa, for most of us are too much inclined to seek cleverness first and virtue afterward."

"Perhaps. And when we chance to find both, we have perfection. Think of Eustacia."

"She is like no one else," said Christina; to herself she thought: "How everything seems to revert to Eustacia!"

"Like no one else," repeated Philippa. "It has been so wonderful to know her as we have known her; almost to live with her. Ah! Christina, think what it would be to live with Eustacia. Every day you would be with her. She is so wise, so sweet—"

Philippa paused and glanced at Christina as if abashed. The eagerness left her face.

"And then she is never serious at dinner," she concluded.

The sudden change in Philippa's tone from earnestness to flippancy startled Christina.

"Philippa," she said, "do you really mean this? Would living with Eustacia be a great deal to you?"

"It would be everything to me. I'm not bad, I probably never should be. But I am the sort of person that needs another's influence. If I haven't some one to inspire me, I shall never strive for the things that are worth while."

Christina, looking at Philippa's spiritual eyes, smiled to herself.

"And you think Eustacia can do this?"

"She is the only one who can. Just knowing her as I have, has done so much for me that I can't understand how I ever endured being I, before I knew her."

Christina could not answer, so she smiled. Philippa rose.

"Good-bye, dear Christina. Pardon my too enthusiastic eulogy of

Eustacia on the ground of sincerity. Why, how cold your hands are, and you look tired. Don't work too hard on your review."

Christina smiled again. When the door had closed behind Philippa she took up Eustacia's book and looked at it intently, although her thoughts were of Eustacia's words.

A step outside her door and a voice saying: "May I come in?" startled her.

"Come!" She called.

Eustacia entered, her arms filled with blue flags.

"Aren't they exquisite?" she cried, gaily. "And they'll look lovely in your brass things, Christina. I'll recover from the exertion of climbing those unending stairs while you arrange the flowers."

Eustacia was several years older than Christina. She was not beautiful; she never had been beautiful, but she had distinction of appearance and manner. She was tall and thin and her figure was almost mannish with its broad shoulders and slender hips. Dark hair grew in a widow's peak upon her forehead and was daringly brushed back to show plainly the long, level brows and the clear gray eyes. The seriousness of the upper part of the face was relieved by the whimsical droop of the generously curved mouth. Stretched at ease in a large chair, she talked lazily.

"I met Philippa on the way and she looked a dream. What is it makes her so charming, Christina; her beauty, her enthusiasm, or what?"

"I am not sure; I think, perhaps, it is her youth."

Eustacia seemed to meditate a moment. "But surely she will be the same when she is older. You do not think the things we love her for are ephemeral, do you?"

Christina never had thought so, but now a strange doubt of Philippa entered her mind. With an effort she shook it off, and said:

"No, I do not think so. I spoke absurdly, but her youthfulness is delightful."

"Quite. To continue the discussion—Philippa is extremely clever. Her mind and temperament are not in the least conventional. She will do something very good or very bad, and if she has some one to influence her and not let her youthful enthusiasm run away with her, she'll do something very good."

"I see you appreciate Philippa. So do I, I think. I shall miss her,—don't look astonished, Eustacia. I meant to tell you of my decision by

degrees so that I should not sound ungrateful, but, of course, I blundered. Eustacia dear, it would mean a great deal to me to live with you, but I can't do the work I want to here. I must go abroad for it."

"I understand, Christina, but I shall be very lonely when you are gone."

Christina ventured:

"You might ask some one else."

"But who shall it be?"

"There is Philippa."

"Yes," said Eustacia, "there is Philippa."

II.

Yellow firelight and yellow candle light flickered in the room. Brass bowls of yellow roses stood on the white shelves, and the fresh beauty and fragrance of the flowers gave the room a spring-like air, though outside the snow was flying.

Christina sat before the fire, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes half shut. She had the unobtrusive sort of loveliness that one appreciates after contemplation or familiarity. She was so thin that her large, delicately veined hands were almost transparent. Her hair had been an uncompromising mouse color, but constant brushing had so transformed it, that when the light fell upon it, it gleamed like polished silver. The expression of Christina's mouth was severe, not from any natural coldness, but from the acquired reserve of an emotional nature. The only pronounced color in her appearance lay in her eyes; they were a dark blue, and their drooping corners saved her face from a too absolute regularity.

Christina walked to the window and looked out. The snow was falling so thickly that she could see only the murky flare of the street lamps and the nearest roofs.

"I wonder when Philippa will come," she said aloud.

She glanced at the clock and sighing, sat down before the fire again. How long it was since she had seen Philippa! There had been infrequent letters from her and from Eustacia; she had read Eustacia's play and Philippa's three songs, all written in a month. This was all there was to remember up to Eustacia's death. She thought of her death as an isolated fact; she could not connect it with the general situation.

Now Philippa was coming and she would tell her of Eustacia. Philippa's beauty and charm and lovableness suddenly occurred to her and she realized how glad she would be to see her, to take up the thread where it had been dropped.

Some one entering interrupted her reverie. A servant stood by the door with a card. Before Christina could take it, a figure in furs and

floating laces swept in and threw her arms about her.

"Dear Christina!"

The embrace and the words seemed strange to Christina. Philippa's joyous enthusiasm had always pleased or amused her; the exaggeration of this shallow-eyed woman gave her a distinct feeling of repulsion. With all the warmth and sincerity she could summon, she said:

"Philippa! I'm very glad you're here."

Philippa released Christina, loosened her furs, and settled herself in a chair.

"Christina, you're as lovely as ever."

Once Philippa had flattered as a child flatters, so that one was neither embarrassed nor displeased by her compliments. Now Christina hardly repressed a shudder.

Philippa chattered on:

"How familiar the room seems! But the colors are very pale, don't you think so, Christina? Warm colors are better for one, so much more cheerful. The pale tints, however, are very picturesque with your hair and that gown. By the way, where did you get your gown? It is such a dream!"

"My gown? Oh! I forget. I try to forget the mechanical part of clothes; their artistic value is all I care for."

"I think," said Philippa in the well-remembered meditative fashion, "that I care for clothes because they are clothes."

"Really? To be abrupt—I think your songs are charming, Philippa. They are so tender, and just melancholy enough to be delightful."

"I am very glad you liked them, Christina; but, after all, they are nothing when one thinks of the sort of work you have done. That wonderful little book"—

"You liked it?"

"Not exactly that. I know it is an unusual thing you have done, but the translation of an ancient chronicle is rather beyond me."

Christina smiled and answered vaguely. During the long months

of work before the book was written she had anticipated the time when Eustacia and Philippa should tell her what they thought of it. Eustacia had died before it was published, and Philippa had not even read it.

As Philippa chattered on, Christina analyzed her feelings, wondering at the same time how she could do so. Quite dispassionately she acknowledged that Philippa, consciously or unconsciously, had deceived Eustacia and her, for the things that had been charming to them in the girl were distasteful in the woman. Suddenly her thought changed. Why had Eustacia failed so utterly? She was aware of a pause in the conversation.

"Tell me of Eustacia, Philippa," she said.

Philippa flushed and hesitated for a moment. Then she said, carelessly and sweetly:

"Really, Christina, I can't tell you much. The atmosphere was too tense for me; I only lived with Eustacia for six months."

"You did," said Christina.

"Yes."

Then Philippa hastened on to other things.

Christina found herself saying, "Must you go? Thursday? I shall write to you."

The door closed behind Philippa. When the sound of her steps had quite died away, Christina sat down before the fire and looked at the cracking, yellow flames musingly.

Louise Foley, '08.

MAMIE'S LETTER HOME

DEAR MOTHER:

Life Jogs Along Genially here at college. I am Earnestly Learning to Consider Meetings Urgent. I try to Manifest General Helpfulness to the upper classmen and Actively Hunt Care. They keep a Wise Silence which is Mainly Gracious Stolidity that Suits Anybody, so they are Growing in Angelicness daily. One Essentially Levelheaded Lady says that I Must Risk Nothing and that I must be a Jovial, Steady Worker, and she ought to know, for she Judges Coursebooks Systematically; then the Hardy Half-breed Jester with the great Economic Gift, tells me I am Always Delightfully Juvenile and quite A Cheerful Wight, but a perfect

Little Flirt. You remember how my Mental Brilliancy at school used to Attest Various Talents. Well, instead of the proposed Future Chemical Career, I think I shall follow my English Leanings and am trying to Emulate Low Buildings. I want to be an Academic Marvel and Decoy High Credits Artistically, like a Modern Maiden Wordsworth, or like my friend the Happy Goat, who is a Meritorious Board-meeting Attender.

But, do you know, it seems that Brilliancy Wins Second Place here, for it is the Husky, Popular Kind that Captivates Men's Hearts. Although one Knows Endless German, one is a Rather Slow Babe not to Advocate Hockey and Attain Large Muscles. Now, there is one girl Of Great Energy who Manages Ejected Heroines of basket ball with Even

Trustworthy Kindness and tries to Make Home Beautiful.

The Magnificent Bow Worn by our Loved Captain Magnetizes the Most Logical Judgment, and the Easy, Harmless Autocrat of Temperate Behavior, who Gets Very Sporty Hats and has a Model Hair Arrangement as well as Accurately Manicured Hands. Then, too, everybody Likes Andrews Babes and Fashions Extraordinary Merriments to Make Sunshine Observable for them. With Collegiate Negotiations Effectually Managed, we were able to give a show one night in which I Executed Pompous Jub-Jub-bird.

I've just made the choir, for the Choir Director said that my Absolutely Adequate Manners made up for my being A Heedless Warbler. You know even Maryland's Worst Singer can Find Jubilant Harmonies. There is a Madcap Mimic on the choir (she's such a Kute Fairy, yet she has a Judicious Temperament), and also a Tuneful Highjumping Bard,

who immensely Enjoys Plaintive Harmonies.

Our Efficient Lawyer cousin called yesterday. He is Altered Much, for you know he is the kind that an Engagement Makes Beaming; he usually Murmurs Bitter Nothings, but this time he was an Effervescent Hilarious Talker, because he is Looking Marriageward. He called his fiancée "Europe's Little Star" and a "Retiring Damsel," although she Has Marvelously Attenuated Tallness and an Authorative Pugnose. Nevertheless, she is a Modest Thing, and Keeps Living Home, at the same time Regarding Longingly Japan for their honeymoon. He thinks college girls are A Matrimonial Menace; he ought to know from his Accumulated Flirtations. To-morrow I am going to tea with an Aristocratic Fable Writer of Extremely Fine Scholarship with an Habitual English Attitude. Her Executive Fashionable Leadership Fascinates me; I'll try not to En-

courage Merry Laughter, and Meditate Rather More when in her Cordial Placid Presence. She always Greets Kindly and talks about how she Judges Making Jokes a bore. She Has Regal Serenity because she is a senior. Nineteen Five, in fact, Is A Leader.

And now, good-bye. As ever

MOTHER'S GENIAL TREASURE.

"DULCI FISTULA."

THE PURSUIT OF THE IDEAL.

They sat upon their old door stone, Poor Baucis was a feeble crone, Philemon's beard was very long, But their affection still was strong.

Now in the sunset of their day Their minds had nearly gone away, They loved each other yet, of course— Had never thought of a divorce.

Dear Bacchus then reeled into view, A poet, yet a student, too, He greets the couple with a sneer, (His manner had not much veneer).

"You both lack brains, your hair is thin, And see how senile is your grin; Happiness only comes with thought And not in doing what you ought.

"To sit and simper in the sun, Must be a sorry sort of fun; 'Tis wrong to let your mind decay, Do leave your man and come away;" Hereat Philemon gave a snort, And answered with a quick retort. "My wife is not a modern chit, And she will do as I see fit."

Sweet Baucis murmured gently then, "My husband, you're the best of men." Then Bacchus gave a roar of joy, And said, "You're doing well, my boy.

"Keep your old lady if you will, In my opinion she's a pill. I see my wisdom came too late, And now I leave you to your fate."

The couple sat there side by side, Until at last they finally died. My tale is sad. I'm sure you'll feel They got no glimpse of the Ideal.

H. W. S. J. G. H., 1906.

'TIS AN ILL WIND.

Scene I.—Under a spreading burdock-leaf.
Time.—About half-past four in the morning.

A long-legged hare is sitting on the grass, his ears erect, his mose madly quivering.

Mr. Hare:

The sun came up a half an hour ago; It's getting late—what makes her loiter so? I said I'd be here at the break of day, And now an hour has almost passed away.

A chipmunk scampers past.

Mr. Hare: Good morning, Mr. Chipmunk.

MR. CHIPMUNK: Hello, Hare. You're up betimes. What are you doing there?

Mr. Hare (nervously): I'm waiting for an-er-old friend of mine. How's business?

Mr. Chipmunk: Very good, thanks; nuts are fine.

But I must hurry on—I've work to do; I can't afford to chatter here with you.

Ta-ta, old man.

MR. HARE:

Ta-ta (aside). I'm glad he's gone, I've got to meet Miss Rabbit here alone. Ah, here she comes—oh,pshaw—it's old Miss Fox; If she should come now I'd be in a box.

A red fox patters past.

Mr. HARE:

Miss Fox, good morning, very warm to-day.

Miss Fox:

Why, Mr. Hare, how are you, any way, I haven't seen you since the early fall; Not since that night at Mrs. Mink's masked ball. I hope you'll come to see me.

MR. HARE:

Charmed, I'm sure.

(Aside.) She is one creature that I can't endure.

Miss Fox:

Good-bye (coyly) and don't forget.

Mr. HARE:

Oh, gracious, no.

(Abstractedly.) These clandestine appointments vex one so.

My whiskers tremble in the wind with fear

Lest Mother R. should chance to find us here.

(Anxiously.) Here comes Miss Rabbit—well, for heaven's sake, It's Bruin Bear—and only half awake.

A brown bear shambles past.

Ha, ha, well Bruin, when did you agree To leave the shelter of your winter tree.

Mr. Bear (Yawning):

How are you, Hare, I've only just come out; Things looks familiar, tell me all about The forest gossip—who's engaged to who. (Yawning again.) Dear me, I'm sleepy still.

Mr. HARE:

I notice you

Are not quite wide awake. (Aside.) I wish he'd go,

I feel more nervous than I care to show.

(Aloud.) But I—ahem—I've got a business date.

MR. BEAR:

All right—I'm going back to bed—don't wait.

(Exit Mr. Bear.)

Mr. HARE:

He's going back to bed-ha, ha-(rather peevishly.) But, Lord!

Does she think I can possibly afford

To spend the very best part of the day

In waiting for her while she stays away?

I'm off—I cannot wait—how does she dare

To keep me so.

Miss Rabbit enters, bouncing gaily.

MISS RABBIT:

Is that you, Mr. Hare?

Can you forgive my terrible delay?

I met by chance an old friend on the way

And had to stop and chat a while with her.

I hope I'm not too late.

MR. HARE:

Pray don't refer

To that, Miss Rabbit. I would gladly wait

A year for you—indeed, you are not late;

And here's a bunch of lettuce leaves for you.

MISS RABBIT:

How kind you are, dear Mr. Hare, I do Adore young lettuce more than life.

Mr. Hare (very gently):

Miss Bun.

When you stand there against the rising sun Your eyes are so unfathomly pink That I must love you—Bunny—do you think That you could ever have the heart to be—

MISS RABBIT:

Oh, Mr. Hare, pray don't, you frighten me.

I cannot—for—because—(aside) he ought to know

(Waving her ears) I love another!

Mr. HARE (turning away sickly):

Heavens, what a blow.

The moon was bright.

MISS RABBIT (in ecstasy):

I met Sir Dog-

MR. HARE (furiously):

Sir Dog!

MISS RABBIT:

Ah, Mr. Hare, 'twas love at single sight.

A greyhound dashes past.

MR. HARE:

The villain! Fly, my darling Bunny, fly—We'll have one run together ere we die.

They fly.

Scene II. Beneath a fragrant pink azalea bush. Miss Rabbit enters limply leaning on Mr. Hare's foreleg.

MISS RABBIT:

How brave you were—how splendidly you ran—

You know I never, never, never can

Thank you enough for saving my poor life.

(Letting her ears fall.) Oh, oh, that villain. (Sweetly.)

Let me be your wife?

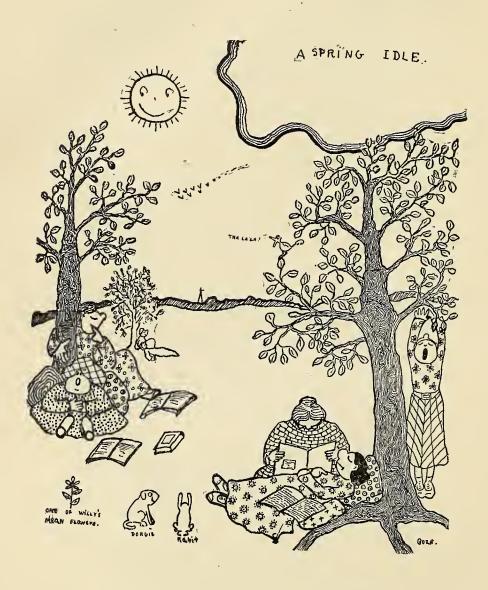
Faints into Mr. Hare's forepaws.

Mr. Hare (rapturously):

"That villain!" Ah, Sir Dog, I hated you Until to-day. But now, my friend, you're thro' With her. Ill blows the wind that does not bring Good fortune to some poor deserving thing.

THE END

Anna M. Hill.



THE LION AND THE MAID.

The little lion, flushed with pride, Was drinking tea and roaring, While all the ladies at his feet Sat silent and adoring.

But one there was dared answer him, A maiden young and pretty; With careless air she made reply, And each remark was witty.

The lion turned his orbs on her And said with condescension, "I really think, in my next book, Of you I'll make some mention."

Quick as a flash, the maid replied,
With eyes aglow and cheeks all pink,
"Into oblivion, thank you, sir,
I do not wish to sink."

THERESA HELBURN, 1908.

The hour is late; it's very near ten, How this essay's to be finished is out of my ken, I've forgotten my theme, but never mind that, It's got to be finished, if the end does fall flat.

A final drool upon wonderful style,
A bit of fine writing Miss —— to beguile,
A colon, a comma, the page to adorn,
Then a signing of signatures rather forlorn.

The arrangement of pages the reader can do; They will read any way, gee whiz, I feel blue. Black fate is awaiting, cadaverous and thin, The bell has just rung and my essay is in.

MARY NORRIS, '05.

THE LECTURE ON SOCIAL SERVICE

On the evening of April 6th Mr. Josiah Strong and Dr. William Tolman gave to the Mission Study Class and its guests a most interesting illustrated lecture on the "Workshops and Homes of the Poor." The lecture dealt with the improvements which the American Institute of Social Service can make, and is making, in the conditions of the working people. Mr. Strong, the president of the society, described the state of affairs which had made it a necessity. He said that during the past eighty years there has been a profound change in transportation, in agriculture and in manufacture, which has had a great influence on civilization. Through the great increase in wealth, due to this change, and the general tendency to live in cities, rather than in the country, there has been a remarkable transformation in people's environment. Now they are beginning to readjust themselves to their new conditions, but ignorantly and with great loss of life. It is the aim of the Institute of Social Service to make this readjustment an intelligent and scientific effort. To do this, it collects reports of all the experiments in charity, in slum work and in reforms of all kinds, and puts them at the disposal of the public. Thus, a man who wishes to start a fresh air work may, by appealing to the Institute, benefit by all the failures and successes of other fresh air institutions.

After giving us a general idea of the work of the Institute, Mr. Strong resigned the platform to Dr. Tolman. Dr. Tolman is a mechanical engineer, and, with the aid of stereoptican slides, he gave us a clear idea of the practical side of social service. He introduced his address with a brief sketch of the history of the Institute, showing us by means of the slides its founders and chief members. Next he showed us the headquarters of the society, and explained that it was possible for one to find information on almost every improvement or attempt at improvement ever made. The library, he said, contained pamphlets on human experience. In these pamphlets, for instance, there is an account of an ideal industrial commonwealth, founded by the owner of a factory in Birmingham. The employer has made a beautiful little town for his factory hands, where houses with pleasant grounds and modern improvements rent for a dollar and a quarter a week. Anyone who wishes to undertake such an enterprise may apply to the Institute and receive a full description

of the Birmingham experiment, illustrated with colored slides. Another branch of the work of the Institute is seen in the Museum of Security in Amsterdam, where there are exhibited fire extinguishers and all sorts of contrivances to prevent machinery from injuring or killing workmen. The most interesting part of Dr. Tolman's lecture was that which dealt with the conditions of employees in department stores and factories. First we saw under what conditions many employees work before their employers have realized the importance of well-aired rooms and comfortable chairs; then how, at the expenditure of five, ten or twenty dollars, these conditions can be radically improved. Indeed, some of the employers who have taken advantage of the Institute's suggestions have provided sitting rooms, dining rooms and public baths for those in their employ. In closing Dr. Tolman showed us the summer homes which some factory owners have built for their employees, perhaps the most complete example of the work of the Institute of Social Service.

After the lecture Mr. Strong and Dr. Tolman gave the students the opportunity of asking them about any details of particular interest. Ellen Thayer, 1907.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB MEETING

On Friday evening, April 14th, Dr. Creighton, of Cornell University, addressed the Philosophical Club, taking as his subject the "Contrast between Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Ways of Thinking."

Changes in our own ways of thinking, Dr. Creighton began, take place slowly, as may readily be seen by comparing the child with the man he afterwards grows to be. These changes, however, are constantly taking place; they are a necessary part of progress. In exactly the same way there occur changes in the thought of the race, and the history of philosophy is nothing but a record of these changes.

Between century and century there are, however, no marked divisions; the thought of the eighteenth merges into that of the nineteenth. In considering contrasts of thought we must, of course, resort to individuals and individual conceptions, to Locke, as representative of the eighteenth century, and Kant, of the nineteenth.

Locke raises questions regarding the human understanding, and concludes that knowledge must come from understanding. He is, more-

over, a bold champion of the rights of reason. These, then, are the typical notions of the eighteenth century, the validity of our ideas as shown by their origin, and the apotheosis of reason.

The mind at birth is supposed to be devoid of ideas, and only filled by experience, being itself but a passive recipient in the process. Outside of the mind is the world of material objects, and outside of both there is God; but each one of the three has nothing to do with the others. The world is known by the senses; God by reason; there is, however, no unity of nature to bind the three.

This system might be considered to contain germs of materialism and scepticism; the eighteenth century was, however, not a time of doubt; it was an age that rejoiced in established certainties, an age of mathematics.

Turning to the more religious side of philosophy, we get a clearer conception of the relation between God, man and the world. God is conceived as the great first cause; he made the world and then cast it from him, a mere machine composed of dead matter. Thereafter he interferes only to work miracles.

In ethics we find the doctrine of absolute individualism, with no community of purpose. Morality results only from policy, from a desire for happiness, and from considerations of the world to come.

The eighteenth century was undoubtedly an age of prose, standing for the principles of self-love and self-reason, an age of no imagination and resignation to finitude.

The nineteenth century has new ideas of nature and God, the result, not of revolution, but of evolution. Kant's ideas are negatively as well as positively expressed. From a negative standpoint he annihilates the logical proofs of the eighteenth century regarding God, freedom and immortality. Positively, he declares that the mind is of supreme importance, as the determining factor in shaping our experience. What we call nature is the work of the understanding. Similarly, morality is obedience to an inner voice, a law of our nature; it is not a means for securing our own happiness. Such a doctrine leads to a far higher conception of man than has previously been entertained.

There is much, indeed, in our nature that cannot be demonstrated; reason is broader than our ideas. It is by the life of the senses that we gain the deepest insight into human life and rationality. Reason is no longer finite, but infinite; it can be only progressively grasped.

After more than half a century Kant's ideas reached America embodied in the transcendentalism of New England. Man becomes in this a being of infinite reach and capacity, acting not from self-love, but from reverence for righteousness. The idea of God, too, becomes more exalted; God is the imminent principle in all nature, and man's life is merely a manifestation of God's universal presence.

This revision of the old view into the new determined both the historical events and the literature of the century; it represented the "light that never was on sea or land." The moral and divine order of the world must be constantly asserted; reason has firm faith in itself and in its ultimate triumph.

HELEN Moss Lowengrund, 'o6.

THE HISTORY OF CICERONISM

On Thursday evening, April 10th, Dr. T. E. Sandys, Public Orator of Cambridge University, lectured on the "History of Ciceronism." It was not his purpose, he said, to solve the problem of Cicero's style, but to get the key to it. Mommsen contends that Cicero is the master of style. Dr. Sandys traced his influence as a stylist, and the controversies over his pre-eminence as a model of form from his own time up to the present.

In Cicero's own day the Athenian orators were the model, and Cicero, who realized the limitations of the Latin language, was looked upon as bombastic. Tacitus, however, shows his influence in his periodic manner, and, passing on, we find the eloquence of his style affecting that of St. Terence and St. Augustine.

During the Middle Ages Cicero's supremacy was widely disputed. Virgil was for the most part in the lead. Petrarch was toward Cicero, whom he declared "the marvel supreme of Roman eloquence," and was influenced by his personality no less than by his style. The Latin style of Petrarch is superior to the prevailing mediæval style, and in the judgment of some writers is superior to that of Boccaccio, which is somewhat colorless in comparison. Boccaccio, himself, for that matter, has been called the ape of Cicero, but this is a doubtful compliment, as he was sixty years old and more when he first read Cicero's letters.

Moreover, his own private correspondence shows a stronger influence of Petrarch and Seneca. Again, Poggio Bracciolini, the clever stylist of the fifteenth century, though of an originality, declared that he got everything from Cicero, and in the preface to his Erste Book asserts that anything can be expressed in Latin.

The humanists, however, grew dissatisfied with Latin, and Politian began the controversy in the history of Ciceronism by vehemently denouncing Cicero. In the first half of the fifteenth century Bembo, the secretary of the Pontificate, was the representative of the Ciceronian circle. He adopted Cicero as the best model, even using his very words, and left two strong speeches in his defense. Erasmus, on the other hand, was renounced as an enemy to Cicero and when, in 1536, Erasmus died, the controversy was taken up in France by his pupil and those of Longinus. This controversy was kept alive until the first half of the seventeenth century.

Finally, during the later centuries, Ciceronian Latin came to be a kind of universal tongue, and is now the language of the universities, of learned men and the medium of communication between learned bodies. The cause of the decay of modern eloquence Dr. Sandys attributes to the neglect of Cicero.

THE LAWYER'S RELATIONS TO SOCIETY

On Thursday evening, April 27th, Mr. Allen Hollis addressed the Law Club on *The Lawyer's Relations to Society*. He treated his subject first historically, saying that since men had lived in tribes there had been law. This he defined as "the rules governing the relations between men." In its earliest forms law was ecclesiastical. In early times each city had its own laws, there being very few laws of universal application. At first parties were expected to plead for themselves; then lawyers wrote the speeches which the parties read in court; then, gradually, lawyers were allowed to plead for their clients in the modern sense; but for a long time they were not allowed to take money for their services.

In the Middle Ages lawyers did not flourish. The warrior was predominant and the administration of the law was dependent on intrigue or a king's will. The establishment of law schools in Italy in the twelfth century was the first real step toward legal administration. In England the most important step was taken in the twelfth century, when trial by jury was established. From this time on the courts, for the most part, preserved records, and law libraries were started.

In America we started with the English legal basis, the highest law being that of the Constitution, which rules the legislative, executive and judicial departments, the highest court being the Court of Appeals, which involves only Federal law. Our lawyers are men of ability and are well trained, for they are not allowed to practice till they have passed extremely severe examinations for admittance to the Bar. Mr. Hollis upheld the integrity of the Judges and lawyers of the United States, and stated how seldom disbarment had been found necessary. He explained the popular prejudice against lawyers by saying that it undoubtedly reflected the ancient conflict between the Church and the law. He cited the fact that lawyers are recruited from the same ranks as the other professions, and he marveled that study of the law should contaminate a man. Moreover, he asked whether the lawyer is morally worse in upholding the guilty side than the client. Professional ethics consists in courtesy, self-respect and fair dealing. The profession of the modern lawyer differs from that of the conventional old type of lawyer in that it has more of a business, less of an oratorical element in it; more of hard work, less of mere inspiration; more of cold facts, less of stirring appeals. The lawyer is "worthy of his hire," and his time and skill have a market value. His reward should be commensurate with the result of his work.

Should women desire to enter the profession in order to show that women are able to compete with men, Mr. Hollis, though personally unable to see why they should wish to do so, stated that they would receive a cordial welcome and unfailing courtesy on their entrance into the legal capacity.

MR. YEATS' PLAYS

On Saturday, April 15th, Miss Margaret Wycherly and her company gave a performance in the gymnasium of three of Mr. Yeats' Irish plays—The Land of Heart's Desire, Kathleen Ni Houlihan and The Hour Glass.

The Land of Heart's Desire was, from reading, the most familiar, perhaps, to many of us. Miss Wycherly played very prettily the part of Maire Bruin, the young peasant wife, who lives in a dreamland of old Irish mysticism and superstition. The Fairy Childe held us spell-bound by the glint of her bright dress and the childish tones of her young voice. But, as a whole, the play seemed rather weak in construction and too prolonged to sustain interest.

The Hour Glass, an imitation of an old morality, was the least convincing of all, and to those of us who remembered Everyman it

seemed almost amateurish.

The faults of the other two plays could not be found in *Kathleen Ni Houlihan*, however, which was generally popular and really moved us. The play took the form of a beautiful allegory, Ireland being represented by a pale, bent old woman. I have heard people who have traveled in Ireland say that you meet there, on the roadsides, just such pathetic figures, starved and solitary, often with a baby in arms, who seem to symbolize in themselves all the sorrows and distresses of Ireland. Briefly, the play runs as follows:

An old Irish peasant is seated at a table by the fire, counting out in piles the money that his son's bethrothed, a rich farmer's daughter, has brought him, while his wife, a happy sort of Irish peasant woman, presses Michael's wedding clothes. Shouting is heard down the road, and Patrick, the younger son, is dispatched to find out the reason of it. In his absence a rap is heard, and an old woman, white and withered and shrouded in a green cloak, enters, although it is ill luck for a stranger to cross the threshhold on the eve of a wedding. Sitting by the fire, she tells the peasants of her distress, of the brave men who have given their lives for her, of the strangers usurping her green hills and of her poverty and need at present. At first they think she is mad, but as they become more touched the wife gives her a bowl of milk and the husband, after a struggle, offers her a few pence.

But it is not money that she needs—it is men, strong young men, who will give up all for her. Then she slips away. Michael remains standing in a trance, while his mother, in alarm, bids him see how well his wedding clothes are pressed. The pretty farmer's daughter runs in and puts her arms around his neck; but he sees nothing, his thoughts are with the old woman.

The shouting comes nearer and nearer, and in an instant he pushes

his bride away and rushes out of the door to join the patriots. At that moment Patrick comes in, with eyes aglow, to tell of the men who are gathering, led by a woman, to drive the strangers from her green hills. She is no longer old, he says, but is young and "walks like a queen."

As the scene ends we are intoxicated with patriotism, just as we were when we were children and heard drums beat and ran for blocks and blocks following a regiment of marching soldiers.

G. CHANDLER, '06.

"EUREKA"

On Saturday evening, April 15th, the Class of 1907 presented to the Senior Class a clever play in four acts. Preceded by a prologue, charmingly spoken by Margaret Augur, the curtain rose on a life-like corridor in Taylor Hall, Bryn Mawr College, at a time in the dim future when the academic funds had gone so low that but one professor could be supported. Gertrude Hill, as that lone pedagogue, Dr. Casedrews, presented a sufficiently dejected and wornout appearance, and acted the part so convincingly as to bring tears to the eyes of her audience. The tears dried quickly, however, at the sight of Margaret Ayer as the Messenger Boy, who entered with a telegram summoning the old professor to Harvard, with the promise of a large salary and but one course of lectures to give. He went, and the Bryn Mawr girls were in despair.

In the next act the campus appeared crowded with workmen in a hubbub over the approaching departure of two of the girls, who had decided to go in quest of the needed money. Marjorie Bullivant and Elise Gerstenberg were attractive as the two Bryn Mawr girls, Miss Gerstenberg acting with her usual grace and skill. They reached the island of "Eureka" in the third act, where the potentate, well played by Virginia Hill, refused their demand. Runsitall, the Prime Minister and ruler of the king, however, promised to do his best for them, and they departed empty handed, but not hopeless. Runsitall was as pompous and patronizing as Ellen Thayer could make him, and quite won the admiration of every one with his royal manners and impressive dignity.

And he was true to his word, for in the last act he arrived at Bryn Mawr with all the gold of the realm, which he put at the disposal of

the college, but on the condition that all the wives of the potentate should be allowed to enter as freshmen. It was agreed, the standard was saved, and the curtain fell upon great and loud rejoicing.

The songs were well chosen and well sung; the costumes were effective, and in several cases especially very original; in fact, the play was a great success and a credit to both authors and actors.

THE ALUMNAE PLAYS

On April 28th Miss Isabel Andrews, '98; Miss Mary Bright, '98; Miss Elsie Andrews, '99; Miss Beatrice MacGeorge, '01, and Miss Helen Arny, '04, came to Bryn Mawr, and, with the aid of some undergraduates, presented three plays for the benefit of the Students' Building.

The first, "Columbine's Marriage," a puppet show, written by Miss Georgiana King, '96, was very entertaining in its novelty. "Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-hand," the second play, was adapted by Miss Isabel Andrews and Miss Arny from Gertrude Atherton's book of that name. It was full of amusing situations that caused much spontaneous laughter among the audience. The entertainment closed with the comedietta, "As Strangers."

Miss Isabel Andrews, as Mrs. Pendleton, won deserved applause, and Miss Arny, as Mr. Severance and again as Walter Evanston, acted with great enthusiasm and vivacity. Among the undergraduates who took part in the play, Miss Gertrude Hill, as Teddy Dedham, Mrs. Pendleton's boyish lover, was one of the hits of the evening.

ALUMNAE NOTES

'89. The engagement of Caroline E. Paxton to Mr. John C. Stine has been announced.

'94. Mrs. R. C. Duree has been visiting at Bryn Mawr.

'oo. The engagement of Alletta Van Reypen to Baron Serge Alexander Korff, of the Finance Ministry, St. Petersburg, Russia, has been announced. The wedding will take place in June.

- 'or. The marriage of Edith Houghton to Dr. Donald R. Hooker will take place at Christ Church, Baltimore, the 14th of June.
 - Bertha Laws is spending the spring with her sister, Miss Eleanor Laws, who has succeeded Mrs. Filer as manager of the College Inn.
- 'or. Grace Phillips has announced her engagement to Mr. Gardner Rogers.
 - Jane Righter and Eugenia Fowler have been back visiting at the College.
- '95. The engagement of Mary D. James to Mr. Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, of New York, has been announced. Miss James and her sister, Rosalie James, 1903, will sail for abroad June 6th.
- '03. Ethel Hulburd, Eleanor Burrell, Eleanor Wallace have been back visiting at College.

COLLEGE NOTES

Three Irish plays, by Mr. William Butler Yeats, were given in the gymnasium on Saturday afternoon, April 15th, by Miss Wycherley and her company.

The Senior Class was entertained by the Class of 1907 on Saturday evening, April 15th, in the gymnasium.

The Easter vacation began on Wednesday, April 19th, and ended on Thursday, April 27th.

The Law Club held a formal meeting on Thursday evening, April 27th. The address was delivered by Mr. Allen Hollis.

A series of three plays were given in the gymnasium on Friday evening, April 28, for the benefit of the students' building. The cast consisted of Philadelphia Alumnæ and a few of the undergraduates.

The Senior Class gave a costume dance to the Class of 1906 on Saturday evening, April 29th.

On the morning of May 1st the Seniors began the May Day celebration by singing the Latin hymn always sung at Magdalen College, Oxford, on the 1st of May. The Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen then danced around their May poles, finally forming a ring around the Seniors as they danced. After the dancing, Miss Thomas, at the request

of the Seniors, made a short speech. Miss Sturgis, the Senior President, was the queen of the May.

On May 3d the usual fortnightly meeting of the College was held

in the Chapel. Father Huntington addressed the meeting.

On May 4th there was a formal meeting of the Christian Union. Mrs. George P. Pierson spoke on "Miss Tseuda's School in Japan."

On the evening of May 5th the Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave a concert. Miss Morrow sang two solos and Miss Rossmässler played Liebestraum, by Liszt.

Wednesday evening, May 10th, the Christian Union held its regular meeting in the chapel.

On May 12th the Junior-Senior supper took place.

The Seniors orals were held on Saturday, May 13th.

On Saturday evening, May 13th, the Class of 1906 repeated the play of the night before for the benefit of the Students' Building.

The College Tea Room is open every afternoon, except Sunday,

from 3.30 to 4.30.

Miss Eleanor Laws has succeeded Mrs. Filer as manager of the Inn. Match games in basket ball began the 8th of May.

RESIDENT FELLOWSHIPS, 1905-06

GREEK: MARY LOUISE CADY,

A. B., Radcliffe College, 1904; A. M., 1905; Graduate Scholar, Bryn Mawr College, 1904-05.

LATIN: ANNA MARTHA WALKER,

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1895; A. M., Leland Stanford Junior University, 1901.

MATHEMATICS: FLORENCE HANINGTON,

A. B., Trinity University, 1904; Graduate Scholar, Bryn Mawr College, 1904-05.

PHYSICS: ELIZABETH HELEN LUNDIE,

A. B., McGill University, 1903; M. Sc., 1904.

CHEMISTRY: MARY VIOLETTE DOVER,

A. B., McGill University, 1898; M. Sc., 1900.

BIOLOGY: NADINE NOWLIN,

A.B. and A.M., University of Kansas, 1903.

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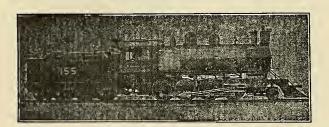
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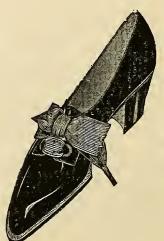
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